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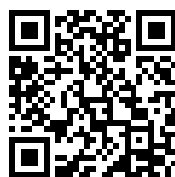
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# THE ALPINE JOURNAL.

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November 1925.

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(No. 231.)

NOTES ON THE ASCENT OF THE MATTERHORN BY CARREL'S  
GALERIE AND THE Z'MUTT ROUTE.

[Written not later than early 1908.]

BY THE LATE SIR EDWARD DAVIDSON.

[The following article was found among the papers of the late  
Sir Edward Davidson marked :

' To BE KEPT and handed over to Captain Farrar (or  
the Editor of the "A.J.") in case of my death.

' W. E. D.

' 1.6.19']

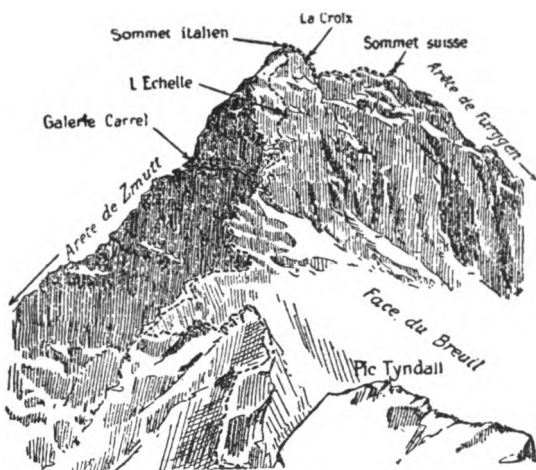
[Notes in square brackets are mine.—J. P. F.]

CARREL'S party soon *after* they had passed the 'enjambée,'  
and were therefore on the final peak, struck out to the left  
across the Tiefenmatten face and towards the Z'Mutt arête.  
When some way across the face the slip <sup>1</sup> occurred and they  
were embarrassed by falling icicles, etc. Moreover, the climb-  
ing became excessively difficult. They therefore, instead of

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<sup>1</sup> [The original account in French, *A.J.* ii. 237 *seq.*, is very obscure,  
but the information given many years after to Sig. Cav. Guido Rey  
and printed at the end makes matters much clearer.]

continuing to traverse, started straight up towards the summit until they came across the ledge now known as Carrel's Galerie which they struck at a point from one-third to half-way across the face.



In their descent they followed the 'Galerie' in all its length, right across to the Breuil ridge and came out upon that ridge (or angle between the Tiefenmatten and Breuil faces) a little below the Col Félicité.

The Galerie route has been followed four times since :

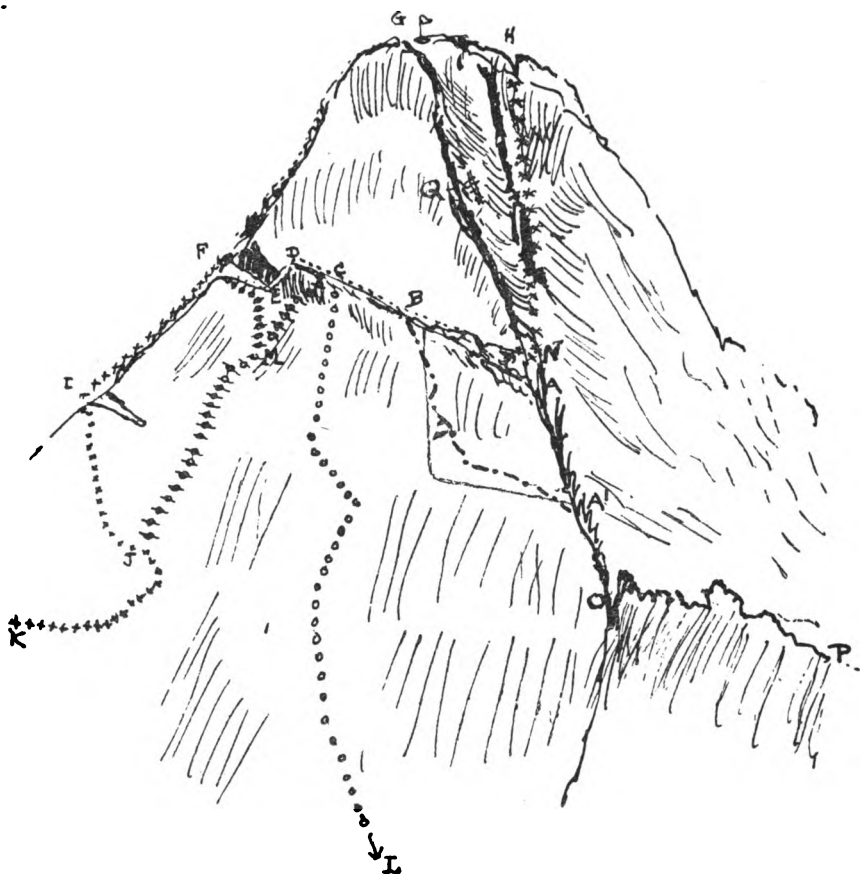
(1) In 1867 by Carrel himself, with Mr. Craufurd Grove, etc. They ascended and descended by the route of Carrel's descent in 1865, i.e. they followed the 'Galerie' in its entire length.<sup>2</sup>

(2) By Sir Edward Davidson, with C. Klucker and Daniel Maquignaz, on August 29, 1895. They almost certainly ascended by the route followed by Carrel on his ascent in 1865 and climbed up into the Galerie somewhat about half-way across. It was very difficult. They descended to Zermatt.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>2</sup> [I cannot find that Grove published any account of this ascent beyond a note in the *Saturday Review*, March 7, 1868, reprinted *infra*, the fragment in *A.J.* iv. 188, and the note reprinted in *A.J.* xxxi. 89.]

<sup>3</sup> [His MS. diary for 1895 reads : 'Started across Galerie [*i.e.* the old line of Carrel's ascent] at 9.10. The early part was exceedingly difficult, and we found to my great surprise a *piton* driven into the rock 55 minutes after we had started. Subsequently we found a

(3) By Captain Percy Farrar, D.S.O., with Daniel Maquignaz and a porter, in 1903 [September 3]. They ascended and de-



scended by the whole length of the 'Galerie,' and then went

second, and finally, when about halfway across the face, we found another *piton*. We also found the cork of a wine tin near the same place. We arrived at the fault, which is quite close to the Z'Mutt ridge, at 10.40; and here we fixed a *piton* which we had brought with us and let ourselves down by the spare rope doubled [this is where, on Carrel's first ascent, the Abbé Gorret and Meynet stayed behind to haul Carrel up on his return, but the climb up is really quite easy]. We started up the Z'Mutt ridge at 11.20.]

over the top of the Matterhorn to Zermatt by the ordinary route and 'L'Echelle Jordan.'<sup>4</sup>

(4) *By Sir Edward Davidson, with Joseph Pollinger, Heinrich Pollinger, and a porter*<sup>4a</sup> who had never ascended a big mountain before (!), on September 4, 1906.

On this occasion the mountain was in magnificent condition, and the party took 30 minutes from the Breuil to the Z'Mutt ridge. They followed the 'Galerie' in its entirety and left the Breuil ridge at a much higher point than in 1895, and a little below the Col Félicité.

In 1895 the mountain was also in magnificent condition, and the party was a very strong one *quâ* guide power and every member of it was in very good training and fit on the day. Yet we took 2 hours to cross from the Breuil to the Z'Mutt ridge, and the first 50 minutes of these 2 hours, before we

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<sup>4</sup> [My men were Daniel Maquignaz and a 21-year-old porter, Ange Perruquet. Times—left hut, 6.18; Whymper's highest point (letters on rock :

M. Luc EWAL

1861

C. + J. A.),

6.50; foot Corde, 7.22; W. end of Cravate, 7.50 (we branched off to visit the original Cravate hut, which lies off the line of ascent and involved step-cutting); reached hut, 8.16–8.20 (the first time, 1879, Daniel, then a porter, made the ascent of the Cervin with his uncle, J.-J. Maquignaz, the first thing he saw on reaching this hut was the body of a tall, black-bearded man lying across the door—Joseph Brantschen, *A.J.* ix 373–81); back, 8.35; Pic Tyndall, 8.55 (stopped 17 minutes); Col Félicité (enter Galerie), 10.3; on Z'Mutt arête, 11.9; summit, 11.38–44; back to Z'Mutt end of Galerie, 12.16–18; top of Carrel's chimney, 12.31; Col Félicité, 12.59–1.20; top Échelle, 1.45; summit, 2.2–18; Swiss summit, 2.24. The ascent was made the same day as Messrs. Hope and Kirkpatrick followed the ordinary Italian route. They were directly above us when we were about half-way along the Galerie. From this point on the Galerie I believe the summit could be reached by a direct escalade. The descent from and *ascent* to the longer bit of the Galerie by the 'fault,' or Carrel's chimney, to or from the short lower level bit close to the Z'Mutt arête, is not difficult. Cf. also Mr. R. W. Lloyd's narrative, *A.J.* xxxiii. 191.]

<sup>4a</sup> [Josef Imboden, chamois hunter of St. Niklaus. After the ascent Sir Edward remarks: 'The latter had gone most extraordinarily well all day, and is indeed a *rara avis*.']



reached the 'Galerie,' was extremely difficult—far harder than anything on the route followed in 1906.

The following rough sketch will give an idea of the routes :

#### SKETCH.

.....	= A B C D E F	= Ordinary route by Carrel's 'Galerie.'
—.—.—.—.—.	= A' B C D E F	= Route of Carrel's <i>ascent</i> in 1865.
oooooooooooo	= L C D E F G	= Penhall's route—final part of.
+++ - - - - -	= K J M $\frac{5}{6}$ E F G	= Mummery's original route, 1879.
+++++	= K J I F G	= Joseph Pollinger's route with the Duc d'Abuzzi and Mummery and Collie, 1894. <sup>5</sup>
- - - - -	= M F	= A variation on Mummery's original route which avoids the Galerie and the fault (D E), but is otherwise as dangerous from falling stones as is Mummery's original route.

O = L'enjambée.

OP = La Spalla.

Q = L'échelle (Jordan).

N = Col Félicité—approximately.

NH = The Route (much foreshortened), now disused, by 'L'enjambée des trois Jean Baptistes.' I ascended by this route in 1889.<sup>6</sup>

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<sup>5</sup> [I question whether my party—Daniel Maquignaz leading—on August 31, 1894, was so far away from the Z'Mutt arête as this. We were forced out on the slabs, which were iced in places, only for a short time. The amount of diversion is, to some extent, governed by the amount of ice on the slabs. Those more to the right may get the sun earlier and dry quicker. We followed a somewhat irregular line dictated by the verglas.]

<sup>6</sup> [There had been a rock-fall, carrying away the échelle, which was not replaced for some time; hence the opening of this new passage.]

I = The spot at which the correct, and safe, route from Z'Mutt reaches the arête.<sup>7</sup> It is easily recognizable as the lower of two triangular strips of snow, of which F is the higher. From F to I the arête is easy. In 1895, going fast, we took 12 minutes from I to F and 30 minutes from F to the Italian summit. By the route K J I one is only exposed to danger from stones, etc., for 2 or 3 minutes; by Mummery's original route for a considerable time—30–45 minutes at least. The route K J I is now always followed by Joseph Pollinger and Daniel Maquignaz, who know this face of the mountain far better than anyone else. Daniel has made four or five ascents by the Z'Mutt route and one descent. Joseph has made about a dozen ascents, and one (the first) *descent* in which *he* (and not Zurbriggen, who had never been on this side of the mountain before) led the party.

I crossed the mountain the same day and saw the party [Miss Bristow with Pollinger and Zurbriggen who had ascended by the ordinary E face route] descending. Captain Farrar's party ascended from Z'Mutt the same day—and also Dr. Güssfeldt's with Emile Rey and César Knubel.<sup>8</sup> The former

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<sup>7</sup> [The so-called Z'Mutt arête is not continuous to the summit. About 1½ hours above the prominent towers which succeed the lower snow part of the arête, the arête abuts against the edge of the Tiefenmatten face, making nearly a right angle with an arête which leads upwards to the summit. This upper arête does not, as such, actually connect to the lower arête, as it is driven in at the angle by the intrusion of the head of the great couloir which lies between the lower part of the main arête and the mass of the mountain. To circumvent this intrusion a diversion has to be made out on to the slabs of the Tiefenmatten face. The closer one can keep to the left the better—*i.e.* the narrower this diversion the better. See note *infra*.]

<sup>8</sup> [We all bivouacked close together. My party led all day, and on the descent we met the Doctor's party (ascending) on the Tiefenmatten slabs. Emile Rey, in a bivouac, was marvellous in the manner he saw to his *monsieur*, and on rocks he was a beautiful mover: he had a great reach. I never saw him on ice, but his work on the S. side of M. Blanc speaks. The Doctor was about fifty-three, and a bit heavy. He had been, as a younger man, a most enterprising and right valiant mountaineer, and his resolution was still very great.]

party descended to Z'Mutt and the latter by the ordinary way to Zermatt. [Friday August 31, 1894.]

Captain Farrar's party, of course, arrived at the top long after the [Miss Bristow]-Pollinger-Zurbriggen party had left it,<sup>9</sup> but he caught that party up on the way down—so that he may be said to have made the joint first *descent* by the Z'Mutt route.

Joseph Pollinger, who had been selected by Mr. Mummery to lead himself and the Duke of the Abruzzi [and Dr. Collie] in their ascent, of a few days before, from Z'Mutt, was also selected to lead Miss Bristow in the descent. He was at this time only a porter nominally, and under twenty-one years of age, but he was a good enough guide to discover the safe route K J I, and to lead his party that way, notwithstanding that Mr. Mummery indicated to him the route by which Burgener had previously led him in 1879.

In note 81, page 319, of the English translation [of Signor Cav. Guido Rey's great book] it is stated that Mr. W. Penhall went up by a 'SLIGHTLY *different route*' from that followed by Mr. Mummery.

The Penhall [final] route was—up to the point where it struck Carrel's 'Galerie' at C—an entirely different and distinct route. From C both climbers followed Carrel's route of 1865. Mr. Penhall's route was, I think, a very bad route,

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<sup>9</sup> [We met Miss Bristow, a pupil of Mummery's—she could move—and her guides on the Tiefenmatten slabs at 10.45. They were rather further out than we were. We got back to the upper Z'Mutt arête at 11.10 and to the top at noon exactly, so their party had a start of us of about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours and, say,  $\frac{3}{4}$  hour = 2 hours. We caught them up on the path a little before Staffalp. Miss Bristow's party and ours had already bivouacked for this ascent on the night of August 28–29. They led off, but both were compelled, by the stormy outlook, to turn back below the teeth. On returning to Zermatt I told Mummery of my proposal—I knew full well my leader would never demur—to ascend and *descend* by the Z'Mutt. He expressed surprise at this, as though such a possibility had not entered his head, and asked me how? When I told him he said no more to me. Joseph Pollinger was in those days about twenty—looked all legs, with eyes of the bluest. He already gave every promise of speedily becoming the great master which, by general consent, he has now long been. Mattias Zurbriggen was about forty, a good-looking man with a fiery red beard. He had had great experience, and was undoubtedly an able guide. I remember he wore crampons, which I first took to three years later for an ascent of the Höfats in Algäu, where they are needed !]

but it had, and has retained, the merit of novelty at any rate. In 1895 and in 1906 it could, I think, have been repeated without very great difficulty, and the upper part of the route is not probably quite so dangerous from falling stones as the upper part of Mr. Mummery's *original* route; but the middle section of the route is, I believe, far more difficult and also more dangerous.

Captain Farrar says of Carrel's 'Galerie': 'The Galerie starts 25 minutes below the Echelle Jordan. . . . It is not so much a corridor or ledge as I expected, but is rather the upper edge of the Tiefenmatten face, where it abuts against the precipitous final rocks. I thought it was going to be very difficult, as the ground looked, till one was actually on it, almost impossible, and I, mentally, several times, took off my hat to the bold climber who first passed that way.

'But actually we had no *great* difficulty—it meant simply *extreme* care. We left no rope at the descent from the higher to the lower level [i.e. at D E.—W. E. D.], and climbed it on our return with a little trouble. The length of the traverse made it trying. I do not remember any traverse of equal length elsewhere.

'It is a most interesting climb—one that I shall always remember vividly.'

. . . It was *Penhall* and not Mummery who was the first to try this route and to demonstrate its feasibility up to the teeth. He would undoubtedly have made the first ascent, as he deserved to do, but Mummery not ungenerously [*sic*] stepped in, and robbed him of the natural fruits of his labour.<sup>10</sup>

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<sup>10</sup> [Both Penhall's and Mummery's narratives (*A.J.* ix. 449 *seq.*), even with a good knowledge of the mountain, are very hard to follow, and the diagram hardly helps things. Penhall, led by Ferdinand Imsegg, on their first attempt on September 1, 1879, apparently gained the snow arête of the Z'Muttgrat by much the same route as is taken now, and followed it to above the second great tooth. It was too late to go further, so they descended and bivouacked on a patch of rocks on the arête. Next morning the weather was bad, so they descended to Zermatt. On the way down they met Mummery and Burgener coming up. The same night (September 2) they started again at 10 and, strange to say—the text is very incoherent, but the line is marked on the diagram—they did not take their route of the previous day, but proceeded right out on to the Tiefenmatten face and climbed right up this, having to retrace their steps once, and only gained the upper Z'Mutt



On August 17, 1896, with Christian Klucker and César

ridge about  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour below the summit—a piece of very bad mountaineering, as the whole route, up to the final ridge, is very exposed. (See, however, Sir Edward's possible explanation *infra*.) They had taken 17 hours from Zermatt.

Mummery's paper is none too clear. Alexander Burgener, then about thirty-five, was in command of the party, but Johann Petrus went ahead, unroped, all day. They bivouacked on 'a large stone-covered plateau, on the W. ridge of which, overlooking the Z'Mutt glacier, we found a suitable hollow. . . . Next morning we crossed the plateau, keeping to the right, as the huge ice-cliffs of the Matterhorn glacier . . . forbid all approach in their direction.' Anyway, by 5.50 they had gained the snow bit of the main arête, where they found Penhall's steps of the previous day, etc.

From this it would seem that they did, by some route or other, aim at and gain the lower Z'Mutt snow arête, the key of the ascent, and thus exhibited the same sound mountaineering as did Imseng on Penhall's party's attempt of September 1—abandoned, however, next day in favour of a thoroughly bad route. I have had to note before that Imseng was rather a desperate climber than a very sound mountaineer.

Mummery certainly had the advantage of watching Penhall's party on their first attempt on September 1, and, inasmuch as they adopted the route so far as it went, to that extent they benefitted; but beyond that they owed nothing to Penhall's party. I do not think they could be blamed for making the attempt, as Penhall had given it up—anyway for the time being. It was at that time greatly sought after, and men like Burgener, the conqueror of the Dru, and Mummery, though then little known, could not reasonably be debarred.

The diagram p. 264 of *Alpes Valaisannes* vol. ii. shows several routes on the Tiefenmatten flank of the lower Z'Mutt arête that do not seem to be dealt with or explained in the text.

It is difficult to reconcile Mummery's estimate of serious difficulty. Baumann, who repeated the ascent three days later with Petrus and Emile Rey, expressed an opinion as to the comparative absence of difficulty, which is quite in accord with modern ideas. My leader in 1894, Daniel Maquignaz, knew nothing of the route, which had only been repeated once since Baumann's expedition, but he was never for a moment in doubt; indeed, once the lower Z'Mutt snow arête is gained no first-rate man should have any hesitation. No doubt in the fifteen years between 1879 and 1894 the standard of sound mountaineering had made giant strides. I have never seen a greater master in route-finding than was Daniel.

It should not be forgotten that Conway was an early wooer of the Z'Mutt route (Penhall's narrative, *A.J.* ix. 449; my remarks, *A.J.* xxx. 184 and *A.J.* xxxi. 150).]

Knubel, I made an exploratory reconnaissance with a view of discovering whether the Z'Mutt ridge could not be reached, without unreasonable difficulty, from the Matterhorn Gletscher, and the ascent of the Z'Mutt arête made from the Lower Hut (Cabane Whymper) on the N.E. side of the mountain.

We left the Ryffel Alp at 5.30 A.M. in very uncertain weather, and stopped nearly two hours at the Schwarz See, as the weather continued threatening. Eventually we reached the Matterhorn Hut at 11.30 A.M., and left at 12.10 P.M.

From the hut we traversed the slopes of the Matterhorn Gletscher *below* the ice-cliffs until we came to some huge and very broken séracs, up which we forced our way, arriving on the upper plateau of the Matterhorn Gletscher (on to which Hudson's, Croz's, and Hadow's bodies fell in 1865) at 2 P.M. Thence we went upwards diagonally across the steep snow- and ice-slopes towards the Z'Mutt snow ridge, which we hit almost exactly at the spot where it is usually reached from the Tiefenmatten side in the ordinary ascent from Z'Mutt. There was a good deal of ice on the slope which we had to traverse, and step-cutting was continuous. We reached the Z'Mutt snow ridge at 4.10 P.M. and descended to the Tiefenmatten Gletscher, Staffel Alp, and Ryffel Alp, arriving at the latter very late the same evening.

This was the first time that the Matterhorn Gletscher had been visited since 1865, and the first time (nor has the expedition since been repeated<sup>11</sup>) that the Z'Mutt snow ridge has been gained from this side. The expedition proved the feasibility of ascending from the Matterhorn Hut over the Matterhorn Gletscher to the Z'Mutt snow ridge, and thence, of course, to the summit of the peak by the usual Z'Mutt route. In ordinary circumstances the traverse of the snow-slopes about the Matterhorn Gletscher ought not to present much difficulty, but it would probably always require a good ice-man to force the passage of the ice-cliffs separating the lower from the upper plateau of the Matterhorn Gletscher. This part of the expedition might be dangerous—though it was not so in 1896—except for about two minutes during which we ran over blocks of ice, the débris of former ice avalanches.

It is quite a feasible route, however.

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<sup>11</sup> [The route was repeated by Mr. Moore in 1908 (cf. *Jahrbuch S.A.C.* xlv. 283). Lately, somewhere, I saw this claimed as a *new* route! The Matterhorn glacier was visited by Mr. R. W. Lloyd in 1913 (cf. *A.J.* xxvii. 450).]

It may be interesting to mention, as showing that the idea of ascending the Matterhorn from Z'Mutt was in men's minds long before Penhall and Mummery successfully tried and accomplished it in 1879, that when I was on the summit of the Dent Blanche with Melchior Anderegg in 1876<sup>12</sup> he discussed the ascent by the route afterwards followed by Burgener when he led Mr. Mummery up it. Melchior said: 'Es geht, aber *ich* gehe nicht. Man muss einen Kopf von Eisen haben, der da gehen will. Das ist für . . .' (mentioning a well-known member of the Club who was then rather renowned for enterprise even to the verge of rashness).<sup>13</sup>

Ferdinand Imseng was also very anxious to try it with me in 1876 by the Grat—and not by the face—the route by which he took Penhall in 1879. This route was an entire after-thought, and would never have been tried at all had not Mr. Mummery's party been some hours ahead of Mr. Penhall's on the route which the latter had previously selected—on which they had attained a considerable height (*i.e.* as far as the teeth), and from which they had been temporarily driven back by bad weather.

I do not think that the best guides, even so early as 1875-6, had much doubt as to the feasibility of the route, but they thought it (as Melchior did) extremely dangerous from falling stones. This, experience has shown, is not the case when the proper route is taken, though the original Mummery-Burgener route was—as Mr. Penhall at the time pointed out—dangerous in its upper part, especially after mid-day. The route now followed, however, eliminates this specially dangerous portion of the route of 1879, and is not at all unduly risky.

W. E. D.

END.

[A letter dated March 6, 1908, from Sig. Cav. Guido Rey, is attached to Sir Edward's 'Notes'—which had been submitted to him. This letter gives a note of a conversation, some time before, while 'Il Cervino' was in preparation, between himself

<sup>12</sup> [Cf. *A.J.* xxx. 184.]

<sup>13</sup> [The late Mr. Middlemore; but it is now admitted that he was condemned on a misreading of his narrative. Cf. In Memoriam notice, *A.J.* xxxv. 271. Middlemore's leader, Jaun, moreover, was Melchior's prize pupil!]

and Abbé Gorret, one of Carrel's companions, reading as follows : ]

' Depuis l'Enjambée de l'Epaule à la tête [i.e. summit] il me paraissait de devoir continuer directement ; Carrel ne fut pas du même avis et il voulait côtoyer pour atteindre l'arête de Z'Mutt par une pente d'une inclinaison vertigineuse. Notre chemin était presque horizontal ; dans cette traversée folle Meynet fit un faux pas et, sans ma solidité, nous étions tous perdus. C'est alors que Bic dit que nous étions fous, etc.

' Il fallut donc changer chemin et se remettre à grimper tout droit, Carrel toujours en tête et moi second. Cette montée nous reconduisait vers l'arête<sup>14</sup> ; j'étais content car j'avais toujours pensé que le bon chemin était par là-haut. Pour s'accrocher Carrel détache une pierre qui me tombe sur la main et roule en m'écorchant le bras. Enfin nous arrivons à un endroit presque raisonnable, mais il faudrait redescendre par un petit couloir perpendiculaire, etc.' [Evidently the fault or Carrel's chimney.]

[Sig. Cav. Rey also sends to Sir Edward a copy of ' Notes recueillies par G. Carrel,' published in *Rivista delle Alpi Appennini*, vol. ii., 1865. They do not contain anything fresh, and will be preserved in the Club Library with Sir Edward's original ' Notes. ']

The claim of a ' new ' route mentioned in note 11 reads as follows :

*Times*, Saturday, August 4, 1923.

#### ' A NEW WAY UP THE MATTERHORN.

' (From our Geneva Correspondent.)

' The ascent of the Matterhorn (14,780 ft.) has just been made by a new route. Some years ago the guide Supersaxo made an attempt to reach the snow ridge of the Zmuttgrat by crossing the séracs of the Matterhorn glacier, but he failed. This route was taken last week by Mr de Bruyne, a Dutch tourist, with the guides Aufdenblatten and Gentinetta. The party crossed the Matterhorn glacier above the séracs, reached

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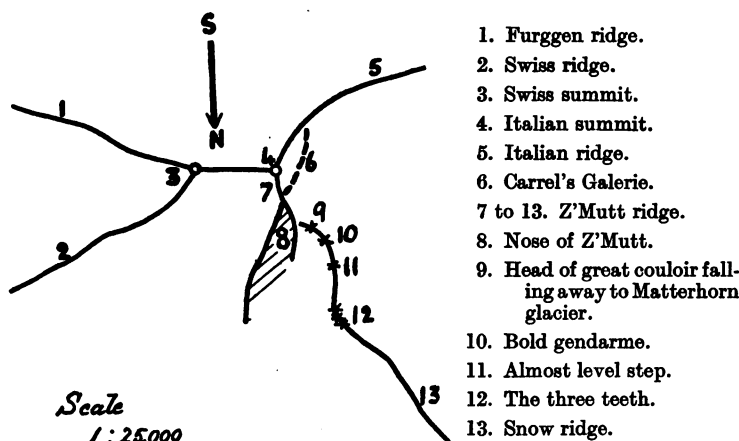
<sup>14</sup> [Gorret means that climbing straight up brought them more in the direction of the Breuil arête than their previous oblique line ; but they soon hit the Galerie and then turned along it towards the Z'Mutt arête.]



the Zmuttgrat, and thence attained the top of the Matterhorn.'

Oskar Supersaxo's own statement in *Jahrbuch S.A.C.* xlv. 283 contradicts the statement as to his failure. Moreover Sir Edward's passage of the Matterhorn glacier is well known in Zermatt. Thus not *any part* of this pretended *new* route is *new*.

Referring to note 7 Capt. G. Finch has been kind enough to construct a diagram.



He adds :

'Shortly below the point where Carrel's Galerie cuts the Z'Mutt ridge this ridge bifurcates into a short, western ridge and a longer, eastern ridge. The nose of Z'Mutt is formed by the precipitous face enclosed between these two ridges. Neither ridge reaches down to the Matterhorn glacier. The lower part of the Z'Mutt ridge does not quite connect with the western branch of the bifurcation of the upper part; the Z'Mutt ridge is therefore not a continuous one.'

Of his own ascent by the Z'Mutt arête—and he ought to be a judge of difficulty—he writes (in 1924) :

'Re difficulty of Z'Mutt ridge. I have only made ascent once, in 1911. We were two parties : (1) V. A. Fynn, F. Obexer (A.A.C.Z. President), and Maxwell Finch ; (2) G. I. Finch, J. C. Case (the most talented beginner I have ever known), and E. Martini (one of the finest rock-climbers of the A.A.C.Z.).

'A heavy thunderstorm had left snow—though not much—on the mountain. We found ascent to beyond the three teeth (round which we traversed on the N. side) easy. Then bad traverse into couloir on left. Easy up to level step in Z'Mutt ridge. Driven by fresh snow off into couloir on left again. Ascended up couloir to gap on Matterhorn side of bold gendarme (this part was bad owing to fresh snow and cold). Followed ridge a short way, then worked out into Tiefenmatten face, cutting across a huge snow-slope about 250 ft. wide. Then work again became bad necessitating great care. Fynn kept almost straight up. I traversed out a bit more and then turned up again. Continually troubled by verglas, fresh snow, and sheets of ice between which and the rock underneath there was often an air space. We gained the Galerie at same time, my party at the foot of Carrel's chimney, Fynn's a good deal nearer to the Z'Mutt ridge. Galerie loaded with powdery snow, but easy all the way to Z'Mutt ridge and on to the summit.

'We all formed the opinion that the Z'Mutt ridge was, in such conditions, a difficult and big undertaking. Our times etc. are given in Dübi's "Walliser Alpen."

'I can only conclude that, when in the best of conditions, the Z'Mutt ridge may be a comparatively easy climb, but with fresh snow and verglas one is driven off the ridge a good deal and has to face really serious difficulties. . . . My party led through-out, up and down, but we asked for and took our instructions from Fynn.'

Whereas the Z'Mutt route has become a regular expedition the Galerie route has not been followed—or at least recorded—much since Sir Edward's time. Reference is made in 'A.J.' xxv. 359 to passages by Miss Meyer and Miss Brodigan. Mr. Lloyd, with Joseph and Adolf Pollinger, made, in 1919, the interesting combination of the Swiss, Galerie, and Z'Mutt routes, not previously done. He has described his experiences in a vivid article in 'A.J.' xxxiii. 190–192, of which perhaps the most remarkable and interesting incident is that this most redoubtable party for the first, and let us hope last, time in their experience slept out!

On August 29, 1923, Colonel G. E. Gask, with Joseph Péliissier and Camille, son of Daniel, Maquignaz, made the passage. He writes:

'I left the Italian hut at 5.20 A.M., arriving at the Col Félicité at 8.25 A.M. Here we turned to the left and traversed in] a slightly downward direction over some rotten rocks

towards the Tiefenmatten face. About 30 metres along, we came across about 2 metres of old frayed-out rope lying close to but not attached to a rusty piton. We left it where it lay. We imagined it was a relic of some of the early parties. We waited for a few minutes because of a cannonade of stones started by a party on the Italian ridge. Before us was the Tiefenmatten face, which here is like a great wide-open gully, the edges being formed by the Italian and Z'Mutt ridges. About the middle is a well-marked ledge of rock, well seen in the diagram (p. 223). This is the "Galerie." It is not quite horizontal, but slopes upwards towards the Z'Mutt ridge; nor does it go right across, for it is cut off abruptly near that ridge, and Carrel's chimney has to be descended to gain, by a further short traverse, the Z'Mutt arête. We did not follow this ledge, but a smaller one just below it, which has a similar formation with the same abrupt ending on the Z'Mutt side. The whole traverse from the Italian to the Z'Mutt ridge took us just one hour, but we spent some time looking about us. The face was free of snow, and there was no extraordinary difficulty, and no place where a mountaineer of to-day would think of using a fixed rope. One can imagine, though, the feelings of Carrel on his first ascent: the terrors of the unknown and the terrifying aspect of the stupendous Tiefenmatten face, traversed for the first time, would have made the stoutest heart quail.

'The passage of "Carrel's Gallery" seems only to increase the admiration felt for that intrepid mountaineer.'

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#### AN ASCENT OF THE MATTERHORN.

[Mr. Craufurd Grove's ascent from Breuil in 1867, reprinted from the *Saturday Review*, March 7, 1868.]

**M**OST people who have been in Switzerland—and everyone who has been anywhere has been in Switzerland—confess that they feel some curiosity about those strange highlands which of late years have been so thoroughly explored, and accounts of Alpine expeditions are often found interesting even by those who think that there was little sense in making them. Some description of a recent ascent of the Matterhorn from the southern side may not be dull for those who have seen that wonderful ruined pyramid blocking up the end of

the beautiful Val Tournanche. A peculiar interest, indeed, attaches to this peak; the Donjon of the Alps, holding out after the surrounding towers had fallen, the Matterhorn, or great Mont Cervin, placed in the very heart of the Pennine range, remained unscaled after every adjacent summit had been trodden under foot. Monte Rosa, the huge Mischabel Hörner, the Lyskamm, the Weisshorn, the Dent Blanche, and a host of minor peaks were surmounted, but the Mont Cervin remained unclimbed, apparently impregnable; and when, at last, the stronghold was carried, four out of seven assailants found a terrible death on the cliffs of the vanquished mountain. It is not necessary to describe the many attempts which were made to climb the Matterhorn before the summit was reached. These unsuccessful expeditions were all made on the southern side of the mountain, until, in 1865, Mr. Whymper and some other Englishmen tried the northern cliffs and reached the top. During the descent the well-remembered accident occurred by which four of the party lost their lives. Two days after this ascent four mountaineers of the Val Tournanche, who declined to take a traveller with them on account of the danger, attempted the mountain from the S., starting from Breuil. Two of these attained the summit, and the party returned in safety to Breuil, where they heard for the first time of the accident, the news of which had not arrived at the time of their departure.

The disaster which occurred on the northern rocks gave the Matterhorn a sinister prestige; a sort of superstition about it seized even brave and skilful guides, and for two years the final peak remained untouched. In the August of the past year, however, Mr. Craufurd Grove, a member of the Alpine Club, ascended the Mont Cervin from the S., passing over the whole route which it had taken so long a time and so many laborious efforts to discover on the most abrupt of European mountains. The northern side was, or was considered, impracticable on account of the unusual amount of snow which covered it; at all events, in the beginning of August, no guide could be found who was willing to try it, and at Zermatt the common belief was that an attempt on the Matterhorn, whether from the N. or from the S., was certain to end in disaster. On the southern face, however, which gets the full glare of the Italian sun, the rocks were bare, and the *chasseurs* of the Val Tournanche, who are very hardy and intrepid mountaineers, were ready to undertake the ascent of a mountain which they considered as their own, and to which they looked alike for

honour and profit. Three of these were enlisted for the expedition—Jean Antoine Carrel, a *bersagliero* who had fought at Novara and Solferino, and to whose admirable skill and judgment the success of the ascent was due; J. B. Bich and Salomon Meynet, both of whom worked excellently. Carrel and Bich were the two men who had made the previous ascent from Breuil. The party left Breuil at daybreak on the morning of August 13, and crossed the grass slopes to the glacier which lies under the great cliffs of Mont Cervin. An easy walk over gently inclined snow-slopes brought them to the foot of a snow couloir, leading to the Col de Lion, which lies at the foot of the great southern ridge of the mountain. Up this gully the explorers scrambled, and, quitting it a little below the col, climbed some very easy rocks to their right, and gained without the slightest difficulty the foot of the tremendous south-western arête or ridge of the Matterhorn. Here was the true starting-point of the expedition; the ascent to this place had not been in the smallest degree interesting or difficult, but with the commencement of the south-western ridge the whole character of the ascent changed. The cliffs of the Cervin were now to be encountered, and a way to be taken through those gloomy and precipitous defences which for so long a time had resisted all comers. It is necessary to say a few words about the shape of the western side of the mountain, in order to make intelligible any description of the route to the summit. The Matterhorn is singularly simple and severe in form. Probably no mountain in the Alps is so little encumbered with secondary ridges or subordinate peaks; the great arêtes fall unbroken and undivided, and to prop this immense pinnacle only one buttress has been needed—L'Épaule du Mont Cervin, which hangs over Breuil and the Val Tournanche. To the W. the mountain is divided with remarkable clearness and distinctness into two great arêtes or ridges, the northern and southern. The northern falls from the summit to the Zmutt Glacier, showing that well-known outline at which so many thousands of tourists have gazed from Zermatt; between this and the other arête is a great unbroken curve of smooth and most steep rock, for the most part hopeless and unassailable. The southern arête does not spring so directly from the summit as the northern, only becoming distinctly articulated at a point some distance below the peak, and running in a southerly direction to the shoulder, that great buttress of the mountain already spoken of, which is inferior in height to the Matterhorn itself only by 811 ft. At the

summit of the shoulder the ridge turns towards the W., and falls to the Col du Lion.

It was by this southern ridge that Professor Tyndall and Mr. Whymper made their numerous and determined attempts to reach the summit from the S., and it was by this ridge that the southern ascent was ultimately made; up this, therefore, the route on this occasion also lay. A very strange and beautiful route it proved to be. The slow irregular process of destruction in which nature delights has fretted and gnawed the battlements into the wildest Gothic towers and spires, and the explorer has to work his way round and under these, sometimes climbing to the arête, sometimes descending far below it, going up steep clefts and along narrow ledges, and over small sheets of snow, and finding those perpetual changes in the nature of handhold and foothold which give a peculiar variety and charm to the whole ascent of the Matterhorn.

The Italian Alpine Club, with great liberality, have caused a grotto or refuge to be made very high up on the shoulder, and Mr. Grove and his guides occupied the first day of their expedition in reaching this place. The way thither, though a fine climb, was not found to be very difficult, or in the least dangerous, as the careful Val Tournanche guides who have been employed to make the grotto have, in their frequent journeys to and from it, fastened ropes over most of the bad places. They have also given quaint names to portions of the route to the grotto. Thus there are *Le Col du Lion*, the starting-point; *La Cheminée*, a short steep gully in the rock, as cleanly and as regularly cut as though artificially made; *Les Degrés de la Tour*—a huge tower here rises on the arête, round the foot of which the climber passes by narrow ledges; *Le Vallon des Glaçons*, a very steep rugged gully in the rock; *Le Mauvais Pas*, a series of small shelves which run under the arête; *Le Linceul*, the ominous name of a very steep patch of snow which breaks for a small space the great front of the southern precipice; and *La Crête du Coq*, a cliff which Professor Tyndall and his guide, Bennen, had great difficulty in climbing when they ascended the shoulder in 1863. On the descent they found the place so dangerous that they fastened a rope to help them, which, of course, had to be left there; the Val Tournanche guides have now replaced this by a stronger and thicker one, which removes all difficulty. The ascent to the *Crête du Coq* brings the traveller once more to the arête, which is ascended to a place only some half-hour's scramble from the summit of the shoulder, where the

arête is quitted, and the *cravate* is traversed to the grotto or refuge.

This strange mountain-nest merits description. The *cravate*, or, as it was called before the Matterhorn was ascended, 'Le Collier de la Vierge,' is a thin band of snow crossing the southern face of the shoulder some three hundred feet below the summit of that buttress. At one place on the higher side of this band the rock first slopes back at a small angle, and then overhangs. A flat floor has been scooped out of the receding part of the rock, and a little hut erected under the shelter of the overhanging mass above, the snow in front forming a natural terrace or esplanade below which there is a tremendous precipice. It is impossible to give any idea by words of the utter isolation of this wonderful eyrie. The man who has reached it finds himself hemmed in on every side by the gigantic cliffs of the Matterhorn. A huge steep rock, round which he has twisted with difficulty, hides from him the path by which he came; on the other side the precipice sinks vertical and unbroken; above is a rugged overhanging mass, and in front the strange little terrace of snow, beyond which there is again a terrific fall. Many a cottage perched high up is called an eagle's nest; but this is in truth such a spot as an eagle or even a lammergeyer might well choose to build in, and probably nowhere else in the world has man made himself a resting-place so isolated and so hard of access. The height of the grotto is 13,655 ft., of the shoulder 13,976 ft., and of the Matterhorn 14,787 ft. The party arrived at this refuge in the afternoon, watched one of those Alpine sunsets which none but the profane ever try to describe, and coiled themselves up like marmots in the then half-finished hut. In the Alps a man can sleep anywhere, just as he can eat anything.

The party started at about half-past five the next morning to grapple with the difficulties of the final peak. Leaving the grotto, the traveller retraces his steps along the *cravate* to the arête; an easy climb brings him to the top of the shoulder, and to the signal which marks the point attained by Professor Tyndall and Bennen; from here the crest of the ridge is followed to the place where it abuts against the main peak. The arête is broken and jagged; one huge tower overtopping the summit of the shoulder has to be surmounted, as it cannot be passed on either side; and the whole, without being of excessive difficulty, gives an exhilarating scramble. It should be added that this part of the ascent is very trying to the head; the fall on the right is tremendous. Having passed along the ridge,

and standing at the foot of the main peak with all minor obstacles overcome, Mr. Grove and his guides came at last in view of what was at the time of their expedition the great difficulty of the southern ascent—the gallery, or corridor; and though this part of the route has already been superseded, and a shorter and easier way to the summit discovered, the passage of this grim causeway proved so strange a piece of mountain work as to be worth describing. At the time it was thought impossible to go from the head of the southern arête to the top of the peak; nor did Mr. Grove make any attempt to see whether this could be done; by following the route which had been crossed by the Italian guides in 1865, he was at least more likely to reach the summit than by tempting the chances of unknown precipices. But, pleasant as *mauvais pas* are ordinarily to the cragsman, there are places in the Alps which exceed the due limits of badness; and future travellers on the Matterhorn need not perhaps regret that the passage of the *galerie* will no longer be among the incidents of their ascent. The western face of the mountain plunges with extraordinary steepness in nearly continuous slabs almost from the summit to the glacier at its feet. Four thousand feet above this glacier the smooth slope is broken by a small ledge, inclined itself at a sensible angle. The polished rock is destitute of handhold above, and the climber must sustain himself by the grip of his feet or by the fineness of his balance on a space sometimes perhaps two or three feet, but sometimes, also, only as many inches, broad. If he leans against the rocks to his side he increases his chance of slipping; if he slips he falls, and with him fall the whole of his companions. Over this evil place the party slowly made their way, Carrel leading with admirable skill, and finding here and there a small chink in the rock where he was able to drive in nails with hooks at the end, through which the rope was passed. This gave a slight security in some places, but nevertheless the hour and a quarter passed in traversing *la galerie* are strongly marked in the memory of one of the party.

It is not possible to go straight from the end of the gallery on to the northern arête; the only way of reaching that ridge is to drop down a gully of which the top overhangs the base, so that it is of course necessary to fix a rope. Walking along a thin strip of snow at the bottom of this cleft the traveller comes out at last on the arête, and looks down on the Zermatt Valley—a sudden and marvellous change of scene—and then, by a fine climb up the difficult and treacherous northern ridge,



the summit of the Matterhorn is gained. The top of this famous mountain is a long thin ridge of snow, with some light undulations, the highest portion being near the western end; and, indeed, the general shape of the peak is very nearly what it appears to be from Zermatt; of course the western end, being further from Zermatt than the eastern, appears to be the lowest.

Mr. Grove and his guides stayed a very short time on the western end of the ridge, and then descended, as the day was well advanced when they reached the summit, and as it was uncertain how long a time the descent might occupy. They passed a second night in the grotto, and the next day descended to Breuil. A short time after Mr. Grove's expedition some guides of the Val Tournanche, who conceived the strange idea of taking a girl up the mountain, and who got her to the place where the gallery begins, discovered that it was possible to go from the head of the southern arête to the top of the mountain by a route shorter and less difficult than that leading over the gallery and northern arête. On a portion of this new way they fastened a rope. An English traveller, Mr. Leighton Jordan, who ascended, it is believed, by this route, not only explored the whole of the summit ridge, but actually descended some distance on the ice-covered northern side. After this the late autumn snow at length restored to the Matterhorn the repose which it had enjoyed for so many ages before Alpine Clubs were invented, and before men strove to set foot on the summits of great mountains.

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#### THE AIGUILLES ROUGES OF CHAMONIX.

By A. M. CARR-SAUNDERS.

(Read before the Alpine Club, March 3, 1925.)

THE range of mountains which I am going to describe to-night must be well known by sight to most members of the Club. But, unless I am mistaken, the acquaintance of many English climbers with the Aiguilles Rouges of Chamonix is confined to the views of them obtained from the peaks of the Mont Blanc range. It may be a matter of chance that I have met very few English climbers when exploring the ground myself, and that I have not infrequently met climbers at

Chamonix or Argentière waiting in bad or doubtful weather for a chance to get on to the Mont Blanc range, oblivious of the fact that the Aiguilles Rouges offer good climbs which can be attempted when the weather is indifferent. I think that they are well deserving of attention for themselves, but they must inevitably suffer from their nearness to the Chamonix Aiguilles with their obviously greater attractions. Nevertheless, even if I underestimate the extent to which they are known, I do not think they are so familiar as to make some detailed description of them altogether unwelcome.

The neglect of the Aiguilles Rouges, if neglect it be, by English climbers does not stand alone. Climbers of other nations have apparently neglected them equally until recent years. And this neglect extended into the region of cartography. The only map in existence until 1921, when M. Vallot published the results of his own observations, was very inaccurate. Heights were as much as 100 metres wrong, and peaks were displaced horizontally as much as 600 metres. But this has now been put right by the publication of M. Vallot's map in '*La Montagne*,' No. 145 (1921), accompanied by a very useful description of the topography, and followed by an article by M. de Lépiney in the form of a climbers' guide to the range. It can be purchased in pamphlet form from the C.A.F.

The topography of the range is simple. It lies parallel to the range of Mont Blanc, and stretches a good 20 miles in a N.E.-S.W. direction. To the E. is the Chamonix valley; at a level of about 6000 ft. is a well-marked shelf on which the Flégère Inn and other convenient starting-points are situated. The peaks rise from this shelf, and reach their highest point in the Belvédère, just exceeding 10,000 ft. in height. On the other side the geography is a little less simple, owing to the fact that a ridge given off to the W. from the Belvédère divides the Vallée de Bérard on the N. from the Vallée de la Diosaz on the S. The route from one of these valleys to the other is by the Col de Salenton. In the Vallée de Bérard is an inn which, while chiefly used for the Buet, is available for attacks on the Aiguilles Rouges from the W. On this side of the range the glaciers reach some little size, whereas on the Chamonix side the two glaciers which do exist are so insignificant as usually to escape notice. To the W. there is no shelf as on the Chamonix side, and the peaks fall precipitously to the hanging glaciers, which themselves drop steeply towards the valley.

I propose to give some description of the range, beginning

at its southern end with the Brévent. In using the name Aiguilles Rouges to cover the whole range from the Brévent to the Col des Montets, I am using the name loosely. Properly speaking, so M. Vallot tells us, the southern end of the range from the Brévent to the Col de la Glière is called the Chaîne du Brévent, while the term Aiguilles Rouges is restricted to the range N. of the Col de la Glière. The best climbing is to be found in the Aiguilles Rouges, thus defined; but for the sake of completeness I propose to mention the Brévent, especially since a climb on that peak has acquired a certain notoriety at Chamonix. The rock of which the greater part of the range is composed is similar to that found in the Mont Blanc range, but it tends to be loose and rotten. On certain peaks great care is in consequence necessary. The small amount of snow, however, renders falls of stones more rare than they would be if the range was higher. The Brévent is composed of a different kind of rock, and the climb I am going to describe on that peak is not, so far as the condition of the rock is concerned, typical of the range as a whole.

While describing the climbs it should be remembered that, in addition to the interest which the climbs have in themselves, they have an added attraction from the fact that they command the most superb views of the Mont Blanc range. Further, the more northern peaks include part of the Bernese Oberland in the view, and to the W. from all the peaks the magnificent dolomitic range of the Chaîne des Fiz is visible.

Most visitors to Chamonix have seen the precipitous wall of the Brévent facing the valley. This face can be climbed by turning to the left above Planpraz, traversing horizontally to the foot of the nearby vertical E. face of the Brévent until the foot of the obvious 'grande cheminée' is reached. This chimney can be entered at the bottom and climbed to near its top, where further progress is impossible. This was the route followed by M. Beaujard on the first ascent. It is more usual to climb the rocks to the left for some distance before entering the chimney. The upper portion of these rocks is by no means easy, and the chimney itself is decidedly difficult. At the point where progress is no longer possible a way out can be found to the left, leading to a long and easy traverse to a point immediately below the summit, whence a chimney of some 70 ft. in height leads to the top, the climb ending with a scramble through the iron railings. We may have been unlucky, but during our climb two falls of rock took place, and we were lucky not to have suffered disaster.

Chamonix or Argentière waiting in bad or doubtful weather for a chance to get on to the Mont Blanc range, oblivious of the fact that the Aiguilles Rouges offer good climbs which can be attempted when the weather is indifferent. I think that they are well deserving of attention for themselves, but they must inevitably suffer from their nearness to the Chamonix Aiguilles with their obviously greater attractions. Nevertheless, even if I underestimate the extent to which they are known, I do not think they are so familiar as to make some detailed description of them altogether unwelcome.

The neglect of the Aiguilles Rouges, if neglect it be, by English climbers does not stand alone. Climbers of other nations have apparently neglected them equally until recent years. And this neglect extended into the region of cartography. The only map in existence until 1921, when M. Vallot published the results of his own observations, was very inaccurate. Heights were as much as 100 metres wrong, and peaks were displaced horizontally as much as 600 metres. But this has now been put right by the publication of M. Vallot's map in '*La Montagne*,' No. 145 (1921), accompanied by a very useful description of the topography, and followed by an article by M. de Lépiney in the form of a climbers' guide to the range. It can be purchased in pamphlet form from the C.A.F.

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On that account I do not recommend the climb, and I would not care to repeat it. It gives a false impression of the nature of the rock in the range in general, which is elsewhere of a wholly different nature. In addition, in the final chimney there may be some danger from ginger-beer bottles.

A brief mention may be made of the very attractive rock towers and pinnacles which jut out from the main ridge immediately N. of the Col du Brévent. Among them are the Clochers du Brévent, the Clochers de Planpraz, and the Clochetons de Planpraz. They give some first-rate climbing, and afford evidence that immediately N. of the Brévent the rock changes in character, and provides a much more attractive programme for an off day than the climb of the Brévent by the face.

I would especially recommend the Clochers de Planpraz, so prominent in the view from Planpraz to the right of the Brévent path. Other similar pinnacles exist further to the N.

Starting northwards along the ridge from the Col du Brévent, and passing over the somewhat featureless Aiguille de Charlanoz and Aiguille Pourrie, we reach the Aiguille de la Glière. This summit is easily reached from the Flégère Inn. From the Glière is given off to the E. a ridge which ends in the Aiguille de l'Index, on which the climbing is everywhere excellent. The usual route is from the Flégère to the Col de l'Index, between the Glière and the Index. The Index is then climbed by the W. arête. This is the easiest way, and gives two and a half hours of difficult climbing—difficult in the sense in which it is used in classifying English climbs. It is classed by M. de Lépiney as 'assez difficile'; he has two higher categories of difficulty, and it thus follows that there is climbing in the Aiguilles Rouges of considerable degree of difficulty. The chief trouble is the crossing of a slab which has to be effected in order to reach the bottom of a very steep couloir. The couloir leads eventually to an overhang, which makes it necessary to find a way out and to finish the climb by the S. arête. The Index may also be climbed by the S. arête throughout, and by the E. face, but these are more difficult routes.

From the other side of the Glière there extends into the Vallée de la Diosaz another ridge on which is situated a fine peak, the Aiguille du Pouce. The very existence of this peak is little known, and the climbing on it less known still. This summit can be reached from the Glière by following the ridge which joins them, and this gives two hours interesting but not very difficult climbing. The somewhat easier route is by way of the N. face, to reach which it is necessary, if coming from the

Flégère, to cross the main ridge by the Col de la Floriaz. This is in fact the best way of reaching the W. side of the peaks facing the Diosaz Valley, since there is no inn in that valley from which a start can conveniently be made. The S. face and the W. arête are said to offer extremely difficult and fine climbs.

Immediately N. of the Glière come the Petite and the Grande Aiguille de la Floriaz. The latter is well known as a view-point, but is of no especial interest otherwise to climbers. It is less well known that the Petite Aiguille de la Floriaz, which is nearly as high as the Grande Aiguille, gives two good climbs which can be conveniently made from the Flégère, one by the S.E. and the other by the N.E. ridges.

Between the Aiguille de la Floriaz and its rival view-point, the Belvédère, come the Aiguilles Crochues. A pass immediately S. of these points can be reached in about two hours from the Flégère, and thence the points known collectively as the Aiguilles Crochues can be traversed in about two and a half hours. There are three principal summits, of which the southernmost is the highest, and the traverse gives a good and by no means easy climb. It is curious that this very attractive expedition, so easy of access to Chamonix where generations of rock climbers have spent their holidays, should not have been made until 1920.

Perhaps it is because of the fact that the Floriaz and the Belvédère, the highest peaks of the range, are easy that climbers have jumped to the hasty conclusion that the range had nothing to offer them. If that is so, it is certainly a mistake. Both the Floriaz and the Belvédère provide good climbs for those who take them in preference to the ordinary route. The Belvédère, for instance, which can always be recognized by the curious cops of sedimentary rock which crown the summit, gives a good climb up the S.E. face. It is perhaps the finest view-point in the whole range.

North of the Belvédère are a number of peaks close together with a somewhat elaborate nomenclature. Many of these names are local names which were in existence before climbers came upon the scene. Some of them were christened by M. Charlet-Straton, one of the first explorers of the range. M. Vallot obtained much information from M. Charlet-Straton as to nomenclature when I was staying with the latter. It was he, in fact, who first taught me that the range had a very distinct interest of its own.

The first peak N. of the Belvédère is the Aiguille du Lac

Blanc, a decidedly difficult climb somewhat spoilt by the uncertain nature of the rock. Next comes the Aiguille de la Tête Plate, which may be climbed without much difficulty by its S. face, and is followed by the Arête Plate, a long and, in its lower northern section, broad and easy ridge. The Aiguilles des Chamois, which follow next, appear to be little known. They are said to give very fair climbing by more than one route. My only knowledge of them is derived from a climb up the northern ridge from the Col de la Persévérance, which crosses the ridge immediately to the N. of them. The lower part of this ridge is, in places, by no means easy. Higher up it is less difficult, but my explorations ended before reaching the top. I was, in fact, only led to scramble about these rocks one day when our true business was connected with the Aiguille de la Persévérance, which rises steeply on the other side of the Col de la Persévérance. This col is a narrow notch in the main ridge easily reached from the Chamonix side, but descending precipitously on the Bérard side. On that side it looks impracticable as seen from the top. The name Persévérance was given to this, in some ways the most attractive, point in the whole range by M. Charlet-Straton after he had climbed it with Madame Charlet-Straton on their third attempt. The first two attempts were made on the Bérard side, while their third and successful attempt was from the Col de la Persévérance. A rock tower rises steeply from the col, and it is usual to avoid the direct climb by traversing out on the steep Bérard face. It is soon possible to climb straight up and rejoin the ridge. Shortly after rejoining the ridge, the way is blocked by a low vertical wall of rock which cannot be circumvented. This is climbed by a stiff crack, from the top of which a sound but steep and narrow ridge leads to the summit. There is another and more difficult climb also from the Chamonix side by the S. arête.

M. Charlet-Straton is, of course, well known as having made the first ascent of the Petit Dru, and the *cabane* at its foot now bears his name. He also came near to making the first ascent of the Aiguille du Géant. Less well known is the climbing record of Madame Charlet-Straton. Miss Straton, as she was before her marriage, climbed in those mid-Victorian days when such exploits must have seemed truly remarkable. Sometimes she was accompanied by her friend Miss Lloyd; more often she climbed with her guide only. She made the first ascents of the Aiguille du Moine and the Pointe Isabella, which bears her christian name. More remarkable still was the first



winter ascent of Mont Blanc which she made in January 1876, and it was after this that she married her guide M. Charlet, who took the name Charlet-Straton. The *Persévérance* was her only notable subsequent climb. I had the remarkably good fortune to make her acquaintance when I was a school-boy, and I have spent a large part of many happy holidays in her house at Les Frasserands above Argentière. Madame Charlet-Straton died during the War ; her death was, no doubt, hastened by the death in action of her son Robert, a sergeant in the Chasseurs Alpains. M. Charlet-Straton is happily still alive, and, I may say, much appreciates visits from English climbers who may find themselves at Argentière.

The steep Bérard side has attracted some attention. It does not seem to have been climbed.<sup>1</sup> I had a good view of its upper part when I made the climb by the usual route in 1914. Joseph Ravel, who was with me, was much interested in the accident which had befallen a party in the preceding autumn. The accident<sup>2</sup> took place when the party was trying to make the first descent from the top down the Bérard face. A rope was said to have been left behind, and, with the object of finding it, Joseph set out to explore the face. This exploration lasted some two hours, and the impression I gained was that, while the face is everywhere difficult, a careful exploration should lead to the finding of a practicable route which would add a fine climb to the list of those which can be made from the Bérard side.

My climb was made on August 1, 1914, the only fine day in a week of wretched weather. The experience of English visitors in Chamonix seems to have been utterly unlike that of visitors in Switzerland. The possibility of war seemed very remote in a prospectively neutral country. In the Chamonix Valley excitement had reached fever pitch. Soon after reaching the valley we heard the village bell tolling at Argentière. Hurrying on we found the placard posted up ordering general mobilization. Events followed thick and fast. Amid the tragic incidents of hurried departure for the front, I remember a less tragic incident—the visit to the Charlet-Stratons, with whom I was staying, of the proprietor of a neighbouring hotel.

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<sup>1</sup> It has been climbed recently by Armand and Georges Charlet, famous young guides of Argentière. The former described it to M. de Ségogne as the most difficult climb of his career, which means much.

<sup>2</sup> *A.J.* xxvii. 79.

He was terribly agitated ; his cook had been called up, and, worse still, insisted on leaving by the evening train. The dinner would be spoilt, and the reputation of his hotel for its excellent cuisine would be ruined. Wouldn't I, he implored, intercede and put before him the gravity of his decision in the eyes of English visitors ?

Close to the Persévérance, towards the N.E., there rise from the ridge the Aiguille Martin and the Aiguille de l'Encrenaz, fine-looking peaks but unknown to me. The Aiguille Martin is said to give a very fair climb, while there is said to be an easy route up the Aiguille de l'Encrenaz. At this point a spur is given off to the E., which ends in the Aiguille de la Remuaz. It is this peak which is so well seen from above Argentière. With its magnificent reddish cliffs, it appears to form the true end of the range. This is not so in reality, because the main ridge is continued to the N. from the Aiguille de l'Encrenaz. There is an easy way up the Aiguille de la Remuaz. The col between the Remuaz and the Encrenaz is climbed by means of a moderately steep snow slope. From the top it is a very easy scramble up the peak. The reward is a remarkably fine view. For those who are on the lookout for an expedition of the opposite kind, M. de Lépiney has described a very difficult direct ascent of the S.E. arête.

The main ridge which is continued to the N. is not visible from the valley of the Arve. It is seen from the road to Finhaut after the Col des Montets has been passed. I have not visited this end of the range. The two chief points, the Aiguille Morris and the Aiguille de Mesure, are said not to be difficult. I suspect that they have seldom been climbed. There is a most magnificent rock tower on the E. ridge of the Aiguille de Mesure, which M. de Lépiney climbed in 1920, and which he describes as very difficult. The Aiguille de Mesure is the last summit of any importance. The ridge sinks towards the N., rising again slightly to form three or four points known as the Aiguilles de Praz Torrent. This northern end of the ridge is familiar at least in profile to those who have climbed the Buet from the Bérard side, as it divides the upper Vallorcine Valley from the Bérard Valley.

The fact that so many fine climbs have only recently been made in the Aiguilles Rouges justifies, I think, the statement that they have been neglected. However this may be, my object has been to show that they have much to offer to the climber. Since the peaks are for the most part between 9000 and 10,000 ft. in height, they can be climbed in a short day

when the weather makes success with the greater peaks on the opposite side of the valley doubtful. But I think that the climber who has made his first acquaintance with the Aiguilles Rouges as a second-best on a doubtful day will return to them on fine days and will find his time well employed.

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THE TRANSYLVANIAN ALPS AND THE HIGH TATRA.<sup>1</sup>

By L. A. ELLWOOD.

(Read before the Alpine Club, March 31, 1925.)

‘**S**ET peaks from Skye in the valley of Ceresole, and you have the Tatra.’ Such was the fascinating description of those mountains a friend visiting them in 1923 sent me on a postcard bearing the postmark ‘Strbske Pleso.’ I could not find this unpronounceable name mentioned in any available guide-book or atlas, and I soon found that though of the physical geography of the district my knowledge was slight, of the present political geography it was less. Such ignorance was doubtless unusual, and I need only refer here in outline to the present geography of the Carpathians.

The Carpathians are a chain, separated from the Alps by the Danube, of some 800 miles in length in the form of a semi-circle running E. to W. and having its eastern extremity turned inwards. If we count its foothills it could thus be said to extend from the Danube, near Bratislava (Pressburg), to the Danube at Orsova, near the Iron Gates. Formerly the whole of the range was within the Austro-Hungarian Empire, with the exception of the S. side of the southern flank, which was in Roumania. Now the northern division of the range forms the frontier between Poland on the N. and Czecho-Slovakia on the S., while the eastern and southern portions are entirely in Roumania. Much of the range is made up of thickly wooded eminences which hardly merit a more flattering name than hills. But there are three groups which rise to the dignity of mountains: the Tatra, in the N., whose highest peak is a little under 9000 ft. in height; the Pietrosu or Rodnaer group in the E., and the Negoï or Fogaras group in the S.

My brother and I decided to visit these three groups and

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<sup>1</sup> See map at end of this number.

to begin in the S. We accordingly made our way to Buda-Pesth and thence across the Hungarian frontier at Lököshaza, to a junction station on the main line to Bucharest called Vintul de Jos (Alvincz), whence a four hours' journey in an unlighted local train brought us to Sibiu.

Sibiu is the Roumanian name for a town in Transylvania which is better known to Englishmen as Hermannstadt. The Hungarian name is Nagyszeben. These three names well illustrate a difficulty which confronts the traveller or mountaineer in Transylvania or, indeed, in the Carpathians generally. Every place of importance has at least three names, often bearing little or no visible resemblance to one another. A Hungarian map will generally give only Hungarian names and, similarly, German and Roumanian maps keep to their respective nomenclatures. In addition to this, the cartographer is apt to assign to places names unknown to the natives. In these circumstances an English traveller, who finds most of the names unpronounceable, will very likely add one other to the list—a nickname of his own.

Sibiu (Hermannstadt) is one of the seven fortified towns of Transylvania (Siebenbürgen) which was founded by Saxon colonists in the twelfth century. It is the headquarters of the active Siebenbürgische Karpathen-Verein. We sought out the secretary of this club, and obtained from him much useful information as to the present condition of the huts and of the best excursions in the Fogaras range. He was a Saxon and was deeply grieved that, though many of the club huts had been burnt down in the war, he could get no help whatever towards reconstruction from the Roumanian authorities—'not even a tree.'

Armed with the information with which he had supplied us and with the best maps obtainable we set out for Porumbacul de Jos (Unter-Porumbach) *en route* for the highest peaks in Transylvania. Between Porumbacul de Jos and the mountain path at the head of the valley are nine miles of dusty road. Enthusiasts have been known to walk this, but then enthusiasts have been known to walk from Aosta to Courmayeur to get in training for the Grandes Jorasses. We resolved to ride. Arrived at the station we found a group of idle villagers, clad in the normal costume of these districts, a long shirt or tunic of white canvas-like cloth, trousers of the same material, and a wide cloth belt. They wore queer stiff felt hats somewhat resembling much disfigured bowlers. Roumanian was the only language they knew. We could not find in our polyglot

phrase book the equivalent for a vehicle, but by a series of gesticulations, brandishing our maps, we made ourselves intelligible to one of the villagers who led us through the village to his home. Whether his neighbours were fond of borrowing or whether they have all things in common in these parts, we did not discover, but our guide called at one house to pick up a bridle and at another a harness, and finally led us through a small gateway into his yard where he showed us the vehicle. His house, like most others in the district, was low-built and had a large sloping roof so constructed to cope with the heavy rains.

Whilst he was busy putting the horses in harness, his wife was very diligent in showing us hospitality; she stuffed our pockets full of plums, and would have supplied us with bacon, eggs, cheese, and chickens and many other things besides, had we desired it. The vehicle being ready, we installed ourselves on the narrow plank which served as a seat and rode away through the village where scores of ducks and geese came out to greet us and quack *bon voyage* or hiss good riddance. Our little, lightly built fourwheeler had seemed to us a sorry object when we compared it with the sturdy agricultural waggon with which we were more familiar, but after half an hour of jolting over a long trail of *débris* which in Transylvania is called a road, we were full of admiration for its strength and resistance, but not for its resilience. When our vehicle was driven axle-deep in water across a series of torrents we had to share our excitement with our driver. Though we knew no Roumanian our conversation was successful, if a trifle one-sided. Take a pinch of Roumanian from a phrase book, mix with sufficient bad Italian and dog-Latin, add Imagination, Confidence and Gesticulation *ad libitum*, and you have a fair recipe for making yourself intelligible to the peasants of Roumania.

We passed through Porumbacul de Sos (Ober-Porumbach) and continued some distance further to a place called the 'Glassworks,' where the road ended. We then set out on the well-made path, eight miles long, which leads to the Robert Gutt Hut.

After half a mile in the valley the path forked and the true way led unexpectedly up a steep zigzag to the left. We had been warned of this and so lost no time in mistakes. Throughout the whole eight miles we were passing through thickly wooded forest, and every glimpse we had of the hills around showed still more forests. We passed several water-

falls, the crystal clearness of whose streams reminded us of the Cottian or Maritime Alps.

As we stepped into the courtyard of the Robert Gutt Hut we were delighted at the word of welcome emblazoned in golden letters above the doorway: *HEIL*. This we found was the favourite word of salutation amongst the German-speaking natives and visitors in this district. The hut was large and there was room enough for the two classes of mountain tourists, those who intended merely to admire the view from the hut, which indeed was very fine, and those who wished to climb. There was a strange mixture of nationalities at supper that night, and six languages could be heard: Roumanian, Magyar, German, Czech, French, and English; but everyone was friendly and all were united in the common love of the hills.

Out of respect for local feeling we could hardly have chosen for next day any other excursion than the Negoï, the highest mountain in Transylvania. There was a good path most of the way and the various landmarks were known by picturesque names, Chamois Rock, Dragon Slope, and Michel's Rest. After an hour and a half we came to a large flat rock labelled in red letters, after a fashion dear to German mountaineers: *Frühstückplatz*. In a little while we overtook a Roumanian family party who were climbing, according to their cherished custom, in bare feet. We thought it courteous to accompany them, but as they moved slowly and circumspectly, we amused ourselves by scaling by its various routes a fine rock pinnacle (rather smaller than the Napes Needle) known as *Cleopatra*. The Roumanian paterfamilias was most shocked that we should descend to rockclimbing, and shouted to us cynically 'Well! Is the view any better up there?' We assured him it was, but he refused to come and see.

On the summit of the Negoï, 8345 ft., we could look for miles across the countless winding valleys of Old Roumania towards the plains where flowed the Danube. The morning mists had already begun to gather about the highest ridges and as the various summits loomed out, now and then, these little mountains, but 8000 ft. high, seemed as great as the giants of the Alps; but the snow fields and the glaciers were lacking. The Roumanians discoursed with us for an hour or so on the state of their country and of Europe generally. The conversation was mostly in German, but occasionally some of them tried their skill in French and Italian. This showed that they had a working acquaintance with five languages, which was not

uncommon amongst the educated classes in these countries. The political problem which seemed to interest them most was that which confronted their anti-Semitic league.

We were rather amused at the description of the view from the Negoi in a German guide book—published at Hermannstadt in 1881 and written by a German, a Transylvanian patriot, who loved his native hills. ‘Here we may recline on the narrow ridge scarce three yards wide, overgrown with moss and lichen, and enjoy the distant view across the mountains and valleys of Transylvania which fade away in the distance into the clouds, or look towards the S. far into Roumania where the countless ridges and valleys of our high mountain chain lead down to the plain in gentle slopes and broadening dales. But the finest picture of all is spread at our feet, the deep rocky basin bearing the awe-inspiring name of Sztrunga Drakului (Devil’s Fold), where even the hot August sun is not strong enough to melt the winter snows on these northern precipices, and where full many a chamois may be seen sporting on a snowfield or browsing on the steep crags nearby. Further on one may discern two tarns, parted from each other by a mountain ridge, which in their rocky hollow look like two blue eyes peering into the clear heavens.’

We set out at once for this Devil’s Fold, but I am sorry to say that we met neither the chamois nor the devil. Had we been able to reach the mountains further E. we might well have met both, for good chamois-hunting can still be had in these parts, so we were told, but there are no huts and food is scarce in the valleys. As has been said, ‘No food in the rucksack and none in the inn, that is the devil!’

We did meet with good rock-climbing, however, on the S.E. face of the Negoi, where we enjoyed an hour or so of delightful scrambling. There one could find countless routes uncatalogued. Between the Caltunul and the Laitunul is a little pinnacle, apparently nameless, which attracted our attention. It was small but it satisfied us that there are some peaks in the range which a cow could not climb!

A sudden snowstorm curtailed our activities, and we made our way in the fog across the rocky basin at the E. of the Negoi to the Bergescharte pass, a narrow rift in the ridge descending from the Negoi, approached on either side by steep gullies. We had thus ‘done’ the show peak by the favourite circular route and were free to follow our own inclinations.

The next day we devoted to an exploration of the peaks W. of the Negoi. We found a tempting buttress between the

Moscavul and the Scara, and worked our way up it. Before we had finished our climb we were enveloped in the mist. It was our experience, which other climbers confirmed, that the morning mist arrives much earlier in the day in the Transylvanian Highlands than in the Alps, sometimes as early as 8 or 9 A.M. But slight breaks occurred fairly frequently and the mist generally dispersed in the late afternoon. During one of these intervals we caught a good glimpse of the mountains between us and the Roten-Turm Pass. This pass was formerly of great commercial importance as the trade road to the E., which avoided Serbia, passed over it, and at the end of the eighteenth century the despatches of the East India Company were brought by this route.

We ceased looking for climbs and wandered over the ridge westward. In many places we noticed traces of glacier action or *roches moutonnées*. After paying a visit to the Lacul Aurigului (Frecker See), a small tarn beneath the Ciortea (Hohe Scharte) on the Transylvanian side, we descended the military path from the Col. This Col had been passed by the Roumanians in their offensive in 1918, and we noticed many old trenches and other signs of the battle. After much argument we fancied we had reconstructed the strategic positions and understood the military tactics employed. Later in the afternoon, when the mist had quite cleared, we sat on a ridge above the Barcasiu Hut, the only other provisioned hut left in the district, and looked for miles across the Transylvanian plateau. We were again struck by the suddenness with which the mountains rise from the plains. In some parts the spurs on the northern side of the main range attain a height of 7000 ft. above the Transylvanian plain in a horizontal distance of only 7 miles.

We returned to the hut and discussed our plans. We should have liked to explore the whole range further eastward towards Brasov (Kronstadt); but the secretary of the Siebenbürgische Karpathen-Verein had told us that such an expedition would be a very lengthy one, as all the huts, except the Upper Stein Hut on the Bulea See, had been burnt down, that we should need two porters, and it would be advisable to take provisions for the whole time, as food was apt to be scarce at the stâne or shepherds' huts at the head of the valleys. We much regretted this as we had seen from pictures in the Year-Books of the S.K.V. that there were some fine rock peaks further E., particularly above the Podragu and Bulea Lakes. So we decided to cross the range into Old Roumania. No one could give us



any information. We were told that few people had ever made the passage, as before the war the Roumanian passports and customs regulations had rendered short visits by such routes extremely irksome. From a map in Baedeker (scale about 40 miles to the inch) we learnt that there was a railway station in one of the southern valleys. We made this our objective.

We followed the now familiar route of the Bergescharte and Portita, descended to the Caltun lake and chose our valley. After descending to the upper pastures we met with a little difficulty which I believe is common in the Pyrenees, that of gaining the bed of the valley. A Roumanian peasant boy whom we chanced to meet pointed out to us a track which led to a gap in the forest caused by a recent avalanche, and thus we attained to the level of the valley. But what valley? Our Austrian map which stopped a little beyond the old frontier suggested that it was the Valea Caprareata. 'Perhaps we are guilty goats to be in it,' my brother irreverently remarked!

In an account of the Eastern Carpathians, by Sir Leslie Stephen, published in the third volume of the *ALPINE JOURNAL*, the following passage appears. (An energetic bookseller named Krabs told us that) "The principal danger to be anticipated was from the attacks of sheep-dogs. These animals scent the traveller from an incredible distance, and rushing upon him with appalling cries, tear him, or at least his clothes, in pieces. My own experience went to show that Transylvanian sheep-dogs are the veriest curs that ever ran away from a fictitious stone, but as such ferocious beings may possibly exist somewhere, I will communicate to the Club the remedy he described as infallible. 'No one should venture,' he said, 'upon these mountains without a good supply of fireworks.'" We were familiar with the type of cur that runs away from a fictitious stone, and so at first we were indifferent when on our emerging from the wood, three wolf-like creatures rushed at us, barking furiously. But stones only made them more ferocious than ever, and we were some minutes fighting them, before they were beaten off by a peasant who could throw larger boulders with greater accuracy than we had done. My brother and I agreed that we would not visit these parts again without taking some fireworks or other more efficacious deterrent against the wolfish creatures which, in Munthenia, serve as sheep-dogs.

The wealth of foliage, the luxuriance of vegetation, and the brilliance of the sunlight in this valley were more than Italian,

they were almost tropical. At first the only trees were pines, and then there seemed to be a sharp line beyond which only beech trees were growing. This transition occurred very suddenly and we noticed it several times. Lower down the valley, pines and beech grew side by side. We soon came to a little stâna where we called to discover, if possible, the name of our valley, and what was the direction of Arges. The peasant at first insisted that we must go back to the Negoii, which as good Austrians we must surely wish to climb, but when we asked for Bucharest he pointed to a path leading down the valley, and congratulated us on our discernment in coming to visit his lovely Capital. Speaking our pseudo-Italo-Roumanian we got on quite well with the conversation. When we announced that we were not Austrians but English, a small crowd appeared from nowhere in particular, and examined us closely as though we had been members of a strange tribe from some South Sea island. They then showed us the customary hospitality and gave us the best drink they had—sour milk in which lumps of cheese were floating. We drank it manfully, though slowly, thinking that no doubt it was much better than Tibetan tea.

The path on which we then set out appeared to have been a military route constructed during the war, for it had been carefully built up, so that artillery could be drawn over it. A mark on a tree showed us that it was 27 kilometres to the first large village, which turned out to be our desired goal, Cumpana d'Arges. The valley is the centre of a large timber industry, and we found the methods by which the timber is taken down towards the plain very interesting. The tree trunks are first sent down steep gullies, and then put into wooden troughs, down which they slide to the river. As the river is not swift or deep enough to carry the timber of its own accord, dams are constructed at intervals along its course. These are opened and closed alternately, so that the timber is carried down stream by the artificial flooding which results.

Though the path was generally very good, there were places in which it had been completely covered by landslides, and many of the bridges had been washed away. One of the bridges consisted of three unsteady tree trunks (some 60 ft. above the rushing water). We passed several hamlets where the dogs were of the currish and not wolfish variety, and at length reached Cumpana d'Arges, the terminus of a little railway built for the development of the timber industry. The 7 o'clock train, *i.e.* one truck without an engine, was full

of people and left without us. After an eventful evening during which we were arrested by the village policeman as German or Russian spies, and released again, and then put under the charge of a workman who spoke Italian, we took the 1 A.M. train to Arges, and proceeded thence to Bucharest.

Our next objective, the Pietrosu, the highest point of the Eastern Carpathians, could be approached by two routes, but as one of them, that through Transylvania, would have necessitated three days' travelling, owing to the slowness of the trains, we chose the alternative, and travelled N. through the plains of Moldavia, going by the Warsaw express as far as Dermanesti, and then by a local line to Jacobeni. Jacobeni, like most of the other villages we saw in Bukovina, seemed poorer and filthier than the villages of Southern Transylvania. This corner of Bukovina had suffered a great deal during the war. First the Russians had entered, then the Austrians drove out the Russians, and finally the Roumanians captured the district from the Austrians. We learnt much of the recent history of the valley from a villager who began his narrative thus: 'Gentlemen, I am Friedrich Suchard von Jacobeni, I have six sons and six daughters.' We bargained with a Jewish driver to take us to Cârlibaba, a large village on the south-eastern side of the Stiol Pass. After taking us a couple of miles his only thought was that he might induce us to hire his vehicle to cross the pass next day to Borsa. When we refused to consider the proposal, he leapt out of the cart and went to join the driver of the vehicle in front, possibly to warn him not to cut prices. The horses, left to themselves, seemed to know how to avoid accidents by about half an inch. The inn at Cârlibaba was fairly comfortable, being kept by one Ann Müller, of German origin. She could give us no food; to-morrow's bread was being baked, but there was none for to-day. We went out shopping for our usual fare—bread, cheese, and pickled gurkin. The inhabitants of these parts make their chief meal in the middle of the day, and the traveller arriving very hungry at a village in the evening may find that there is no food to be had.

Of our ascent of the Pietrosu, I have little to say, for we failed. After pushing rapidly along the ridge from the Stiol Pass we at length reached a peak adjacent to the Pietrosu. It would have required another hour or more to gain its summit, which was surrounded by thick forests. We could not discern with our glasses the least semblance of a path leading into the forest, and as we knew that the descent without

one might take hours, if not days, we thought it prudent to retire. During the descent from the Stiol Pass we were joined by two German-speaking peasant girls, who showed us the best short cuts through the forests, and accompanied us some miles towards Prislop and Borsa. These two villages of Máramaros were just as dilapidated as those of Bukovina, and we were not sorry to leave them. We hurried away to Sigetul Marmatiei, formerly Máramarossziget, where, after passing through the Roumanian and Czech passport and customs formalities, we joined a Czech train which would take us to the Tatra. It was like passing suddenly into Switzerland from a most backward valley in N. Italy, only the contrast was even more striking. The Czech train was punctual, and we arrived the same evening at Poprad, beneath the Tatra.

The Chamonix of the Tatra is Stary Smokovec (Alt Schmecks),  $8\frac{1}{2}$  miles from Poprad. In the electric tram which took us thither, we met a man of commerce who advised us quite seriously to visit Russia, where living was so cheap! He then muttered "Tatra, Fatra, or Matra," I suppose Tatra is your mark? It appeared that Fatra and Matra were two smaller groups which rise to a height of about 5000 and 3000 ft. respectively. Apparently 'Tatra, Fatra, and Matra' was a sort of incantation of his like 'Soldier, Sailor, Tinker, Tailor,' and he fell to assessing everyone in the train according to his estimation of their climbing ability. He left us at Dolny Smokovec remarking 'Matra's enough for me.'

It was the middle of August and there was no accommodation of any kind to be had at Stary Smokovec. Good maps were obtainable here, and we procured a copy of Dr. G. von Komarnicki's excellent climbers' guide-book to the Tatra. We took the funicular to the Hrebienok or Kämmschen, where the hotels were also full, but we were told that there would probably be room for us at the Téry Club Hut, at which provisions were obtainable. This mid-August overcrowding made us wish ourselves back in Roumania, for there was an oppressive air of artificiality about Stary Smokovec. It seemed to us that the majority of visitors in Transylvania had been inspired with the love of the hills, but in Stary Smokovec merely with a love of fashion. We made our way hopefully up the Little Kohlbach Valley, and arrived at the hut just in time to book the last two beds. The hut is delightfully situated by the Five Lakes, beneath a chain of tempting rock peaks.

It was natural that we should choose for our first ascent

the Lomnický Stit (Lomnitzer Spitze, 8640 ft.) which was till quite recently regarded as the highest peak in the Tatra, and seems to have been ascended by a local schoolmaster in 1615. It is now settled that Gerlach (Gerlsdorfer Spitze) is some 90 ft. higher than the Lomnický. The ordinary and easiest route is that known as 'Moses Spring' route, but from the Téry hut the 'Jordan Way' is more often followed. A pretty story is told as to the origin of the name, Moses Spring. It has been recorded by Lord Bryce, and I will quote it in his words.

'The Vice-President and another member of the Karpathen Verein were, with their guides, conducting some members of the Vienna Alpine Club to the top of the Lomnitzer. These latter gentlemen, as coming from the loftier Austrian Alps, had been a little contemptuous towards the less elevated Tatra, and in fact pooh-poohed the Lomnitzer. However, the stiff climb up out of the Kohlbach dale tried them so severely that on gaining the crest they declared they could go no further without something to slake their thirst. This the Vice-President promised them at a stream a little higher up. Unhappily when they reached the spot, no water was to be seen. The strangers then began to reproach the Herr Major. But he was equal to the occasion. "Let us invoke Moses," said he, "who could bring water from the stony rock, and give him ten minutes in which to do his work." Moses was accordingly invoked amid the jeers of the Viennese. Sure enough, after ten minutes, water began to trickle down the rocks, till before long a streamlet was running at which all could drink. The Major had noticed that the sun, in mounting above the rocks, was just striking a snow-bed which lay hidden in a cleft some yards higher up, and he knew that when the heat had had time to play upon it water would presently appear. He was therefore prepared to stake his reputation as an officer and mountaineer upon the event. In memory whereof the spot is called by the guides and others the Moses Spring even unto this day.'

We followed the Jordan Way, which was fairly easy to find. It led diagonally up the broken rocks beneath the Durný (Schwalbenturm) to a Col where a short traverse is made on the northern side of the ridge. The final climb might have been interesting but was spoilt by iron stanchions, chains, and similar artificial and satanic devices. The view from the summit should be very extensive, but we only caught glimpses of it through the mist. There was a curious metal cylinder

fixed near the summit. We unscrewed its cap and found it was full of visiting cards and other records of successful ascents.

Our climbers' guide mentioned a variation which would avoid the chains, and on the descent to the Col we took this alternative route, which was much pleasanter though not difficult. It was still early in the day and we looked about for further climbing. As the mists kept circling around us, we were not inclined to attempt any fanciful and complicated route of descent, so we started to traverse the ridge to the north-west. We surmised that it should be fairly easy to get down from one or other of the Cols in this direction. We were very careful never to leave the ridge, making many conscience climbs which could have been avoided, and so had some five hours of excellent scrambling before we reached the Téryjoch. We crossed about 9 or 10 named peaks.

On the Katzenturm we were troubled by the mist and could not find the narrow chimney which is the key to the route to the Joch. However we made a way down the northern side within about 80 ft. of the gully below the pass. As the rocks were very steep we thought it prudent to use a *corde de rappel*. As I was in the middle of the descent, the mist suddenly cleared, and a Polish party who were ascending the gully, tugging wildly at the chains, were so startled at seeing us, floating as it were, above their heads, that two of them fell right off their ample stances, and slid down the gully till they got entangled in the chains. For once our cord did not jam and so we were soon running down the long scree slopes towards the hut.

At supper that evening the climbers were divided into two schools, partizans respectively of Grat-Kletterei or Wand-Kletterei, the Ridge Climbers or Face Climbers. The face climbers considered themselves far superior to the others. They lauded scarpetti, and mocked nailed boots. As we watched the champions of Wand-Kletterei next day we marvelled at the eagerness with which they traversed away from the steep faces and joined the ridges.

After a morning devoted to photography we descended to the Kämmschen, and took the path which skirts the Slavkovsky Stit (Schlagendorfer Spitze) to the Schliesky Dom or Schlesierhaus, a glorified hut belonging to the Czech Tourist Club. It was very crowded and the greater proportion of the visitors were not mountaineers. The manners of some of the Czechs and Poles were extraordinary. They would emphasise their arguments by throwing their knives and forks violently

on to the table and spitting. Compared with the raucous shouting of these people an animated conversation of Frenchmen or Italians would be but a tuneful whisper. But one must make allowances for the fact that it was a mid-August crowd.

We had ascended the Lomnický by the ordinary way and descended by a ridge route, so we decided to reverse the process of Gerlach. Obedient to our tourist map we followed the green and red marks up the Velická valley, a rugged glen in which we heard several marmots, passing the Dlhe Pleso to the Polský Hreben (Polnischer Kamn) on the Frontier between Czecho-Slovakia and Poland.

An agreeable five hours' of ridge scrambling from this pass brought us to the summit of Gerlach, 8737 ft. Sitting beneath the iron standard were two Frenchmen wearing the familiar badge, and we saluted them as colleagues of the French Alpine Club. They had come up by the ordinary route in the care of a Zurbriggen from Saas Fee and a local guide.

The ordinary route, blazed with its trail of green, seemed to us ridiculously easy at first, but later on, when a thick mist and heavy snowstorm came upon us, we were not too proud to look out for the marks. When we reached the iron staircase at the base of the mountain, known as Gerlsdorfer Probe, the ground was covered with three or four inches of snow. This was the beginning of at least a week of rain.

After waiting a day for the weather to clear we made our way round to the third main climbing centre of the Tatra, the hotel by the Popradske Pleso or Popper See. The two popular tourist excursions generally made from this Hotel are the ascent of the Rysy (Meeraugenspitze), the Rigi of the Tatra, and the pass to the Polish Five Lakes. There are 112 lakes in the Tatra, called locally 'Eyes of the Sea,' from a strange belief held by the natives that they had some subterranean connexion with the sea, and that the ripples which can be seen on the surface of the waters on calm windless days were caused by storms on the Baltic.

Thick mist and incessant rain rendered serious climbing impossible, and prevented our seeing even the tourists' 'sights.' As the bad weather showed no signs of abating we departed southwards to a land of sunlight.

What were our impressions of the Carpathians? With their entire absence of snow and ice they are, in the summer at least, no serious rival of the Alps. A devoted lover of the Dolomites might find a second climbing paradise in the Tatra. But the Southern Carpathians have a charm all their own. There,

life is more primitive, and the mountains more unspoilt, than anywhere in the Alps. There, at last, one may escape from the August crowd and enjoy the mountain undisturbed, and one's petty annoyance at the dirt and discomfort of the place will be more than appeased by the good temper and cheery disposition of the Roumanian peasant.

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# SOME CLIMBS IN THE BREGAGLIA AND THE DOLOMITES.

By N. S. FINZI.

(Read before the Alpine Club, May 5, 1925.)

MY first visit to the Bregaglia was in 1921. I arrived at Maloja *hors de combat* owing to some bad food. However, I managed, after a day's rest, to struggle up to the Forno hut, and on the succeeding day, with my sister and Dr Dent's party, up the Monte del Forno. One gets a fine view from this peak, but what struck one most, on topping a curve in the glacier *en route* for the hut, was the magnificent view of the mountains at the head of the Forno glacier. Speaking of this in the evening, I learned to my surprise that the splendid needle known as Cleopatra's Needle or the Ago del Torrone had never been climbed: attempted—yes, many times, but never climbed.

I had brought two Valais guides with me, Josef Biner and his nephew Adolf Schaller. At the top of the Monte del Forno some other guides pointed out several things to them, including the route up the Cima del Largo which I had expressed the intention of climbing. A couple of days later I started from Maloja to do it. One advantage of the Bregaglia climbs is that many of them may be climbed direct from the hotel without over-exertion or a very early start. We reached the *Einstieg* and started, quite correctly, to traverse to the left, but, although I urged that, later, we ought to bend back to the right, the guides would hear nothing of this, pushed on ahead, and we only all came together again at a pass which I said was between the Piz Bacun and the Piz Casnil, whereas they declared it to be between the Largo and the Bacun. 'Look in the book' they said 'and tell us which is the way.' I answered—'If this is the Cima del Largo you must follow the ridge, but there is nothing corresponding to the description of it here.'



At any rate we decided to follow the ridge. It was evident that it was not the ordinary route from the amount of small, loose stones, and we had a very pleasant little climb, portions of which were not quite easy. We rejoined the route up the S.E. face close to the summit. Here the discussion as to which peak we had done recommenced, but it ceased with the discovery of the name of the peak, Pizzo Bacone, in the summit-book. The guides had been misled by the local men, and subsequently learned that ours was a new route, namely, the S. ridge of the Piz Bacun. We returned by the chimney and gully in the S.E. face.

We next went to the Albigna hut and climbed the Ago di Sciora, being led by Christian Klucker, then 70 years old, who had less difficulty with it than I had. The next day we went over the Zocca Pass, and I got this photograph of the Ago but left half my lens on the pass. We descended to Masino Bagni, a delightful spot, and from here climbed the Badile by the ordinary route, which is quite easy, and then the Disgrazia by the via Barone, also not difficult. I cannot recommend this latter climb, as the Cecilia hut has been burgled so often that nothing is kept there: all blankets have to be carried up from San Martino. There is also only a very sketchy supply of cooking utensils and I think one plate, one knife, and two spoons and three forks. We returned to Masino Bagni and next day crossed over the Zocca pass again to get back to clean clothes and—sulphur ointment, an item of equipment that should never be omitted in Italy! We were extraordinarily lucky in that Josef Biner's sharp eyes found my half lens on the top of the pass under some stones. We then went back to Maloja and climbed the Piz Lagrev by the route described by Dr. Wilson in the 'A.J.' We then climbed the real Cima del Largo, intending the next day to go and have a look at Cleopatra's Needle, but in taking off some new crampons which I had been trying, I fell and injured my hand enough to prevent climbing.

The next year we had started in the Mont Blanc range, but got bad weather, and we thought it wouldn't be a bad plan to go to the Bregaglia again. My friend Rudolf was with me, and we had now as guides Peter Almer of Grindelwald and Franz-Josef Biner of St. Niklaus, whose names I had got from Captain Farrar. We travelled *via* Milan, where we found that they had just finished a general strike. Anxious inquiries about trains elicited the fact that they had run well all through the strike; but its cessation caused us to be 8 hours late in a run

of about 60 miles, and to miss a day. When we arrived we took provisions and went up to the Forno hut.

First we climbed the Torrone Orientale. The next day we did the S. ridge of the Bacun both up and down, and the following day the weather enforced rest.

Our next climb was the Cima di Spluga and the Cima del Largo, and we there had a most terrible experience. The weather was rough and windy, but we had done the Largo and returned to the ridge at the spot where one removes the scarpetti. We had each got on about one boot and one shoe when amid thunder and lightning it started to hail peas, then beans. This was unpleasant, but when the stones reached the size of well-nourished damsons, we feared our last hour had arrived. They came with terrific force and, though we hid our faces, our arms and bodies were battered and bruised. Had we been on the difficult part of the climb, I should not be reading this paper now. I have no doubt that the two Italians who were killed on the Badile that same day met this hailstorm.

The next day being a rest day we strolled up the Monte Forno, and the day after, the weather prevented an excursion. Then we decided to have a look at Cleopatra's Needle. Peter Almer was not well, so we went with Franz. We crossed the glacier coming from the Colle del Torrone and its bergschrund to the rocks on its W. bank, and from here followed rock terraces up to the col between the big gendarme, which resembled a hen on its nest, and the Torrone Centrale. We had hoped to find an easy way round this gendarme, but it is a thin plate of rock, and the choice lay between climbing over it, which, if possible, would be extremely difficult, traversing under it, also very difficult, or descending a long way and then mounting again. There was no time left for this last, so we returned. During our stay at the Forno hut we had met Herr Zürcher with a friend of his and the Engadine guide Risch. They were returning from the direction of the Torrone group, and they had with them enormous masses of rope. We immediately suspected an attempt on 'our' needle, and on questions being asked we were told they had been trying 'variations on the Torrone Orientale.' Subsequently we have discovered that they had tried shooting a rope over the needle by an arrangement of which a pistol formed part. Thank goodness, it wasn't climbed by this method.

Rudolf then had to go home, but I decided to have another look at the needle with the guides. This time, after mounting the rocks on the W. bank of the Torrone glacier for some

distance, we started across the glacier. The rocks are horribly rotten, but the ice traverse is as sensational as anything I have ever seen. The ice is at just about as steep an angle as possible, and therefore necessitated large steps right across the face of the glacier, but Franz cut all the steps in  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours, more than 80 steps. We arrived at the col only to be met by a severe storm. Franz prospected a bit, but discovered nothing. Unfortunately, on the return, the rope loosed a stone on to Almer's forearm, inflicting rather a deep cut which subsequently suppurated and placed him *hors de combat* for some weeks.

A few days later we decided on another attempt and got an Engadine man as second guide. This time I insisted that we should get to the peak by going over the Torrone Orientale or as far below the summit as we could. The glacier was troublesome and the second guide a very inefficient step-cutter, so it took us over 6 hours to reach the Colle del Torrone. After a snack of food the struggle commenced, and after a tough fight with the mountain, which lasted 2 hours, Franz succeeded, by standing on the second guide's head, in hauling himself above the overhang. The only hold is one hand-hold and very slight knee-friction. He then progressed to within 50 feet of the top, but here found an overhang under which he must traverse. I understand he told the other guide to come on to the peak, but the latter refused, and as I knew I should not be good enough to hold him in case of accident, I did not offer. At this time the mountain was enveloped in cloud, and I made a number of attempts to photograph Franz from the slopes of the Torrone Orientale. I was just giving it up when the mist cleared for a moment. I got the camera out again and was just in time to get a photograph.

It was obvious now that we were almost certain to do the peak, given a good second man. We decided, therefore, to have another try the next year, and it had this advantage, that Rudolf would be with us again.

In 1923 we met Franz at Milan and proceeded at once to Campitello in the Dolomites for a week's intensive training. We didn't know that a new road had been made up to the Sella hut, or we should have taken the car right up there. The day after we arrived we went up to the Sella hut (now Rifugia Sella) and scrambled about on the Sella towers without accomplishing anything but some difficult rock-climbing.

The next day we decided to do the Fünffingerspitze and set out in due course. Our united knowledge of German however failed to make out, from Purtscheller and Hess, which was the

route, and Franz started straight up the gully leading to the Daumenscharte. The rock was very loose and we dislodged a good deal. The stones were flying merrily when we were hailed by another party. They asked if we were in the Schmittkamin. Franz replied that he didn't know but that we would stop if the others wanted either to come up or to cross the gully. We waited a long time but apparently they wouldn't trust us and went away. We continued up the gully, which gradually became difficult, until we arrived at a ledge on the true left wall of the gully with a sheer wall of wet black rock above it. At this stage Franz had no kletterschuhe, but he managed to tackle this exceedingly difficult bit with his nailed boots. It only just went, and he has told me since that it was a very near thing; with kletterschuhe it is very difficult, but with nailed boots almost impossible. At the top of the wall we found an 'Abseil-ring.' Soon we reached easier rock and then rejoined the ordinary route to the Scharte. Franz didn't think the wall on our left could be the right way to proceed and so decided to try the Daum direct, but we didn't get very far on that, so we traversed round it, eventually reaching a spiral chimney on the S. side. This got more and more difficult, and as it was our first day I eventually called a halt and insisted on returning. We found the ordinary route back and it was quite easy. Later we discovered that the Daumenscharte gully had been descended before but never ascended (unless it has been done since 1913).

We got into a thunderstorm on our return to Campitello and were neither of us well the next day, whether as the result of over-fatigue or something we had eaten, I don't know. Rudolf was worse than myself and had to rest for two days. Meanwhile I proceeded to do the Zahnkofel and then the Schmittkamin, both from Campitello direct. This latter we quitted to our left, but I think above the point at which the usual route leaves it. The whole 60 ft. of rope was out when Franz called me to follow. 'Sind Sie sicher?' I asked, 'ja' he answered in a tone which assured me that he wasn't. The first step was extremely difficult, and then there was a long exposed oblique traverse with no resting places, the pitch being about 70 ft. At the top we rejoined the ordinary route, stepped across the kamin again, and all was plain sailing. We returned by the ordinary route to find Rudolf awaiting us at the Sella hut. The next day Franz took him up the Grohmannspitze while I had a rest day. On the following day, Sunday, Rudolf and I had a little guideless climbing with Smythe, but I hadn't enough confidence in my powers of leading to complete the

third Sellaturn. We returned to Campitello, and then made arrangements for the Marmolata Südwand.

We started on the Monday for the Contrinhaus, and got a beautiful sunset which we photographed, and so were late for dinner. On the Tuesday we started at 3 A.M. and reached the Ombretta Pass in good time to see a most wonderful sunrise. At the *Einstieg* there are three chimneys and one should take the middle one, but Franz didn't like the look of it and so we took the left-hand one, meaning to traverse back into the other. For some distance there was no chance of a traverse, and when we eventually traversed a very exposed place to the right we still didn't reach anything that corresponded to the description of the ordinary route, so we eventually decided to proceed and make our own route. We climbed upwards and to the left, reaching a chimney of which one wall overhung in most places, forming, with the smooth flat slab of the other wall, a place in which one could get a series of jam-holds. In no place could we all three come together; in no place could we move more than one at a time, and at no single spot before the first terrace was reached did we find any easy rock. Eventually we arrived at the first terrace exhausted and parched with thirst, 5 hours after leaving the *Einstieg*. Rudolf had carried the sack the whole way, but we hadn't been able to get near enough together for him to get it off and get at the water bottles. From the first terrace we adopted the ordinary route, but we were all tired and took a long time. We were a little bit afraid that the porter would have departed and taken our boots down with him, but we found them safely on the summit, where we arrived nearly 11 hours after we left the *Einstieg*. We returned to the Contrinhaus by the W. arête and arrived there at dusk. A great noise burst on our ears as we opened the door, and we discovered a sectional gathering of the C.A.I. A gentle word to the proprietor enabled us to finish our dinner and depart before the gathering closed. We took a short cut under direction of the local porter, but I don't think he had ever tried it himself before. We arrived at Campitello at midnight and much regretted that we had ordered a car for 5 the next morning. After sleeping for one minute we were awakened for breakfast. To our disgust it was only 3.40, and we knew we daren't sleep another minute or we should have been late for the car. The drive was tedious but amusing. The so-called car lost bits of itself as we proceeded, and we arrived at Glurns at midday. After lunch the driver proceeded to point out so many fractures in the chassis that we decided to risk no further travel in his car,

and got on to Sta. Maria by the Post. The fireworks of the evening (August 1) were not observed by us that night, and we crossed the Ofen pass the next day, arriving at Maloja in the evening. Here we found our porter, Roman Lager, and after some delay started straight away for the Forno hut. We arrived a little before 11 o'clock, much to the disgust of the occupants.

The next morning, August 3, we started soon after dawn, and this time the choice of route was left to me, so we went over the Torrone Orientale, crossing well below the summit. We had just arrived at the foot of this peak when the weather, which had been threatening, took a turn for the worse, and after waiting for the best part of an hour we decided that Cleopatra's Needle must wait. We returned, arriving at the hut wet through. The following day, August 4, we started again at 5.42. Using our ice steps of the previous day, we climbed rapidly and reached the Colle del Torrone in  $4\frac{1}{4}$  hours. After an hour's rest the assault began on the needle. This has been described in the *ALPINE JOURNAL*, xxxvi. 60 *seq.* No artificial aids to climbing were used. Pitons were used only for holding a security belay or for double-roping. Half an hour, mostly occupied in these preparations, saw Franz on the peak at his first attempt, and the others were hauled up one after the other. After the first step the climbing still did not seem to Rudolf and myself at all easy, and there was a tricky place where in crossing a wide open gully the only way was to lean right out on a handhold; this had had enough with the other three, and it parted from the parent rock with me, the event being accompanied by the usual horrid sulphurous smell. The only harm done was a shock to the nerves of the others, as I instinctively landed with my feet to the rock. A little more difficult rock brought us to a small ledge, above which are a few yards of quite easy climbing. Then came the real excitement. Franz climbed up a crack to the top edge of a slab, the foothold being about an inch thick. Roman followed and stood by his side while he drove in a piton through which the rope was threaded. We were on the N. face of the peak and he then traversed on to the W. face to avoid the overhang. As he found this 'sehr schwer,' I can only imagine it was of the most intense difficulty. We walked up over the double rope. The overhang is so great that with my feet on the face beneath it my stomach was still touching the rock of the overhang. We crowned the peak with Lager's cap, a bright green creation.

To descend, we double-roped to the easy rocks referred to and

took off the rope, and we then went down to the little ledge which just held three comfortably. Another double-roping brought us a little below the point where I landed in my fall, and the third took us on to the top of the glacier.

We returned well pleased with the conquest of a peak where so many good men have failed. All we ask of others who climb this wonderful little needle is that they should not spoil it. I couldn't lead it myself, and anyone who can must be regarded as a first-class climber.

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### THE HIGH TATRA.<sup>1</sup>

By HUGH ROGER-SMITH.

I FEEL diffident about writing a paper on our expedition in 1924 as, from a climbing point of view, it was a fiasco owing to the weather, but our excursions into the valleys and over the passes enabled us to form a good idea of the climbing possibilities of the district. This paper, therefore, may be of use by affording some hints for explorations of a mountain range that seems to have been very much neglected by members of the Club, for, save a description of another disastrous season by Mr. Charles Candler in vol. xxx. 11, I can find no mention of the High Tatra in the JOURNAL. Lord Bryce visited the High Tatra in 1878, and a charming account of his stay there appeared in his 'Memories of Travel'; in fact, it was this book that fired me with a desire to explore the district.

The High Tatra is the name applied to a small group of mountains that forms part of the range of the Carpathians. The Carpathian mountains for the most part consist of low pine-clad hills rarely more than 3000 or 4000 ft. above sea level, and in the middle of this range the Tatra group shoots up to between 8000 and 9000 ft. It consists, for the most part, of extremely steep and rugged granite crags reft into fantastic shapes, with steep precipices falling to the valleys below, and lies between Czecho-Slovakia and Poland, the actual boundary passing through the range. It is barely 20 miles in length and some 10 to 12 miles in depth, so that an active walker can explore the district fairly thoroughly in three weeks or a month.

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<sup>1</sup> See map at end of this number.

Prague—reached *via* Flushing and Dresden in about 30 hours—is a fascinating city and deserves a day or two for seeing its beauties. Anyone visiting Prague for the first time should read 'From a Terrace in Prague,' by Lieut.-Colonel B. C. Baker; and another excellent book is Major C. J. C. Street's 'East of Prague,' which gives a good description of the country but says nothing about the High Tatra, while a description of the Tatra appeared in the *R.G.S.J.* for September 1923, and is well worth studying.

One can take the night train from Prague with comfortable sleepers and arrive at Poprad-Felka about 9 A.M. next morning, where an electric train takes one to Stary-Smokevec (German Schmecks), a charming village at the very foot of the mountains. Here there are two hotels and quite first-class accommodation, but in July and August it is wise to secure rooms beforehand by writing to the Bad Direction, Stary-Smokevec.

We had telegraphed for rooms from Prague, but on arrival we found the village quite full, so we tried the Kohlbach hotel, reached from Stary-Smokevec by a cable railway in 20 minutes. Here we found exactly what we wanted, a small mountain inn right up amongst the hills, very reasonable and with the most perfect cooking; and although the sanitary arrangements were far from perfect, and the only bathroom 5 minutes' walk from the hotel, we stayed here very happily for three weeks. It is an ideal position for exploring the valleys and mountains. German was understood and spoken almost everywhere, the people were very friendly, and we received nothing but kindness and civility wherever we went.

For active mountaineers there is any amount of work to be done amongst the Tatra mountains, the climbs ranging from easy scrambles to exceptionally difficult rock problems. There are no glaciers and practically no snow in summer.

There are three centres from which the various districts can be explored. On the W. is Czorbaer See, the largest lake on the S. side of the Tatra, and here are several hotels; in the centre is Stary-Smokevec, and to the E., Tatra Lomnitz. These three villages are connected by a fine road and an electric railway. In connexion with each of these main centres are several alpine huts where one can sleep, and in most of which good food can be obtained. Thus about 1½ hours from the Czorbaer See is the Popper See hut on the banks of the lake. This is a small, comfortable hotel from which beautiful Mengsdorfertal and the Trummertal can be explored. Then midway between Czorbaer and Schmecks in the Felka Tal is the large and



comfortable Schlesier hut, from which the Gerlsdorfer Spitze and the surrounding peaks can be readily tackled. Above Schmecks is the Kohlbach hotel already mentioned; at the junction of the Gross and Klein Täler is the Gemse hotel; near the head of the Gross Kohlbach Tal is a small hut in bad condition, where one could spend a night at a pinch, and at the head of the Klein Kohlbach is the fine Terry hut, a good centre for exploring the Lomnitz, Eisthaler Spitze and the mountains of this group. About  $2\frac{1}{2}$  hours' walk from Tatra Lomnitz is the Friedrich hut on the banks of the Grüner See, where you get excellent food, and which forms a very good starting-point for exploring the Papyrus Täler and surrounding peaks. On the N. or Polish side there are two good roomy huts, the Roztoka hut and the Fischsee hut, and three other very small huts with five or six beds apiece.

Guides are to be found at each of the centres, and are controlled by the Czecho-Slovakian Alpine Club, and we heard well of them, but the climbs we were able to accomplish were guideless. The weather in August 1924 was hopeless in the Tatra, constant heavy rains making for days together any serious expedition out of the question. The High Tatra rise on the S. side very abruptly out of the plains, and, seen from these plains, give the impression of a huge rock wall. The warm S. winds, laden with moisture from the plains, strike this rocky barrier and condense in mist. Day after day it would start clear and bright at 5 A.M.; by 6 A.M. wisps of mist would appear, and by 7 A.M. all the upper regions were enveloped in a dense fog, and it usually began to rain. Time after time we would start at 5 or 5.30 A.M. for some peak—for a good many interesting climbs could be easily done in a day from our hotel—only at 8 or 9 A.M. to be driven back by a perfectly bewildering mist.

Our first expedition was the Schlagendorfer Spitze, 7972 ft., rising abruptly above the Kohlbach hotel, nothing, really, but a pretty fatiguing walk; in fact, it looked so simple that we—the late Dr. R. G. Rows, Mr. Reginald Graham and the writer—made a bee-line for the apparent summit regardless of the warning given by Lord Bryce about the horrors of the Krummholz zone. The bases of all these Tatra mountains are densely covered with fir trees, mostly spruce firs, and above these is invariably found a zone some half-mile deep of dwarf pine trees, the *Pinus mughus*, and known locally as 'Krummholz.' Lord Bryce calls it 'this hateful little tree,' and with reason. Not more than 8 or 10 ft. high, with

interlacing straggling branches, too strong to bend, too low to get under, and very difficult to climb over, they form an almost impenetrable barrier. Into this pine wall we stumbled on this our first ascent, and it took us  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours of really hard work to force our way through this half-mile of wood. On emerging from it we were all suffering severely in our tempers and our garments. Nothing would induce us to face untracked Krummholz again!

The Schlagendorfer Spitze was very deceptive. Time after time we thought we had reached the top, only to find a higher summit beyond. It was exceedingly hot, and our first expedition, undertaken for training and to get the lie of the land, so that a prolonged lunch rest excuses the absurd time of 6 hours to the summit, by which time mists were down and we saw absolutely nothing; it should be done easily in 4 hours.

Another excellent training climb is the Kleine Vysoke, which rises to the E. of the Polnischer Kamm. There is an easy path from the Kohlbach Hotel, skirting the S. flank of the Schlagendorfer Spitze, leading to the Schlesierhaus, a big and well-found hut in the Felkatal on the S. bank of the pretty Felka lake, about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to  $1\frac{3}{4}$  hours from the hotel. From here the track ascends the Felka Valley, at first through the 'Blumengarten'—which even in August was indeed a garden of flowers and a wonderful sight, though not producing anything startling from a botanical point of view—and so by a steep but easy path to the crest of the ridge, Polnischer Kamm, 7169 ft.; then, turning E., the crest is followed to the top of the Kleine Vysoke, 7894 ft., a quite sporting little rock scramble of 700 ft. The day was perfect, and at last we got a magnificent view of practically the whole of the High Tatra from Krivan on the extreme W. to the Lomnitze Spitze in the E. We were standing at the apex of a circle of peaks and ridges. Continuing the arête S.E. was the rocky Warze, and beyond this the imposing mass of the Schlagendorfer Spitze. In the other direction the ridge drops down to the Polnischer Kamm and continues W. and then turns S. The sharp arête is punctuated by a series of huge gendarmes and culminates in the Gerlsdorfer Spitze, 8654 ft., the highest point of the Tatra. The ascent of the Gerlsdorfer Spitze along this arête is long, but by far the most sporting of the various ways of reaching the summit. Messrs. V. T. and L. A. Ellwood did this climb and, I understand, found it very interesting. We made two attempts on the Gerlsdorfer Spitze by the ordinary route from the Schlesierhaus, but on both occasions were defeated by weather conditions. I fancy the

present route must be much the same as that described by Lord Bryce, but now the only really difficult part of the ascent, up a steep and smooth slab some 45 ft. high, has been 'improved' by a whole series of stanchions and chains, but without them it must have been a very stiff proposition. Above this, as far as we were able to force our way in the blinding mist, there was nothing in the way of difficulty and we did not find it necessary to put on the rope, and from what I could learn it was the same sort of rough scrambling to the top. On another occasion from the Polnischer Kamm—the actual boundary between Czecho-Slovakia and Poland is considerably further N.—we dropped very steeply down the N. face of the pass to the little Gefrorener See, and then turned sharply E. up a very steep gully to the Kerbschen, a well-marked narrow cleft between the Kleine Vysoke and the Roten Flossturm, and over this pass to the head of the Gross Kohlbachtal, a really lovely valley, and so home, a most enjoyable 8 or 9 hours round.

It was not until we had been a fortnight in the Tatra that a chance came of climbing the Lomnitzer Spitze, the second highest peak of the district, 8560 ft. From our hotel we went up the Klein Kohlbachtal, and in an hour reached a big overhanging rock, locally known as a 'Feuerstein,' which in former days was used as a bivouac. Here we turned off to the right and followed a narrow track to the entrance of a great rock couloir, locally known as 'die Lomnitze Probe,' but it is not in the least difficult; then between some fantastic rock towers 'die Kapelle.' Steep grassy slopes followed by very tedious coarse moraine brought us to 'die Moses quelle' on the N.E. side of the final pyramid. Here the real climbing begins, and it is wise to remember that this is the last sign of water you will see.

The climb begins in an open rocky couloir and continues along a more or less pronounced arête, with a steep slab, again 'improved' by a series of chains. We then turned S. and descended 80 ft. into a wide stone couloir, where we left our axes. A little higher is an awkward corner with a hanging, quite unnecessary, chain, by means of which the climber swings himself round the projecting rock. We gradually bore S., and eventually reached the summit on the S.W. side, without finding it necessary to put on the rope. There are six main climbs on the Lomnitzer Spitze with five variations, of which one or two are reputed quite difficult. As usual the view was very limited by mists, but the Eistaler Spitze across the valley looked a fine rock mass and gives a very sporting climb from the Terry Hut.

One of the stock climbs of the district is the ascent of the Meerangspitze, a sort of local Rigi, quite simple but a very fine view, so early in our stay Graham and I set off by the 7 A.M. train from Schmecks for Czorbaer See, walked to the Popper See, and from there missed our way and turned up the Trummer-tal and eventually arrived at the Eissee, considerably to our disgust, as it was then too late to rectify our error. It is, however, a lovely valley, and from a little peak above the lake we got a fine view of the Tatra Spitze, the most beautiful of all the Tatra mountains. Later we made an attempt on this peak, but had to retreat discomfited before a blinding snowstorm.

An interesting expedition was to the Grüner See, 2½ hours from Tatra Lomnitz, beautifully situated at the foot of an imposing array of peaks. To the N.W. the fine rock mass of Karfunkel-turm rises very conspicuously, and to the S. the Kesmarker Spitze and behind it the Lomnitzer Spitze are seen to advantage but, although it was one of our few really fine days, the peaks were all more or less covered with mist, and satisfactory photography was out of the question. After an excellent lunch at the Friedrichs hut we walked up to the Kopa Pass, leading down to Javorina and Poland. We had hoped to make this hut a centre for exploring the Papyrustaler and the mountains at their head, so well described by Dr. Alfred von Martin in the *Zeitschrift* of the D.O.A.V. for 1908, but the weather never gave us a chance.

Foiled in our attempts to climb, we decided to try our luck underground, and so paid a visit to the ice caves at Dobschau, about 30 miles S. of Schmecks. We took train to Poprad and a carriage and pair from there, and the drive itself through the country of the Zips was most interesting. Arrived at Dobschau the way to the cave leads up the sides of a steep hill, covered with flowers, and with butterflies flitting about in the bright sunlight. There was a large party of Czechs waiting to descend, and we entered with them and climbed down some wooden steps some 30 or 40 ft. and found ourselves in a world of ice with the temperature at freezing. We were in a huge chamber 400 ft. long, floored with ice and with three enormous ice columns reaching to the rocky roof. From this chamber a flight of wooden stairs descends to a second chamber past an ice wall 400 ft. long and 80 ft. deep. The cave is well lighted with electricity and the whole effect is most weird and impressive.

Another interesting underground excursion is to the Bela Cave at Barlangliget, about 6 miles from Tatra Lomnitz. Here

before the inn door the quaint old guide collects his scattered visitors by means of a diminutive trumpet and then leads off to the cave, which is over a mile long and contains magnificent specimens of stalactites and stalagmites. The drive from Schmecks to Zakopane in Poland, over the Zdiar Pass and through miles of fir woods, is very beautiful and affords striking views of the Polish side of the Tatra mountains. From Zakopane it is only a five hour train journey to Krakow, a picturesque old city full of records of Polish national history. Poland is, however, a very expensive country to visit, for not only is the exchange against us but there is a State tax of 40 per cent. on foreigners' hotel bills.

In the principal touring centres of the Tatra one does not notice anything characteristic in the way of dress, but in the outlying villages plenty of extremely picturesque national costumes are to be seen. The women wear Wellington boots—we saw one woman remove hers when it began to rain, tuck them under her arm to keep them clean, and continue her walk barefoot. Brilliant skirts, generally red, and a blue embroidered apron, a red bodice heavily embroidered with gold or silver, big white puff sleeves, and a brilliant red kerchief on the head produce a very striking effect. The men wear white stuff trousers, embroidered with red down the outer seam, white shirts fastened at the neck with a big brass clasp and with elaborate red embroidery at the wrist, and over this a sleeveless leather jacket, embroidered in green or red, and a round cap adorned with red feathers. Some of the houses in the less frequented districts are very striking, being built of unhewn logs, dark brown in colour, the interstices being stuffed with mud, coloured blue or white. The window frames are painted red and the roofs are made of long wooden shingles.

The flora of the district is rich, and the botanist will find many interesting plants, but as the Tatra proper is entirely granite the number of species here is necessarily limited, but to the S., in the Little Tatra, limestone appears and with it a greater wealth of plants. Here in August the sides of the road were blue in places with the lovely *Campanula carpatica* and growing near it *Sempervivum arenarium*, with its big heads of white untidy-looking flowers. The outstanding feature in the Tatra is the extraordinary abundance of the lovely Willow Gentian (*Gentian asclepiadea*), its spikes of bright blue trumpets, two or three ft. high, producing a splendid effect. Mixed with this, in the upper valleys, were great quantities of a dwarf Monkshood (*Aconitum paniculatum*), not growing more than a

foot high. Of other Gentians the gorgeous *Gentiana ciliata* was common and *Gentiana frigida* was found on Kleine Vysoke and *Gentiana cruciata* in the Little Tatra, but nowhere any sign of *G. acaulis*. Above 6000 ft. *Campanula alpina* was fairly abundant everywhere; I have never met it before either wild or in cultivation and I think it is rare; it is very effective with its clusters of sky-blue hanging bells looking at first sight like a *Campanula barbata*. In the woods *Campanula persicifolia* was plentiful. Another striking plant was *Senecio abrotanifolius*, with its brilliant orange flowers very like the mountain Arnica. Of Saxifrages there was a poor show owing to lack of lime, but I found *Saxifraga retusa* on the flanks of the Lomnitzer Spitze. *Swertia perennis*, a rather unusual plant, was fairly abundant in the marshy ground, and *Delphinium fissum* was found in the higher valleys. *Primula minima* was abundant above 6000 ft., mostly as a saxatile plant firmly wedged between the rocks and quite unlike its mode of growth on the Sella Joch or on the top of the Pitzberg above St. Ulrich, where it carpeted the moorland ground. I found no other sign of any other *Primula* at all.

There is an excellent guide to the Tatra by Dr. von Komarnicki called 'Hochgebirgsführer der Hohen Tatra,' in four convenient volumes, with several good sectional maps and full descriptions of all the climbs. There is also a useful German map, 1:50,000, both published by Turistik & Alpinismus, Kesmark, Budapest. There is a portfolio of paintings and drawings of the Hohe Tatra, by the late Mr. E. T. Compton, in the Alpine Club, which give a wonderful idea of the character of the district. The 'Skizzen aus der Hohen Tatra,' by Günter Dyhrenfurth and Dr. Alfred von Martin, in the *Zeitschrift* for 1908, are very instructive.

## SULDEN AFTER THE WAR.

By WILLIAM ELLIS.

A GOOD deal has been written about Sulden, but on going there this year I felt it was being rather neglected as a climbing centre with unusual facilities. I met only two English climbers at Sulden. Although I cannot say anything new about the various climbs, this note may interest some of our members and cause them to put in an occasional season in this delightful district. There may be a feeling that since

the change of the frontier matters have not settled down, and that facilities for getting there, arrangements of huts, hotels, etc., may not yet be convenient. This, however, I found from experience to be incorrect. Before starting, my impression was that the journey involved going through to the Valtelline and thence by motor car over the Stelvio Pass. This is, of course, a charming route, which indeed I took on my return, but as it takes three days it is obviously not convenient for the man intent on climbing and limited in time. I found the route from Basle over the Arlberg to Landeck and motoring over the Reschen Pass and from there to Sulden very delightful and quick. You leave London at 2 p.m. and reach Sulden about 8 p.m. next day, by engaging a private motor car from the Post at Landeck. The alternative is to sleep at Landeck and take the Post motor next morning, but this takes 11 hours instead of  $3\frac{1}{2}$  to 4 and involves three or four changes. Another very pleasant route is *via* Samaden to Zernetz and thence by the Post motor or private car over the Ofen Pass to Sulden. This takes rather longer than the Landeck route.

Since the war the road from Gomogoi to Sulden has been opened for motors, thereby reducing the time to about a quarter and avoiding the unpleasant experience of the distress to the horses on a steep ascent of more than 3000 ft.

Formerly the German and Austrian Clubs spent large sums in developing this district in the way of footpaths and Club Huts. Several of the latter were destroyed during the war, but other efficient huts have been built, and there is little inconvenience now on this account, while the paths to the huts are excellent.

Although some of us may be unwilling to admit the limitations which age is beginning to impose on us, the long days are no doubt becoming a little irksome, and Matterhorn and Rothorn traverses, although possessing the same charm as ever, impose rather a severe task. Hence I would especially commend the Sulden district, for although there is nothing over 13,000 ft. in height, there is at least the same quality in the climbing and beauty in the glaciers and snowfields and there is nothing of a fatiguing nature. For my climbs there this summer I had invited my old Swiss guide, Josef Kuster of Engelberg, to join me, and I also had Hans Sepp Pinggera, the well-known Sulden guide, and he certainly gave me a very charming introduction to his mountains. We confined ourselves to ordinary routes, and had no difficult climbing,

but for younger men there are several very fine alternatives which in quality come up to the standard of good Swiss climbs. We did the following climbs, none of the days exceeding twelve hours, and many of them less than nine:—

From Düsseldorf Hut the traverse of Hoher Angelus and Vertainspitze down to Rosim-Boden and back to Sulden.

From the Hintergrat Hut across the Sulden Glacier up the snow arête of the Schrötterhorn, along the ridge and over the Suldenspitze to the new Casati Hut.

From there, next day, the traverse of the three peaks of Cevedale and back to breakfast at the hut, broken weather preventing our doing more that day.

A very nice easy day from there along the snow ridge past the Eisseepass, over the Butzenspitze and the Madritschspitze to the pass of that name, back to Sulden by the Schaubach Hut. This hut was destroyed during the war, but is now being rebuilt.

Another very charming day from the Casati Hut over the Kreilspitze to the Königsjoch and up good rocks and snow to the Königsspitze, returning to Sulden direct from the Joch.

Our last climb was the delightful traverse of the Ortler from the Hintergrat Hut to the Payer Hut and Sulden.

The huts mentioned are all excellent, distinctly better than the Swiss huts. They are almost too well 'bewirthschaftet,' for hot roast chicken for dinner with other things to follow passes my previous experience in huts. Whether such luxury is good for you or not is another matter. The hut-keepers are delightful people, and luxuries in the way of plenty of hot water, good beds, etc., made life very comfortable.

The general view of the crescent of mountains from Sulden itself is very fine, and of individual mountains I think Cevedale is one of the most beautiful I have ever seen.

From the Casati Hut one evening we had a magnificent Alpenglügen covering the whole of the three peaks of over 12,000 ft., immediately followed by a full moon rising behind the massif. The view rather reminds me of Monte Rosa on descending Lyskamm to the Lysjoch, except, of course, that it is much smaller, the three peaks of Cevedale representing Monte Rosa from Dufourspitze to Punta Gnifetti, and Pasquale to the S. taking the place of Parrotpitze.

The Königsspitze is, of course, the beautiful mountain in the valley and looks much more formidable than it is really, but perhaps the finest sight is the enormous ice wall and deep



and wide crevasses seen on the descent from the summit of the Ortler to the Payer Hut.

Some of our members may have the impression that life in the huts, owing to the mixture of nationalities, may involve some unpleasantness. I saw only one unpleasant incident brought about by the parties in question unwisely embarking on political discussion.

The hotels in Sulden are excellent and nothing could be better than the service.

I was there the latter part of July and the first half of August, but I think earlier in the season would be better, as there would then be more snow, and climbs from Santa Caterina, like Monte Tresero and others in that district, would be more interesting.

All along the ridge on each of the cols, and even on some of the summits, are the remains of fortifications and wire entanglements. How the men endured the hardships of three winters at 11,000 ft. is almost unimaginable.

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## THE KAISERGEIRGE.

By LILIAN E. BRAY.

TO the majority of English climbers the Kaisergebirge is probably quite unknown. I myself had never heard of it till in 1923 I spent a season in the Dolomites, and in conversation with Austrians and Germans I was told about it. I was asked: 'Why do you English so often go to the Dolomites and never visit the Kaisergebirge?—the rock there is firmer and the climbs even more difficult.' The prospect of really sound rock appealed strongly to me, though as regards difficulty I had found the Dolomite climbs quite good enough; but I was assured that in the Kaisergebirge there was every class of climb from easy to 'äusserst schwierig,' and I was given long accounts of various delectable climbs on peaks with awful-sounding names, such as Totenkirchl, Fleischbank, etc., of fearsome overhangs, of 300-ft. chimneys, and of 60-ft. traverses where one hung on by one's eyelids.

I made every inquiry as to how to get there, of guide-books and of guides. The first question was easily answered. One goes to Innsbruck, thence a couple of hours rail to Kufstein, and then a walk up to the huts. Of guide-books there is one of the most perfect of its kind that I have ever met

with : Dr. Leuchs's 'Führer durch das Kaisergebirge,'<sup>1</sup> everything being described with such minute detail that guideless climbing is made comparatively easy. Each climb, moreover, is classified, according to its difficulty, as easy, moderate, difficult, very difficult, and extremely difficult, the five classes corresponding to those in our English rock-climbing books. Of guides I could get no information from my Austrian friends; they vaguely thought there were some to be had, but knew of none by name. The Austrians and Bavarians who are the chief frequenters of the Kaisergebirge hardly ever dream of taking one.

I was lucky in finding a kindred spirit in Miss Marples; she was also a Dolomite climber, and had heard of these wonderful rocks, and we started off together towards the end of July 1924. On our arrival at Kufstein our first business was to secure a guide. There were five names mentioned in Leuchs's book, and of these Miss Marples had had one recommended to her—Franz Stöger. Hearing that he was at the Hinterbärenbad hut, we telephoned up and, finding him free, arranged to see him. He impressed us most favourably, and turned out all that could be desired in a guide, quiet, careful, reliable, and an excellent climber. We were afraid there might be some difficulty as to his taking two ladies; but he made no objection, and we settled to pay him 500,000 Kroner a day, which included all food. This was about 34s., much the same as for a first-class Swiss guide, whose board and lodging has in addition to be provided when away from home. There are, moreover, few Swiss guides who would take two ladies, even on the easiest of climbs.

The prices asked for the difficult climbs are prodigious. One guide, while still a porter, took a man up the West Schlucht of the Predigtstuhl, a climb somewhat more difficult than the Schmittkamin on the Fünffingerspitze, and he assured us that he received 300 Austrian shillings (£9) for it. (I may add we did not believe him.) For the best climb of the district, the Ostwand of the Fleischbank, a young guide who came with us as second, and who had never done the climb before, actually tried to get 700 shillings (£21) out of us. Needless to say he received nothing approaching that sum.

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<sup>1</sup> The 4th edition (1922) contains a good map 1 : 50000 and several panoramas with routes marked. Price is 5s. post-free from Lindemann's, 7 Stiftstrasse, Stuttgart. Dr. Leuchs had himself done 192 of the routes described.

I found the Austrian guide very different from the Swiss : he is quite polite, but never looks after his party on starting out, never offers to carry anything, though if asked to do so makes no objection. On the climb itself he quite rightly carries nothing whatever. In another respect he differs considerably : he seldom gives any help with the rope unless asked to, and that is a great relief, as I have always found it very difficult to teach the Swiss that one prefers to climb and not to be pulled up every pitch. Another characteristic is that of dispensing with rope whenever possible ; we used to go ropeless on places where no Swiss guide would ever dream of allowing his party to stir without his assistance. We thoroughly appreciated this independence and I enjoyed running ropeless down the Totenkirchl in an hour and five minutes, slipping from rock to rock, dropping off overhangs, and slithering down chimneys regardless of clothes. Stöger had a most curious method with the rope when leading two persons : he tied both ropes to himself and except on very difficult pitches he pulled both ropes in together, one climber being a few feet behind the other. I can't say I much cared for this method, and for the guide the weight of two ropes must have considerably increased his difficulties. It conduced to speed, though perhaps hardly to safety. It is very rarely that a guide takes either food or drink with him, even though he expects to be out all day ; but I never found one averse from sharing anything I had with me, which made my rations extremely short at times.

There is, moreover, a curious arrangement with regard to guides in Austria, a man being appointed to a particular district, and he may not guide elsewhere except by agreement with the guides of that district.

The Austrian mode of climbing has frequently been censured by our English climbers, owing to their inordinate use of *mauerhaken* (iron spikes or *pitons* with a ring at the end). There is no doubt that this is considerably overdone at present ; but there is a good deal to be said for it, for though in *certain places* these *pitons* afford at times excellent hand and foot holds, their use is primarily to ensure the safety of the leader. On many of the pitches there are no belays and no firm standing places, so that should the leader fall, the whole party must be doomed. It speaks a good deal for the method that among all the accidents to the leader that occurred this year, no other member was pulled off. The method is as follows : every party carries several large steel elongated rings opening and

closing with a spring, *karabiner* as they are called, and on a difficult pitch about half-way up, or perhaps just short of the most difficult bit, a *mauerhaken* is hammered in, and the rope coupled to its ring by means of the *karabiner*. Thus should the leader slip he will fall only a few feet, and as the rope will run, the chances are it will not break, and at least no one else can be pulled off. It is also of the greatest assistance on a long traverse, preventing a big swing out for any of the party. The last member must of course detach the *karabiner*. There



FIG. 1.

may be something to be said against this ; but it is certainly preferable to the Swiss method of fixed ropes. The climbs are always done in 'kletterschuhe,' though personally I wore rubber shoes.

There are two good huts from which all the best climbs can be done. The first, at Hinterbärenbad (831 m.), an easy three hours' walk from Kufstein, might almost be called an hotel. It has accommodation for about 100 persons, and is seldom overcrowded. It is well run by Frau Rainer, a most obliging and friendly woman ; the food is well cooked, and there is plenty of variety. The second, on the Stripsenjoch (1580 m.), about two hours higher, is much smaller. About sixty persons

can be put up, but there are only a few actual bedrooms, many of the rooms only possessing mattresses. Both huts are on the telephone, and it is well to secure accommodation beforehand, especially at the Stripsenjoch, which is invariably overcrowded. In 1924 this hut was not well managed; but this year Franz Stöger and his family were in charge, with an excellent staff, the food was good and quickly obtained, and everything possible done for one's comfort. The overcrowding, unfortunately, was even worse than in 1924, and on Saturday, August 15, a great national holiday, 250 persons spent the night at the Stripsenjoch hut. Where they all slept, or if any of them slept, I cannot say. The innkeeper came round in the evening and warned all those who had booked beds or mattresses to retire early, or their places would not be kept. About 9 o'clock, after having fought our way through the crowded sitting-room, we found ourselves faced with a climb of considerable difficulty, as the passages and stairs were covered with recumbent and sitting figures, between which we had to pick our way with much delicacy. Every evening there used to be music (of a sort)—a harp, a zither, a guitar, sometimes played singly, sometimes all together, possibly a mouth organ as well—and singing; perhaps shouting would describe it better, when at least twenty men sing in a small room at the tops of their voices. The favourite song in 1924 was a violent revolutionary song sung by a group of Munich students; it was repeated at least six times every evening, and our bedroom being over the sitting-room we were generally lulled to sleep by it.

Owing to the overcrowding, this hut can hardly be described as comfortable.

The Kaisergebirge is divided into two groups by the Kaiser Thal, *viz.* the Wilder Kaiser, S. of the valley, and the Zahmer Kaiser, N. There are no climbs on the latter.

The Wilder Kaiser consists of a ridge running E. and W., the best climbs being on three great arms projecting to the N. and separated from one another by huge gullies, each arm carrying several peaks. The most westerly arm consists of the three Halts, Kleine Halt, Gamshalt, and Ellmauer Halt, 2344 m. = 7688 ft., the latter being the highest in the whole group. These can all be climbed from Hinterbärenbad, one and a half to two hours being needed to the foot.

The Kleine Halt has no walking way up as many of the peaks have; but it has one moderately difficult side up which we had a very pleasant guideless climb this summer. There

are ten routes described up this peak of varying degrees of difficulty, most of them up huge slabs affording the most delightful climbing, perfect rock and extreme exposure. We had a very pleasant climb up the N.-W. face in 1924 with Stöger. From a distance this face looks a most desperate venture, nothing but great bare slabs; but actually on closer acquaintance there are considerable cracks between the slabs, up which the climbing proceeds with comparative ease, and the inclination is not very great. There is also a good climb on the E. side of the ridge leading to the Gamshalt, with one distinctly difficult slab.

The Gamshalt itself is not climbed except in connexion with the traverse.

The Ellmauer Halt has a well-made path with wire ropes, but is not so frequented for climbing purposes as the Kleine Halt, as the rock is not good. There is a very pleasant climb by a long ridge, the Kopftörlgrat, which is classified as 'difficult'; but except for two pitches towards the end, which were of no great difficulty, we never even put the rope on.

The next arm, separated from the three Halts by the Hoher Winkel gully, divides into two at its northerly end, separated by the Schneeloch, a curious hollow always filled with snow. One arm carries the Totenkirchl (2193 m. = 7192 ft.) and the other the Fleischbank (2187 m. = 7173 ft.), and they are joined on their southern end by the Hintere and Vordere Karlspitze. Between this arm and the next is the Steinerne Rinne. This stone gully is a marvellous creation, quite unlike anything I have ever seen. It resembles a steep glacier, and must have contained one originally. The upper part is a succession of enormous slabs, the lower part more broken up. A good path has now been made, with steel ropes at the exposed bits, so that the ordinary walker may use it to cross to the Grutten and Gaudeamus huts.

The third arm contains the Predigtstuhl and the two Goinger Halts, while the peaks farther to the W. are hardly worth climbing.

The Totenkirchl is a curiously shaped peak, roughly a three-sided pyramid, the E. and W. sides almost perpendicular, but the N. very much broken up, its great feature being three broad, well-marked grass terraces. From the foot to the first terrace, and again from the first to the second terrace, is a series of narrow parallel chimneys, all of them affording good climbing, and most of them extremely difficult; several can be approached only by long, delicate and exposed traverses



They are generally tackled on days when the weather is not good enough for a long climb, and I have spent many half days struggling up these chimneys, tearing my clothes and hands. There is one specially famous in this respect, the Christ-Fick-Kamin ('sehr schwierig'), which always demands some loss of skin or clothing. One man during our stay this year scraped

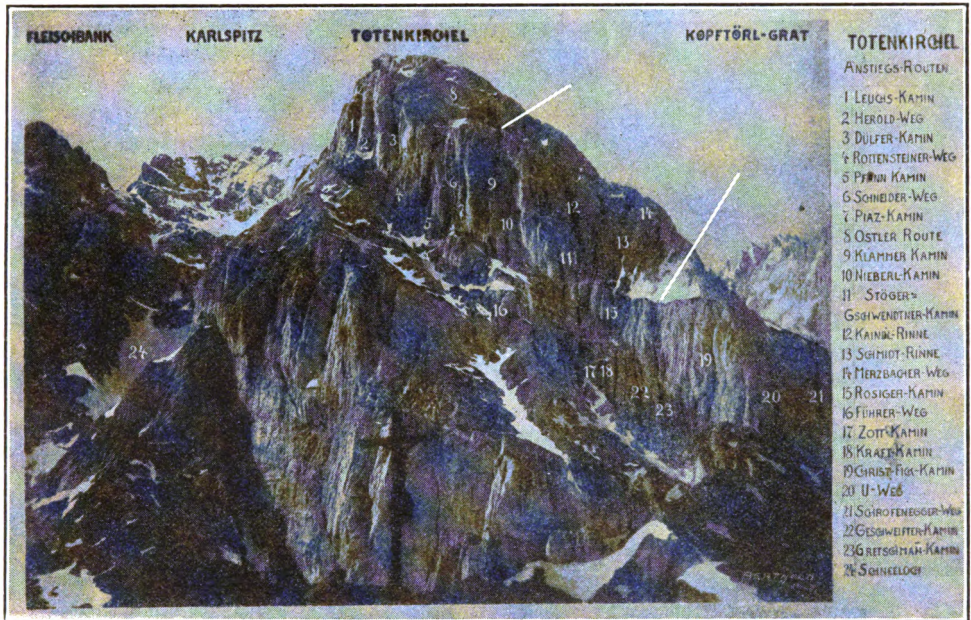


FIG. 2.

## N. FACE OF TOTENKIRCHL.

The white lines point to the two upper Terraces. The lowest is below 17-23.

See Note at end.

his knee so badly that he was unable to climb again for a week. I did it in 1924, and remember suffering pretty considerably from it in the way of scratches and bruises.

There is no walking way up this peak; but the Führerweg, though intricate, presents no real difficulty, and from the second terrace to the top is only a walk. It is always used in the descent, with an *abseil* down one or other of the chimneys as a short cut.

Of the four ascents we made of this peak the W. wall is the

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one best worth describing. There are two ways up it: one, the Dülferweg,<sup>2</sup> leads direct to the summit; the other, the Piazweg,<sup>3</sup> ends at the second terrace, and it was this latter route that our guide Stöger proposed to us in 1924. On this occasion I went second on a 100-ft. rope, and Miss Marples followed on an 80-ft. rope. The first part is over slabs, up cracks, and along fairly difficult traverses. The first real difficulty is up a shallow, exposed crack followed by an upward traverse over somewhat broken slabs where the rock was extremely doubtful and the only standing place a block, which appeared to be merely perched, and waiting to be pushed over. I did not much fancy the idea of standing on it and bringing my companion up, but fortunately there was a *mauerhaken* above as a belay, and Stöger from the top of the next pitch assured me that he was well placed and could hold the two of us. The great pitch of the climb is the Piaze Wand, an 18-ft. slab with apparently neither foot nor hand hold. As second, I took my stand in a little niche and Stöger reached up and hooked the rope on to a *mauerhaken*. There should have been a second one higher up the slab, but we had to be content with the one. The only means of ascent of this slab, on which there were really no holds, was by seizing the smooth edge of a flake, and at the same time getting some sort of a push off from the slab by one's feet. Sufficient to say that it was extremely difficult, and I could not actually see how Stöger managed it, as I was firmly wedged in my niche and engaged in paying out the rope. Miss Marples and I are both ready to admit that we had some help from the rope when it came to our turn. The climbing after this was easier for a time, then a great struggle up a crack and finally a long traverse which began as a broad grass ledge and ended with a steep and awkward descent down a shallow crack into the southernmost of two huge parallel chimneys opening on to the second terrace. We ascended only one pitch (about 70 ft.) in this chimney, and then had to cross over into the other, the traverse being made by means of the rope. My companion was the first to be lowered. I could not see what was happening, but heard repeated directions shouted by Stöger, and it took a good ten minutes before she called out that she was firmly settled 'somewhere.' I found it a most

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<sup>2</sup> Herr Hans Dülfer, a very famous amateur, killed before Arras in 1915. His portrait is given in 'Der Berg' 1924.

<sup>3</sup> G. B. Piaze, the well-known Dolomite guide, of Pera, Val di Fassa.



awkward descent, though it was much easier for me, as I had the first rope to guide me. First a long downward traverse,

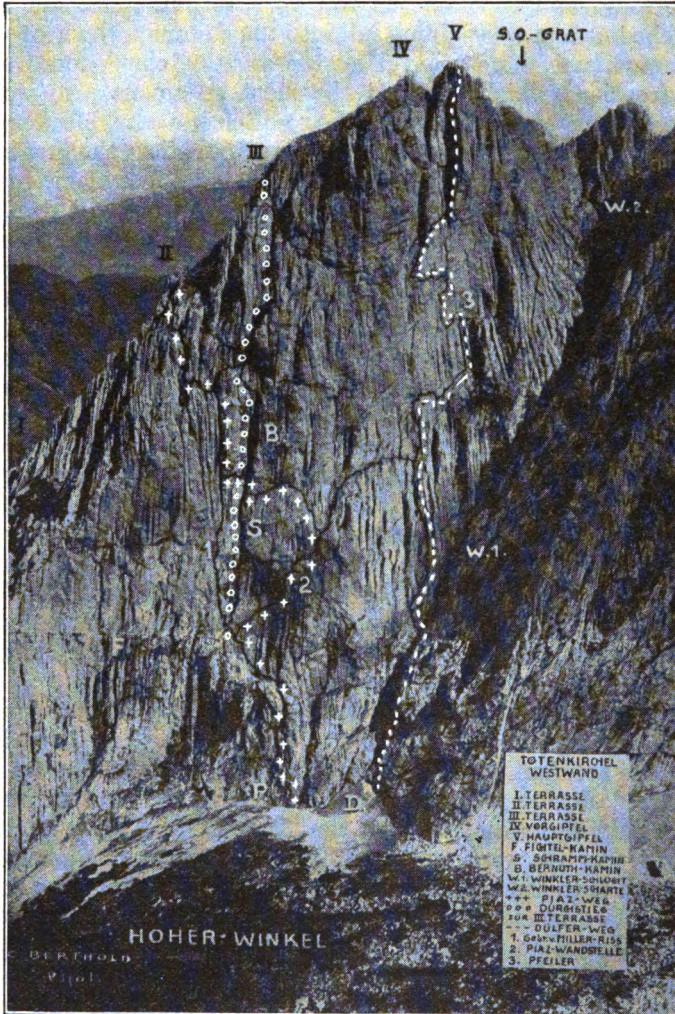


FIG. 3.

W. FACE OF TOTENKIRCHL.

See Note at end.

then a short descent to a *mauerhaken*, to which the first comer had attached the rope, then a further traverse, even a few steps up at one place, till with an awkward twist round an

overhang one lands in a comfortable niche in the northerly chimney. Stöger himself came down on the two ropes knotted together. The chimney, nearly 300 ft. high, was anything but easy, and towards the top very rotten. The sun had reached us and was shining full into the chimney, the heat was extreme, and there seemed a succession of chockstones and obstructions which required the most strenuous arm work. The opening at the top was, as is so often the case, blocked by the largest chockstone of all, and the final effort the greatest, when with both arms grasping the stone, and feet kicking into space, one gradually heaved oneself up grunting and panting on to the grass of the second terrace. The climb, though fairly strenuous in places, took us six and three quarter hours.

Of the other climbs on this peak the S.E. ridge is perhaps the favourite. It begins at the top of the Winklerschlucht and starts with an extremely delicate traverse round a corner. It is a climb which requires balance rather than strength, and there are three interesting towers which have to be conquered. Though the difficulties are considerable, some of them can be avoided; the only one we avoided being an *abseil* down one of the towers, for which 180 feet of rope was required, and where numerous deaths had occurred. We expressed a wish to try it, but Stöger firmly refused. These climbs, with the Nordkante of the Predigtstuhl, were the chief ones we did in 1924. We had, of course, planned many others; but the weather was unkind to us. We had our guide for eighteen days, and climbed only on seven whole and two half days.

This summer was an unfortunate one for the Kaisergebirge, as there were no fewer than eleven deaths in this small district, and one accident which did not prove fatal; five of the deaths occurred during our first week. Four young men perished from cold and exhaustion on the Totenkirchl. They set out in bad weather, were overtaken by a snowstorm, but persisted through it to the summit. On the way down, having no food and no warm clothing, they became exhausted. There were other parties on the mountain who assisted them as long as they could and, when about two-thirds of the way down, hurried on to the Hut for help. A rescue party set out, and soon came upon them, all in different places, one at the top of the last chimney, one half-way down it, the former <sup>4</sup> with his

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<sup>4</sup> A well-known climber, Herr Hugo Fenk, who had ascended the mountain many times. It is reasonable to assume that he was delayed by his companions.

arm so tightly wedged in a crack that it had to be broken to release the body. The other two had accomplished the descent of the chimney, but seemed unable to go any farther. They were none of them more than half an hour's walk from the hut, and it seems almost inconceivable they could not have struggled on that short distance. They were all dead when help arrived, and owing to the continuous bad weather their bodies could not be brought down for two days. The other accident while we were there was that of a well-known guide, Hans Fiechtl, a man of little over forty, and a very famous rock-climber. He was with an Austrian doctor on the Totenkirchl, by a route which he had made for the first time the previous year and which had not been repeated. Why he fell is not known, as the doctor did not actually see it happen. They had got over all the most difficult part when suddenly there was a cry. The doctor, about twenty feet below, had made himself fast to a *mauerhaken* and was able to hold on while Fiechtl fell the whole length of the rope, which naturally broke.

Another death earlier in the season was that of a boy of 17 on a variant of the famous E. wall of the Fleischbank. A well-known climber, Herr Leiss,<sup>5</sup> whom I met several times in 1924, set off with two boys, and when about half-way up the climb one of them fell. The accident seems never to have been fully explained. The leader said the boy should have secured himself to a *mauerhaken* while the other two were overcoming a difficult pitch. He seems to have fallen without a cry; the others heard a fall and thought it was a stone, but on looking round found that he had disappeared.

On our arrival at the Hinterbärenbad Hut at the end of July this year we were met with the tale of six deaths, and within three days five more occurred. The inhabitants were naturally overcome by all these calamities, as in 1924 there had not been one, and never so many before. Stöger came to us saying that he had no heart for climbing any more. He had had to attend personally to nearly all the accidents, his best friend Fiechtl had just been killed, he was now the inn-keeper at the Stripsenjoch Hut, he had a wife and four children, he was over 40, and the long and short of it was that he wished to give up guiding altogether. We were naturally disappointed, but could not press a man in such circumstances. There were

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<sup>5</sup> Lately reported killed on the Gehrenspitze. See under Notes.

now only two quite young guides in the district, who had passed their guide's examination only in June. Stöger strongly recommended one of them, Ernst Egger, as an excellent rock-climber, who had done most of the climbs in the district; and after making further inquiries, we took him on for a fortnight.

The weather was kind to us and cleared up brilliantly for our first climb, the Botzongkamin. This is one of the most popular ascents of the Predigtstuhl, the whole of the climb lying in a very deeply cut chimney with several pretty strenuous pitches. It may be compared with the Schmittkamin of the Fünffingerspitze; but I thought it more difficult. We were annoyed to find a party of four in front of us, consisting of a young man (the leader), his father, a boy and a girl. There was considerable delay in the first pitch as the father was not a rapid climber; but after that they invited us to pass. The final pitch is generally considered the most difficult and has a large chockstone at the top. It proved on this occasion to be wet and greasy, and our young guide Ernst spent nearly half an hour at it. He tried straddling across, he tried backing up, he twisted himself round and round, he groaned and panted; but never succeeded in advancing higher than the first few feet. In the meantime the other party caught us up, and after watching Ernst's struggles, the leader proposed to try the wall on the right, a pitch of about seventy feet, exposed and steep; but it was broken up and looked possible. The young man was a superb climber, and ascended slowly but with apparent ease, his young brother of 16 giving him copious directions from below: 'Look, Franzl, you have a good foothold on your right'; 'Why don't you go to the left, it is much easier that side,' etc. To all these directions Franzl paid not the slightest attention, but continued his steady ascent, and if it had not been for the occasional remarks he let fall we should hardly have realised the severity of the pitch. After a few minutes: 'This is very difficult,' then 'this is extremely difficult,' and finally when he had traversed to the left and got safely on to the top of the chockstone of the chimney: 'This is more severe than anything on the Fleischbank.' Having seen Franzl safely accomplish the pitch, Ernst set off after him, and at the same time the girl of the other party started to follow her brother on the rope. All went well till Ernst was about half-way up, when he obviously got into difficulties and Franzl, inquiring whether his sister could stand for a moment, invited

Ernst to tie on to his rope, which he was only too thankful to do. A most dangerous situation was now created: Ernst and the girl were both on the same rope, only a few feet from each other; the two had to move together over the most hideously difficult ground; there was not a single place where either could rest with safety for a moment. Had the girl slipped, Ernst must inevitably have gone and, as the leader was not directly overhead, there would have been a big swing out, and the chances are the rope would have broken. We all watched them from below in dead silence, and it was a relief when we saw Ernst make the traverse to the left and step on to the chock-stone. The rest of us could have gone up the chimney; but my companion and I decided for the wall, and left the chimney for the other party. It was certainly one of the most difficult pitches I have ever done; it began very steeply, then it became quite perpendicular, and finally overhanging; all the footholds were inclined, all the handholds were rounded, and practically no help could be obtained from the rope. The last bit was the most difficult, consisting of a traverse under an overhang, ending with an immense stride on to the chock-stone. To add to our difficulties, owing to the long wait we were very cold and our fingers were completely numbed before we reached the top. The two who came up the chimney told us afterwards that there was really no appreciable difficulty and that, provided they did not go too far in, it was hardly wet.

The next two days continued fine and we had some very pleasant climbs, though our guide Ernst did not inspire us with great confidence, and we soon realised that it would be out of the question to attempt any of the best climbs with him. On the fourth day he appeared in the morning with his foot bandaged. On inquiry it appeared that he had woke up early with a bad pain in it. 'No, it was no use my looking at it, there was nothing to be seen, it was not swollen, it was not hot, it just hurt, it would certainly be better in a few days, perhaps even to-morrow.' We were in despair, a fine day lost to us, and we turned to our old guide Stöger for advice. He was most helpful, and quite realised that, with a young boy like Ernst, we could not tackle the best climbs. As there was no better guide to be had he offered to approach a young student, Franz Ploner, of Kufstein, who was only 22, but had the reputation of being the most brilliant climber in the Kaisergebirge. There was nothing he had not done, and he had

climbed the famous Ostwand of the Fleischbank no fewer than seven times. We were assured that, like many students, he would be delighted to accompany us in his holidays. We were no less delighted to hear of him, and a few minutes' talk with him that evening sufficed to settle matters. We engaged him to come with us on the Fleischbank, and one or two other of the picked climbs. He turned out a magnificent climber, every pitch, however difficult, being quietly conquered without any apparent struggle. Nothing ever disturbed his equanimity or good temper; whatever happened he merely replied: 'Macht nix.' If all the ropes got hopelessly entangled, he smiled: 'Macht nix,' and leant calmly against a rock while we disentangled them. If from the bottom of a pitch I complained that there was no sign of hand or foot hold: 'Macht nix,' and he would quietly sit with the rope round a belay waiting till I had overcome the difficulty, never offering any help with the rope unless actually asked to. His calmness and unlimited patience certainly made him an ideal leader.

For two days after this the weather was bad, and Ernst's foot recovered, in fact on the following day it appeared already sufficiently recovered for him to walk down to Hinterbärenbad and back with his friends. On the Saturday it cleared, and we arranged with Ploner and Ernst to go up the W. wall of the Predigtstuhl, a face climb being preferable after wet weather. This is a short but extremely pleasant climb on firm rock, and of no very great severity except for two short traverses, and even these, we were told, had been made easy by the aid of *mauerhaken* as handholds. We went on two ropes, Ernst leading. All went well till we came to the first traverse, and there to Ernst's dismay it was discovered that the *mauerhaken* was wanting. We heard afterwards that a few days previously some climbers had found the traverse too easy and taken the *mauerhaken* out.<sup>6</sup> We had several *karabiner* with us, but neither *mauerhaken* nor hammer. Though only about twelve feet, the traverse was excessively difficult. It was overhanging, and the first movement was to get the body up on to a narrow ledge, where fortunately there was one good hold which sufficed; but the difficulties were still to come. A couple of steps had to be taken to the left, and the one satisfactory hold relinquished, the only other hold being a minute and totally unsatisfactory

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<sup>6</sup> The property in *mauerhaken* is the subject of animated letters in 'Der Bergsteiger'!

finger hold. Standing precariously hugging the body close against the overhang, the left foot must be stretched out as far as possible (farther than possible for my companion and myself) and the left hand extended towards a handhold which appeared hopelessly out of reach. Everything depended on the fingers of the right hand keeping the body against the rock, tolerably easy with help from the rope above, but certainly extremely difficult for the leader. Ernst tried it for some fifteen minutes, and though his safety was assured by a *mauerhaken* so that he could only fall a few feet, it was unpleasant watching him. After a time Ploner took the lead and quietly walked across the traverse, and in the end Ernst also managed to get across without assistance, though Ploner left an end of rope hanging in case of need. I must do Ernst the justice to say that he was rather short, while Ploner was tall, a great advantage on such a pitch. The next traverse was a very similar one, but this time the *mauerhaken* hung in place, and it was crossed without difficulty. We descended by a pleasant route on the S.E. side, some very exposed ridge-climbing and then a free 45-ft. *abseil*, somewhat exciting for the first man, as the rope did not hang over the landing place, so that he had to get up a sideways pendulum swing till he was able to seize the rock and alight on a small col.

In the evening the weather broke again, and it was still raining on the following morning. When we came down we found somewhat to our surprise that both Ernst and Ploner had disappeared. They were said to have gone down to Kufstein. Ploner, of course, had the right to do as he pleased, as he was only engaged for a couple of climbs; but Ernst was our guide for a fortnight, and should at least have asked our leave. However, the weather did not clear till the evening, so nothing was lost. The following morning was brilliant, and we came down early, hoping to find Ernst. We waited till nine o'clock and then engaged the other young guide, Rudi Rainer, and had a pleasant climb with him up the E. wall of the Totenkirchl. He had never done it before, and this made it rather more enjoyable, as we had to have frequent consultations over the guide-book.

On our return we learnt that about 3 o'clock Ernst had telephoned up to know what we were doing, and had been informed that we had taken another guide, that we had strongly expressed our feelings over his behaviour, and that we intended to dispense with his services. Sympathy appeared to be

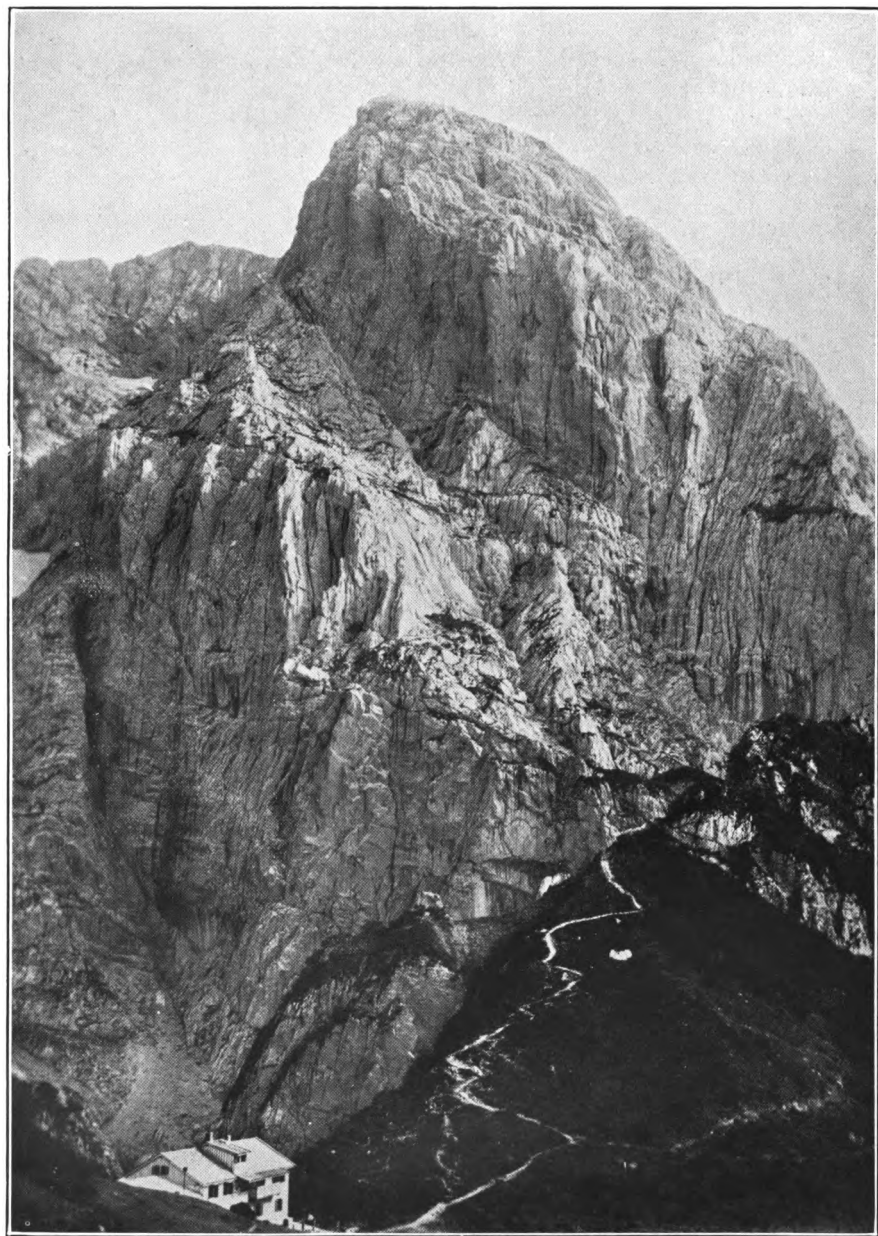
entirely on our side. Our difficulty now was to secure Ploner. By assiduous telephoning we ascertained that both he and Ernst would be up that evening. We waited till 11 P.M. and at last they arrived. Instead of coming to apologise, Ernst avoided us altogether and retired into the kitchen, but Ploner came in to us and we approached him at once as to attacking the Fleischbank on the following day. As we rather expected, he made some difficulty, for he and Ernst were friends, and at first he refused to do it without him. However, we found him open to reason, and at last matters were arranged with him and Rudi, and the start fixed for 6.30.

We thought ourselves very lucky to get the climb, for it is essential to have settled weather for it; moreover, after rain, one day must elapse for the rocks to dry. In 1924 we were always put off by the weather.

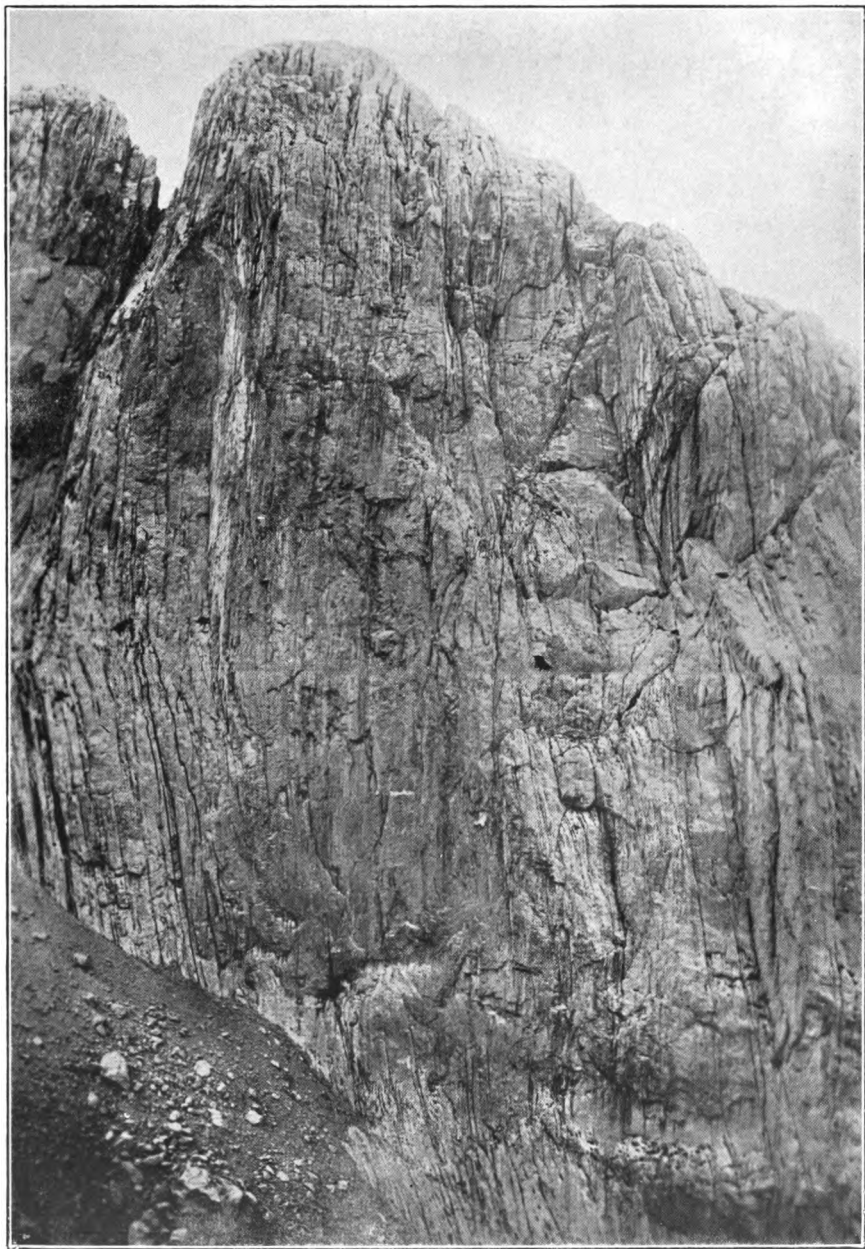
To look at the E. face of the Fleischbank one marvels how anyone could possibly have conceived the idea of climbing it. It appears an almost unbroken perpendicular wall, of 1200 feet, the exposure is terrific, and except for one chimney at the top it is entirely a face climb; and even this chimney is frequently avoided, owing to its difficulty, and the wall at the side climbed instead. The great feature consists of two long traverses which are unlike any I have yet come across, as on most traverses one finds some sort of handholds, even of the most minute description, which suffice to give balance; but these traverses are really totally devoid of any pretence to a hold. I had the pleasure of meeting Herr Schaarschmidt in the Dolomites this year, who, with the late Herr Hans Dülfer, made the first ascent. He told me that they took only four and a half hours, and, what is even more wonderful, they used only two *mauerhaken*. There are now about twenty!

We were off punctually at 6.30, and started the climb about 8 o'clock. Our order of going was, Ploner, Rudi, myself, Miss Marples, though on the traverses Rudi came last. We began with a long traverse to the right, which in this climb might be described as comparatively easy, but which on any ordinary climb would certainly be classed as difficult, there being several distinctly delicate pitches; thence up extremely difficult cracks and slabs to a deep overhanging hole. On the overhang above the hole a rope sling is attached which serves as a handhold, for the overhang itself is singularly deficient in this respect; but even with such aid the leader can get out only by standing on the shoulders of his second. The rest of the party have to be aided—pretty considerably—by the rope.





N. FACE OF TOTENKIRCHL  
from above Stripsenjoch.



FLEISCHBANK.

E. face.

After this the climbing proceeds up minute shallow cracks to the famous first traverse. The pitch immediately below the

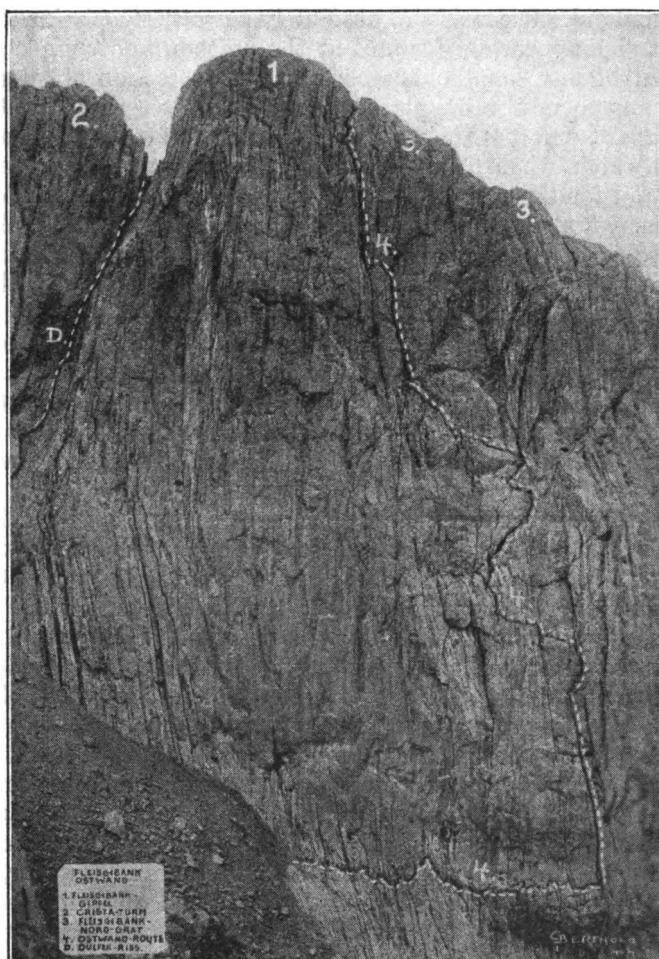


FIG. 4.  
E. FACE OF FLEISCHBANK.  
See Note at end.

traverse I found more difficult than any other. I must confess to having slipped on it, and Rudi made the same confession to me. It was excessively difficult, very strong finger-work on minute holds being required ; but Miss Marples managed

it triumphantly. The great traverse is about twenty metres long in all, with a poor stance at the beginning, but a good one at the end, and would be totally unjustifiable without some external aid. It consists of absolutely smooth, steeply inclined slabs, slightly curling forward at the bottom, and completely devoid of any handholds whatever. A succession of *mauerhaken* have now been placed across the traverse about ten feet apart, and it is the work of the leader to attach to them a rope, which, when firmly fastened at either end, serves as a handrail for the rest of the party. The way the leader does this is by first climbing up a crack to a *mauerhaken* considerably higher up; he threads a rope through this and then swings himself down to the row of *mauerhaken*, and passes another rope through each in succession, working himself along with his feet. When once the handrail is in position there is practically no possibility of a slip; but to fix the rope takes considerable time and skill. The traverse can of course be done from the single *mauerhaken*, each member swinging himself across in turn; but with a large party the handrail is safer. I was second on the traverse, and I had good practice on it, as, for some obscure reason, Rudi fastened another rope to me, telling me to attach that one also as I went along. When half-way across, Miss Marples's voice was heard from the bottom of the difficult pitch below the traverse: 'What is going to happen to me—my rope is being dragged sideways?' It was then perceived that Rudi, while holding me by the extra rope, had forgotten to take the rope between me and Miss Marples, which was dragging across, and making it impossible to give her any help when it came to her turn to tackle the pitch. I had, therefore, to retrace my steps till Rudi secured the rope, and then start afresh. Rudi, as last comer, had to detach the ropes, and there was a glorious mix-up when we got across, three ropes in a hopeless tangle. There was, however, a thoroughly good resting-place at that end, and we sorted them out at our leisure. After this the climb was comparatively easy for a short time, till we reached the second traverse. This begins as a hand traverse for about ten feet, which is at first level, and then rises. There are thoroughly satisfactory holds on the edge of a crack, and good purchase can be obtained by feet or knees which help considerably; but of actual footholds there are none. Then comes a curiously easy grass ledge for a few feet, on which one can walk upright, and after this about twelve feet of slab devoid of any sort of hold. This is crossed by means of a rope which the leader has previously

attached to a *mauerhaken* about ten feet above, and there is no great difficulty in working oneself over by pressure of feet on rock till a good foothold is reached, and one, somewhat reluctantly, releases the spare rope. I was again second and, having attained the foothold, I saw Ploner sitting in a large hole watching me, with a huge smile on his face: 'Hier spreizen,' he remarked laconically, and I saw that the most enormous stride had to be taken into the hole. Fortunately there was a thoroughly good hold on the edge of the slab, which could be gripped with both hands and the great stride taken in safety, and I joined Ploner in his hole, where we both sat with smiles upon our faces waiting for Miss Marples. After this the climbing continued in much the same way, some bits being not quite so difficult as others, until we came to the last two pitches, the chimney and the crack. Those with a certain breadth of body prefer the excessively dangerous wall on the left; but our leader selected the chimney. This is just about as narrow as is possible for a human body to get through, and for about twenty feet progress proceeds by inches; then comes a very awkward climb out with a long step, and the remainder of the chimney (still so called) is climbed with great difficulty on exposed ribs on the left. One more pitch accomplished, and now there only remained the crack. This begins so deeply that the body is inserted into it; but soon a swing out has to be made in to a couple of parallel cracks. The swing out is aided by a small rope sling attached to a *mauerhaken*, for the rock is overhanging and smooth. I pulled myself out by the sling; but the difficulty was not over, for I could find no higher handhold and there was nothing that could be described as a foothold except by a stretch of the imagination, and I seemed done, till I suddenly conceived the brilliant idea of putting my foot into the sling. I hung on to the *mauerhaken* by one hand, raised a foot to the level of my head, and with some difficulty inserted it into the sling, and then with complete ease, if not with dignity, surmounted the overhang. I noticed the rest of the party were not above following my example. The remainder of the pitch was accomplished by getting astride a narrow rib with one foot in the crack and shinning up; and a few more steps took me to where Ploner was sitting, with his rope round a huge belay. 'Jetzt losseilen' was his welcome remark, and a quarter of an hour's scramble took us to the top, and personally I was not sorry to be there, as my arms were getting decidedly weary. The ordinary way down is easy, but over unpleasant rotten rock, and we made

most of our descent by the Dülferriß, with a succession of *abseils*.

It is by a long way the most strenuous rock climb I have ever done. I have actually come across more difficult pitches on other occasions ; but I know of no climb which has such sustained difficulty, and the extreme steepness and poor footholds entail very severe arm work. The rock was good throughout, I cannot remember a single loose hold ; and there was no danger from falling stones. We took eight hours actual climbing, and thirteen hours in all ; the guides took nothing whatever to eat or drink with them, except one very small flask of 'Schnapps.' We had each one slice of bread and jam and some chocolate. When we reached the summit, the bread had dried to the consistency of toast, the jam was a brown layer of shrivelled currant skins, the chocolate had evidently suffered in its passage through the chimney, and was a sticky, crumbled mess. Such as it was, however, we shared it with our guides, so our own portion was not a large one. I will not mention what I ate and drank on getting back. The only climb to compare with this in the Dolomites is the S. wall of the Marmolata ; but to my mind there is no comparison as regards difficulty, for on the Marmolata my guide Piazz and I were able to move together for quite half the time, whereas on the Fleischbank I can recall only one occasion when we were able to do this, and that was for about three minutes only.

Altogether I consider the Kaisergebirge the best rock-climbing centre I have ever come across ; the rock is almost invariably good, and from the two huts mentioned different climbs can be made every day. Many of them are very difficult, but there are quite a fair number of extremely pleasant ones of a moderate description. On the whole, however, they are of a distinctly higher standard than in the Dolomites. I met no English there, but the Austrians and Bavarians are most friendly and always ready to discuss a climb and give advice ; and though at the moment there are only these two quite young guides in the district, the student Franz Ploner, Kufstein, is quite willing to act as such, and no one could wish for a better companion on the rocks.

The following should be consulted by intending visitors :

Dr. Leuchs's *FÜHRER DURCH DAS KAISERGEIRGE*, 4th ed.

*ANWENDUNG DES SEILS*, 12th ed. (describes in detail the latest *Mauerhaken-Karabiner* practice).

**WILDER KAISER**, Sonderheft of the monthly **DER BERG** for November 1923, contains detailed accounts and pictures of the Fleischbank Ostwand and the Totenkirchl Westwand by the well-known climber and author, Herr Franz Nieberl, of Kufstein, President of the local section of the D. und Ö. A.-V., a great authority on the district.

**DAS TOTENKIRCHL**, by Franz Nieberl, 2nd ed. 1923, an admirable and well-illustrated guide to the mountain.

**DER BERGSTEIGER**, 1924, p. 233, gives a good account of the ascent of the Totenkirchl Ostwand.

**DER BERG**, 1924, p. 385, contains an illustrated account of the famous Dülferriß on the Fleischbank, a desperate climb originally ascended in 1913 by Herr Dülfer *alone*, now mostly descended on the rope.

**ZEITSCHRIFT DES D. UND Ö. A.-V.**, 1917, contains a good history of the group by Dr. Leuchs.

There is an account of the ascent of the S.E. face of the Fleischbank in the **DEUTSCHE ALPENZEITUNG**, 1925.

#### NOTE ON ILLUSTRATIONS.

As already stated, the faces of the Totenkirchl are bounded by :

1. A ridge thrown off to the N.W. towards Hinterbärenbad.
2. A ridge thrown off to the N. towards the Stripsenjoch.
3. A ridge thrown off to the S.E. to the Winklerscharte.

The N. face, more broken than the other two, is bounded by the N. and N.W. ridges ; the W. face by the N.W. and S.E. ridges ; the E. face by the N. and S.E. ridges.

The N. face carries three well-marked terraces (see Fig. 2), the two upper reached by very steep pitches, seamed with many chimneys, practically all now climbed. These are indicated and named in Fig. 2, and particulars of each will be found in Leuchs's Führer. They are the more regular lines of ascent.

Fig. 3 shows the two routes followed on the formidable W. face, viz. to the right, the direct route followed by the first climbers, Herren Dülfer and v. Redwitz in 1913, and to the left, the route made by the Dolomite guide, G. B. Piaz, in 1908. These routes were long considered the limit of possible rock-climbing. Miss Bray and Miss Marples followed the Piaz route. The E. face is considerably easier.

Fig. 4 shows the route (to the right) up the E. face of the Fleischbank done by Herren Dülfer and Schaarschmidt in 1912,

## 800 *A Traverse of the Schreckhorn-Lauteraarhorn Ridge.*

and rated as the *ne plus ultra* of rock-climbing—anyway for the present. This route was followed by the two ladies of the present paper.

To the left is the extremely hard Dülferriess climbed alone by Herr Dülfer in 1913—now seldom used except to rope down.

Fig. 1 shows the method of using pitons and *karabiners*.

The two large Plates explain themselves.

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### A TRAVERSE OF THE SCHRECKHORN-LAUTERAARHORN RIDGE.

By J. H. B. BELL, S.M.C.

IT was on a clear sunny morning, July 22, 1925, to be exact, that I first caught sight of the intriguing, spiky ridge of the Lauteraarhorn. My friend Smythe and I had inaugurated our climbing season by the ascent of the N.E. face of the Jungfrau. We had just spent the night in the Bergli hut, and depletion of the commissariat necessitated an immediate descent to Grindelwald. I looked doubtfully at the array of pinnacles, but Smythe, who had already climbed the Schreckhorn and who seemed to be perfectly familiar with the climbing history of the Schreckhorn-Lauteraarhorn traverse, assured me that in its snowless condition we should be well able to deal with the problem in less than twenty hours.

On Saturday, July 25, we found ourselves in the Strahlegg hut. The weather was very bad, new snow was falling higher up, but we had provisions for about five days at least. An inspection of the Schreckhorn on Sunday from the Strahlegg-horn showed a good deal of new snow on the ridge, and the weather still doubtful. We decided that a day's sunshine was needed to clean the place up. So it happened that on Monday evening all was prepared, and the trail was blazed up to the bergschrund beneath the S.-W. ridge of the Schreckhorn.<sup>1</sup> There was a goodly company in the Strahlegg hut that evening, and a vivacious gentleman informed us that, along with two guides, he had covered the ground from Schrecksattel to

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<sup>1</sup> [First ascent by Messrs. C. Wilson, Wicks, and Bradby. July 26, 1902. First descent by Messrs. Greenwood, Ling, and Raeburn, July 23, 1906.]



Lauteraarhorn in three hours, and that they moved together practically all the time.

There certainly did not seem to be any reason for leaving as early as midnight. So we were among the last to leave the hut on Tuesday morning. It was 2.50 A.M.; the night was calm and starry; the snow was crisp, and the going good. Our lantern soon gave out and we did not relight it. We made rapid progress and reached the bergschrund by 5 A.M. This went easily by a convenient snow bridge, and we started up the first section of the S.-W. ridge. There was a magnificent dawn-glow from 5.15 to 5.22 A.M., especially on the Finsteraarhorn and the Klein Fiescherhorn, but a bitterly cold wind had sprung up. Smythe assured me it was only the dawn-wind, but I was doubtful. The first section of the arête was a long, straight, steeply sloping shelf, bounded by a well-marked rock ridge on the valley side, and overhung by the Schreckhorn cliffs on the other. The going was fairly good, long slabby sections with steep snow-slopes between. There was little ice on the rocks, but step-cutting was required frequently where the snow-slope became hard and icy. We reached the top of this section at 6.55 A.M. and had our second breakfast. The height, by an aneroid which read truly both at top and bottom, was 3745 metres.

Up to this point we had been fairly sheltered, but we now experienced the full force of the wind, which blew out the rope in great festoons on the narrow parts of the ridge. It was the first time that I found it necessary to climb difficult rocks in gloves throughout the whole day. We found the rock delightfully firm and made rapid progress. The route lies very near the crest of the ridge, and though there are steep and difficult sections occasionally, the rough, firm texture of the rock makes climbing a pleasure. We reached the summit of the Schreckhorn at 9.15 A.M.

We did not remain long on the summit, but hurried down the ridge towards the Schrecksattel, passing on the way two other parties from the Strahlegg hut. We left the col about 10.15 A.M. to negotiate the first pinnacles of the Lauteraarhorn ridge. These were not very difficult, and about 11.30 we halted in a sheltered position for a meal. The view was indeed magnificent. Centrally placed in the foreground was the Finsteraarhorn, its long ridge showing to great advantage. Of the Pennine Alps, the Matterhorn, the Weisshorn, and the Mischabelhörner were most conspicuous. Mont Blanc was clearly visible farther to the W. On the other side of the

ridge the St. Gotthard peaks and the Tödi were perhaps the most impressive, but we had to pay for the good visibility with the bitter N.-W. wind which never left us for a moment.

Neither of us had been over this route before, so we determined to keep the crest of the ridge and go over every pinnacle, unless we were sure it could be avoided. After surmounting a huge fellow, we soon encountered the first serious difficulty. This was a slabby descent to a little col, the descent being on the western side of the ridge. It was a decidedly unpleasant place for the second man to negotiate. The next ascent did not seem to go at all on either side, and it was here that we made the mistake which cost us about two hours. We descended a little way on the W. side of the ridge, and then found we had to descend ever so much farther over rotten rock, until at last we were able to make a secondary ridge which, by a steepish climb, led us back to the main ridge beyond the difficulty. We are both more or less in agreement that the crest of the main ridge should never have been left at all. At any rate we had lost two valuable hours, and it was now a case of putting our best foot foremost if we were to get off the mountain and over the Strahlegg Pass before dark. We had still one outstanding pinnacle and a host of subsidiary ones to deal with before reaching the Lauteraarhorn summit; but we met no obstacles which necessitated our leaving the crest of the ridge to any extent. We had both been over the main ridge of the Coolin in Skye during the previous summer, and we found the work very similar. On the whole, the Lauteraarhorn ridge has a higher average difficulty than the Coolin ridge, but has considerably fewer places of outstanding difficulty. The crest of the ridge is fairly firm, although in places it is very thin and tilted at an unnatural angle to one side. Occasionally one meets with rotten shattered sections. Geologically speaking, the ridge has probably no long life in front of it.

This was perhaps the most exhilarating part of the day. The going required care, but we could generally move both together, and we were at last making evident progress towards the summit of the Lauteraarhorn. Even the large pinnacle did not delay us long, and it is always cheering, on surmounting a pinnacle, to be able to call out that the way lies clear to the next one. The last pinnacle, the Lauteraarhorn himself, received us safely at 5.18 P.M. We halted a quarter of an hour and proceeded downwards towards the Klein Lauteraarhorn. About halfway down to the col a prominent rib of rotten rock and scree

abutted on our ridge and showed us an easy, if laborious, route down to the Strahlegg glacier. Here we unroped. The snow-slope on our left was slush above ice and clearly impossible,<sup>2</sup> so we had to toil down on rotten rock and scree. There was little conversation, except an occasional word of abuse. Our throats were too dry for conversation, and when we at length reached water lower down, our first remarks were about filthy scree mountains we had known. About this point we had a glissade of about 300 feet, before descending the final steep rocks down to the Strahleggfirn, which we reached about 8 P.M., with the evening colours already in the sky. We were a little tired and very glad to avail ourselves of the convenient steps which a former party had kindly left us on the steep slopes beneath the Strahlegg Pass.

It was fully 9 P.M., and daylight was altogether gone, when we stood on the top of the Pass. A chill wind greeted us, the same we had experienced most of the day, but I asked Smythe gently if this was the sunset-wind now. We stepped forward out of the shadow of the Strahlegghorn into the light of the moon. Before us a billowy sea of cloud filled the valley of the Grindelwald Obereismeer. Above its luminous waves projected the peaks—on the extreme right the dark rock summit of the Eiger, crowned with a small dark cloud; beside him gleamed the snowy slopes of the Mönch, and in front was Klein Fiescherhorn. In great contrast to these was the red granite mass of the Schreckhorn behind us, glowing with a ghostly radiance, such as I remember observing once before on the Langkofel, as seen from the Grödnertal in moonlight. We were just in the mood to appreciate the prospect, with only downhill slopes and easy ones before us. Soon we were swallowed up in the mist, but there was still moonlight enough for a careful glissade of the last snow-slopes above the hut. It was 9.50 P.M. when we entered and set to work to disturb the peace of the inhabitants with preparations for what turned out to be an excellent repast. After this we smoked the pipe of contentment and would not even have picked a quarrel with the man who had assured us that it took only three hours from the Schrecksattel to the Lauteraarhorn. Our one regret was that the heavy nature of the undertaking had persuaded us to leave the camera behind on what would have been an ideal day for photography.

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<sup>2</sup> [When this is good snow, as in 1910 and as it probably often is, one descends without hardly touching a rock.]

[The author desires the following note :

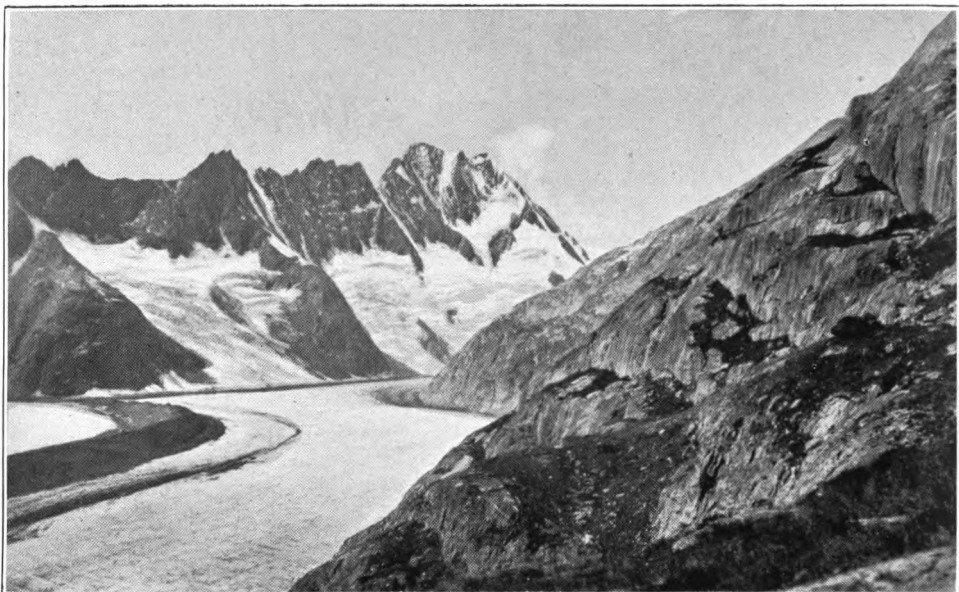
'F. S. Smythe, who is a Yorkshire Rambler, is unable to collaborate with me as he has sailed for the Argentine. He has done far more mountaineering than I have, having been several seasons in the Alps and spent two winters in Tirol, doing big ski expeditions. Hence the initiative and most of the snow and ice leadership are his, though, of course, this particular expedition is a rock one.'—EDITORS.]

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#### MOUNTAINEERING CLUB PARTIES IN THE ALPS.

MR. UNNA writes :—'I joined an unofficially arranged party of the Scottish Mountaineering Club at Fafler Alp on July 23. Eight of them had been there for three days and had climbed the Tschingelhorn and Breithorn. The weather was unpromising, and we decided upon a cross-country trip in the direction of Grindelwald. Our chief difficulty was the arrangement for catering for the requirements of so large a party, and J. W. Brown and I spent a whole day in Brigue telephoning and telegraphing in order to arrange for a dump of supplies at Eggishorn and Grimsel. We were surprised to find that it was necessary to get these supplies sent by post from Bern. The Brigue people would have nothing to do with it. The telephone however proved a somewhat unsatisfactory medium for dealing with the lists of articles required, and it transpired, in the end, that the party was forced to exist during this trek upon a diet mainly consisting of beans in various forms. Practice showed that, although satisfying for the time, this form of vegetable has its special drawbacks. We had also to pay very heavily for the conveyance of the parcel from Grimsel to the Dolfus Hut, because the day on which we decided to have the goods forwarded happened to coincide with a *festa* and the porters had to be fetched by motor-car from a Protestant valley.

'Our route led us over the Lötschenlücke, where we spent a night of snowstorm in the Egon von Steiger Hut; then to the Concordia, over the Grünhornlücke, across the Gemschlücke, from which point some of the party ascended the Finsteraar-Rothhorn; then on to the Oberaarjoch Hut, which was very overcrowded and excessively cold; from this point the party descended the Oberaar Glacier for a certain distance and then up to the Scheuchzerjoch and down the Tierberg Glacier to the Dolfus Hut on the Unteraar Glacier, where we arrived on July 29 to find only one previous entry in the hut book for that year. From that point we crossed the Strahlegg and descended to Grindelwald. The unusual appearance of so large a party of Britishers wandering about together with no professional attendance seemed to cause great surprise to the Swiss and some



*Photo: G. Sang.*

LOOKING UP UNTERAARGLETSCHER  
from Dollfus Hut.



*Photo: G. Sang.*

STRAHLEGGFIRN AND PASS.  
(Lauteraarhorn on right.)



consternation to the guiding and portering fraternity. More particularly the taking up of dumps of provisions to the huts seemed to intrigue the Swiss climbers more than considerably, and we heard many comments upon ourselves and our independent ways.

Two of the party (Douglas and Harrison), together with Smythe of the Yorkshire Ramblers, had a very uncomfortable experience on the Schreckhorn, which, mercifully, was unattended by serious results. Smythe and J. H. B. Bell, whom we met at the Strahlegg Hut, had just returned from an expedition in which they traversed the Schreckhorn by the south-west ridge, then the Lauteraarhorn and down to the Strahleggfirn, returning to the hut over the Strahlegg Pass. As Bell had damaged his leg, Smythe joined Douglas and Harrison, and starting very early they ascended the S.W. ridge of the Schreckhorn. The weather, from the start, looked more than doubtful, and they were surprised by the extraordinary green tinge in the sunrise. They admitted that it boded no good, but pressed on in the hope of being able to get their peak and return before the storm broke. About 8 o'clock, however, things looked much worse, and after sheltering from a sharp snowstorm for half an hour, they turned about 500 ft. from the summit. A second storm cloud which they saw gathering to windward approached with alarming rapidity, and on their way down Smythe was knocked over by lightning at a point somewhere about 1000 ft. below the summit. Fortunately he was supported by the belay over which the rope had been passed, and beyond a few bruises he was undamaged, and the party managed to retrace their steps, regaining the hut at 4.30 P.M. At Grindelwald the others awaited their arrival with considerable anxiety, and it was with great relief that they were observed walking into the hotel next morning.

Rusk and two other S.M.C. men turned up a few hours later, having carried their camp equipment over the Mönchjoch in a snowstorm. They had experienced some difficulty in negotiating the intricacies of the Bergli route. At this stage (August 1), the weather giving the appearance of utter breakdown, the party disbanded, and Ling, Brown and I took refuge in the more salubrious climate of the Italian valleys.

THE CLIMBERS' CLUB held an Alpine meeting in the Valley of Chamonix last July. The meeting was under the management of Mr. H. R. C. Carr, and nineteen members and their friends (of whom four were ladies) attended. One of the objects of the meet was to enable young mountaineers to embark on an Alpine career under experienced leadership; only six of those attending had had any previous experience in the Alps. The weather during the fortnight allotted to the meet was very fair, and a creditable programme was carried out—twelve out of the nineteen succeeded in ascending the Mont Blanc, ten of them in amateur parties. Perhaps the most enjoyable tour was that organised to the Col du

Géant and the Torino hut, where the party numbered eighteen, a number which overtaxed the resources of the establishment. The services of Franz Josef Biner of St. Niklaus, the only professional employed, were of great value, and were highly appreciated by all. The following were among the ascents made :

Mt. Blanc traverse from the Torino, including traverse of the Mt. Maudit from the Col Maudit (H. R. C. C. and three others); Mt. Blanc by the Grands Mulets; Aiguille du Midi; Tour Ronde; Grands Charmoz; Aiguille de l'M; Aiguille Javelle; Col du Chardonnet, Fenêtre de Saleinaz and Col du Tour; La Floriaz; Aig. de la Persévérance, de l'Encrenaz, and Crochue.

A party of a dozen members of the *Appalachian Mountain Club*, with Mr. Herbert Carr, did, later in July, the High Level Route from Chamonix to Zermatt.

THE FIRST ASCENT OF MT. KING EDWARD, CANADIAN  
ROCKIES, WITH A NOTE ON MT. ALBERTA.

By HOWARD PALMER.

ALTHOUGH our climb of Mt. King Edward cannot be rated very highly as a mountaineering feat, I contemplate it, nevertheless, with a good deal of satisfaction. In the first place, Dr. J. W. A. Hickson and I had managed, after several fruitless attempts in as many years, to bring our programs into conjunction for a three weeks' campaign, and this was the initial peak to fall to our lot. Then, I had attacked it four years before in company with Mr. Allen Carpe, only to be repulsed a few hundred feet below the summit by a combination of circumstances beyond our control. And finally, because perfect weather, and wonderful prospects, united to stamp the day as a memorable one—well worthy to be entered in that gallery of famous days which every mountaineer cherishes in his inmost soul.

The peak adjoins Mt. Columbia, being situated a little over three miles distant from it to the W., and rising to an elevation of 11,400 ft. It is also on the Continental Divide. (For maps, see A.J.' xxxvi. 94; and sheet No. 23 of the Inter-provincial Boundary Survey.<sup>1</sup>) The two peaks constitute the

<sup>1</sup> Issued with A.J. xxxv. For a general view of these mountains see plate opposite page 184 of that volume. Mt. Stutfield is wrongly marked on the panorama. The name should be transferred to the next peak to the right.



southerly wall of the immense amphitheatre in which the Athabaska takes its source. To the N. and E. stand Alberta, Stutfield, and The Twins, all over 11,000 ft., while directly E. is the heart of the Columbia névé, which, with its sixteen effluent ice-tongues, occupies an area of more than eighty square miles. Towards the W. the mountains are lower and they exhibit fewer well-defined peaks, although supporting extensive snowfields. The actual source of the Athabaska is the five-mile Columbia glacier which drains the easterly and northerly slopes of that mountain. From here the river flows in a north-westerly direction to Jasper on the Canadian National Railways—a distance of about sixty miles in a direct line.

We arrived at the base of Mt. King Edward on the morning of August 10, 1924, after four days of constant travelling. The pack-train of fourteen horses, with two men and a cook, was supplied us by Otto Brothers of Jasper. Conrad Kain came with us as guide. Over the first half of the journey the trail is excellent, but beyond the Sun Wapta bridge it is often rough, boggy, and obstructed by wind-falls. The last ten miles lie over open gravel flats, where the river splits into several channels and frequent fords must be made. The scenery is attractive and interesting all the way, although comparatively little snow and ice is in view. Horse-feed is scarce and scanty in the upper valley, so that the few visitors who have ever penetrated thither soon departed. Our party of 1920 was the first to come with any serious intentions regarding mountaineering, although in the preceding year the Boundary Survey, under the guidance of Conrad Kain, had occupied a couple of stations on the W. side of the valley, and Jean Habel of Berlin in 1901 had scrambled to 6700 ft. on the flanks of a nameless peak adjoining King Edward on the W. As far as is known, he was the pioneer hereabouts, and his remarkable expedition (described in 'Appalachia,' vol. x. pp. 28-43) is of great historical interest in connexion with this whole region.<sup>2</sup>

The peak of King Edward is really tent-shaped, but this impression is not communicated to the approaching traveller, who sees the long ridge end-on as a sharp point, to which a

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<sup>2</sup> The only other parties known to have visited the upper Athabaska valley are the following: Mrs. M. Shaffer (1907), B. Mitchell and H. Bryant (1916), the Boundary Survey (1919), A. Carpe and H. Palmer (1920), J. W. A. Hickson and H. Palmer (1924), B. Harmon and L. Freeman (1924), Y. Maki and friends (1925).

confusion of jagged arêtes, subsidiary summits, and pocket glaciers lead up. The *massif* fills almost four miles of the sky-line, rising to a height of 6400 ft. above the valley. It dwarfs Columbia itself in bulk, but the graceful symmetry of the latter keeps beguiling the eye, so that the true grandeur of the former is not immediately appreciated.

All of this was absorbed with keen delight while we wended our way across the gravel flats, brilliant with the warm sunshine of an ideal summer day. Columbia gradually disappeared behind the lower hills as we penetrated the western branch valley beneath King Edward, but to the rear such a splendid spectacle of Alberta developed that its eclipse was scarcely noticed. Strangely enough, this is the only part of the march where Alberta can be seen at all adequately from the valley. We continued two miles and a half beyond our camp ground of 1920 to a tiny, timbered flat beside the lateral torrent from King Edward glacier, discovered at that time. Here we established a comfortable camp—elevation 5000 ft. All the horses returned to the last feed, six miles down the valley, in charge of two men, leaving the three climbers and cook to their own devices. The men were to come back for us on the third day.

We arose at 3.30 A.M. on August 11, weather indications being favourable except for a warm temperature and a somewhat smoky atmosphere. At 5.1 we were off, striking straight up the stony gully along the torrent. In an hour we came out into the open space below the terminal moraine, having risen 800 ft. The smoke had now become so dense that the cameras were deposited under a stone as a useless burden. After halting briefly, the march was continued directly up the moraine-covered glacier tongue, steep at first, but gradually flattening out into a terrace clear of snow, beyond which the main ice-fall of the glacier rises. This occupies the full width of the valley, but towards King Edward it is submerged beneath a sizeable tongue of snow that affords a steep, but perfectly satisfactory, means of passing it. We cut steps up to the bergschrund and along its lower lip to the right, exactly as Carpe and I had done in 1920, the conditions being identical with those we had encountered at that time. A few marginal crevasses were negotiated, and then we found ourselves on the névé of the upper basin, where we paused for a second breakfast at 8.30, having made 3200 ft. in altitude.

At this point a brief digression may be permitted to dispose of the attempt of 1920. Carpe and I struck directly up the



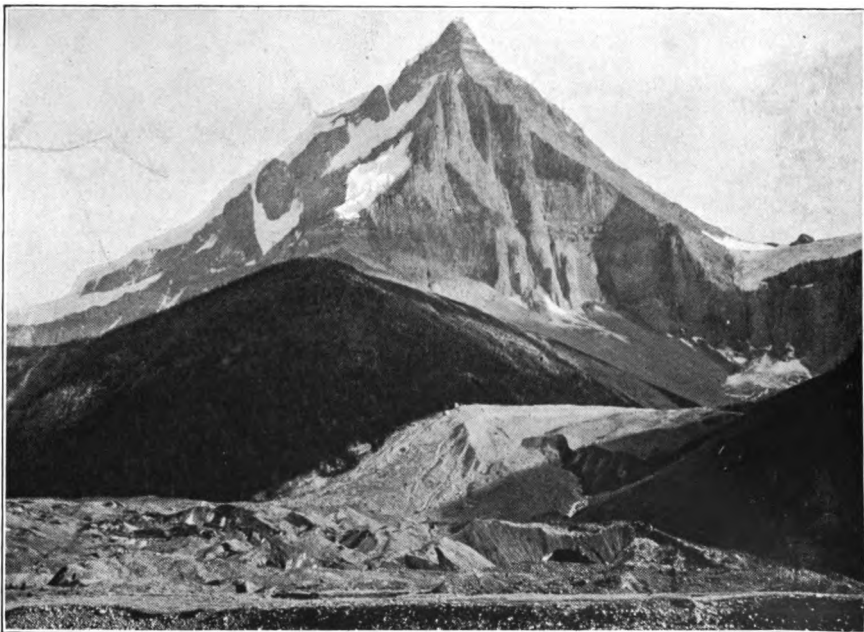
*Photo: Howard Palmer.*

MT. KING EDWARD  
from the flats of the Athabaska.



*Photo: Howard Palmer.*

BASE CAMP BELOW MT. KING EDWARD,  
*looking E. towards The Twins.*



*Photo: Howard Palmer.*

MT. COLUMBIA (12,300 ft.), N. FACE,  
from the tongue of the Columbia glacier.



*Photo: Howard Palmer.*

MT. ALBERTA (11,875 ft.),  
from the S.W.

broken face along the line of a massive rib, or buttress. The general lay of the strata was against us, like a flight of stairs leaning sideways, but the angle, nevertheless, just permitted one to walk flat-footed up the smooth rock. After four hours of it we gained the place where the buttress merged into the upper face of the peak. The repellent summit cap reared itself directly overhead and bade fair to involve difficult work. A traverse to the S. ridge looked perfectly feasible, scarcely more than a walk, in fact, but the melting of a hot afternoon was sending down showers of stones across that part of the face. It was already 4 o'clock, the days are short in late August, the greatest obstacles lurked in that 800 ft. cliff above us—clearly the only prudent thing was to go down, and in the end this was reluctantly done. The sequel showed that we turned not a moment too soon, for we emerged from the forest on the open flats as the last light departed, found our bridge washed away, and had to make a somewhat dangerous ford through the waist-high raging flood of the main river. Camp was regained at 9 P.M., after an absence of nearly fifteen hours and a climb of some 6000 ft. The distance covered was about ten miles. Such are the difficulties of pioneering in unmapped country. When one does not know what is ahead, adequate plans cannot be formulated in advance. Our camp was too far away from our goal, and on the wrong side of the river, but only an actual trial could demonstrate the fact.

In 1924 we profited by this experience and, as a result, were already some four hours ahead of the 1920 schedule. It was our present plan to pass around the base of the peak on the snow to the S.-W. ridge and southerly face, where doubtless a satisfactory route could be devised. An hour and a half later we had accomplished this successfully and had gained the rocks at an elevation of about 9000 ft. We found that the whole face of the mountain was composed of slabs steeply tilted towards the S., and covered thinly with small rolling stones, or scree. At several places they were difficult, the holds being all against one. Ascending the scree proved to be laborious in the extreme, as it was loose and rested at just the angle of repose. Three hours and a half of monotonous work it took to bring us to the base of the summit cap—a bulging cliff of black rock, in appearance not at all propitious to the would-be climber. Here, fortunately, we came upon water—a great boon in our thirsty state—so a halt and refreshment were at once decreed.

Upon resuming the advance we decided to traverse around

the S.-E. arête in order to see what the E. face looked like. In doing this we passed directly through a narrow fissure in the arête, and beyond Conrad discovered a broken vertical chimney, perhaps 100 ft. high. This pierced the cliff-belt and gave access to a slope of closely packed scree which led us to the S. peak at 4.15. Several pitches of the chimney afforded stiff climbing. A second peak terminates the narrow ridge at the N., but this is only 11,320 ft. according to the Boundary Survey.

The smoky pall of the early morning had now vanished, and a splendid panorama lay outspread before us. My camera—the inseparable companion of nearly every major climb—was now keenly missed, the more so because no one else had brought one. Mts. Columbia and Bryce were easily the most impressive features of the view. The southerly arête of the former resembled a palisade. It is slate-coloured rock of vertical structure, and descends right to the bottom of the Bush valley, cutting off the intervening glacier very definitely from the Columbia névé, although indeed a little ice from this does overflow the wall. No doubt Mt. Columbia could be ascended directly from the saddle on this side, but it would involve careful work towards the top. Further, there appears to be no good way of gaining the saddle from the valley. On the N. side it is guarded by bands of ice cliffs, and while an approach through the glacial pass W. of King Edward and a traverse around the latter on the snowfield to the S. are doubtless feasible, the route would be a long one (seven miles each way).

Mt. Bryce (11,500 ft.) presented a magnificent spectacle, despite its distance of nearly twelve miles. It is really a minor range by itself, jutting out laterally from the Columbia névé. On this, at the western extremity, the main peak is superimposed, a snowy cone to which all lines converge in the grandest manner possible. This peak and Mt. Alberta (11,875 ft.) are, all things considered, probably to be classified as the premier climbs of the range. Turning to the N., Alberta stood up straight and forbidding—fully revealed—a grim-visaged 'peak of terror.' The ancients would have found it an admirable model for the Tower of Babel—a terraced pyramid capped with a thin vertical comb 1800 ft. high. Quite the reverse in aspect was the confused, flattish *massif* of The Twins. It lacked individuality, and appeared rather in the guise of a giant buttress for the Columbia névé, whose snowy domes bounded the horizon on that side. Clemenceau loomed in the distance to the W.—an imposing if somewhat shapeless shadow. The extensive ice-fields in this direction are curiously concealed





*Photo: Howard Palmer.*

MT. QUINCY  
from confluence of the Athabaska and Chaba Rivers.



*Photo: W. O. Field.*

N.E. FACE OF KING EDWARD  
from summit of North Twin.





by a maze of ridges, so that the unknowing spectator would never suspect their existence. Other distant landmarks noted were Sir Sandford and the Adamant group in the Selkirks, and Forbes and Whiterose in the main range. To the N.-W. Hooker, Serenity, and Fryatt stood out distinctly.

Having built a small cairn and deposited a record, we commenced the descent at 5 o'clock. Half an hour was consumed in descending the chimney, after which we unroped and took a different line down the south-easterly ridge. The beds of scree here were deeper and permitted of famous speed, so that we arrived at a brow of cliff overlooking the glacier in two hours and twenty minutes from the top. Here we roped for a traverse of some awkward slabs that gave access to a snow slope where Conrad cut a line of steps. Thus we gained the *névé*.

The rest of the way was easy, allowing full opportunity for enjoyment of a gorgeous sunset with splendid cloud effects tinted in delicate pastel shades by a smoky atmosphere. Darkness overtook us in the chaos of the terminal moraine, but Conrad's uncanny skill soon disclosed the lantern left there in the morning, and with its aid we groped our way down the boulder-strewn gorge through the forest. At 11.40 P.M. we reached camp, where the cook was aroused from deep slumber and a hot meal soon prepared. We had been on the go for some eighteen hours.

A word may be acceptable at this point concerning the general scope of our plans. Our chief objective in coming to the headwaters of the Athabaska was to reconnoitre and attempt Mt. Alberta, about which, as a mountaineering problem, almost nothing was known. My earlier visit here had indicated that the best line of attack would be from the upper valley of Habel creek,<sup>3</sup> a lateral affluent of the Athabaska, which promised to give access to the E. face of the peak as well as to supply a suitably lofty camping place, without which, of course, nothing could be done. The W. face as seen from the Athabaska valley does not offer any inducement for an attempt. As there was no trail up Habel creek one had to be made, and it was primarily

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<sup>3</sup> Habel Creek joins the Athabaska Valley from the E. and can be seen in the upper panorama *A.J.* xxxv, opp. 184 in the extreme left below Mt. Alberta.

to give an opportunity for this that we had moved on past the mountain to spend a few days in the upper valley.

King Edward was undertaken partly as a training climb and partly as a reconnaissance of the approaches to Mt. Columbia from this direction. It would be a matter of considerable mountaineering interest if a good route to Columbia could be opened up directly from the Athabaska valley. We had satisfied ourselves that the way around the back of King Edward was too long to try until it had been demonstrated that no better one could be discovered. The next thing in order, therefore, was to move to the E. valley and examine the possibilities there.

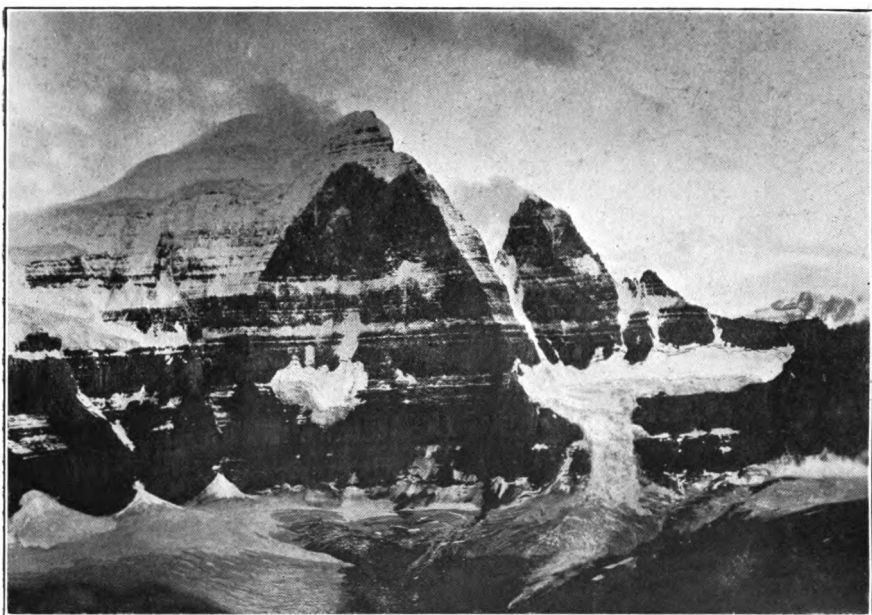
Accordingly, after a day of luxurious idleness, the horses having put in an appearance, we transferred the camp to a point half a mile below the tongue of the Columbia glacier on the N. side of the valley.<sup>4</sup> The practical difficulty of effecting even such a minor movement as this is typical of the obstacles which seem to beset the traveller hereabouts to an unusual degree. By previous arrangement the animals came nearly six miles to get us ; they shifted the party four and a half miles, and then, no feed being found there, they were compelled to return another five miles to their starting-point. Riding-horses as well as pack-horses were needed, for so numerous and so swift are the streams which course along the gravel flats that a man on foot is almost helpless. They weave back and forth from one side of the valley to the other, and at the end of the day usually overflow their banks. For the same reason, camp must be established with especial regard to each climb contemplated—all of which constitute rather heavy impediments to mountaineering.

On August 14, a magnificent day, we made an excursion four miles up the Columbia glacier, which Carpe and the writer were doubtless the first to traverse in 1920. The start was an early one, with a lantern, for we wished to be in a position to take advantage of any opening that might develop for a climb of one of the higher peaks. We arrived at the foot of the ice-fall at seven, after an easy march of three and a quarter hours. It was exceedingly steep and overhung with all kinds of crazy towers ready to fall. Even with the certain knowledge that one could reach the Columbia névé through the maze of crevasses behind the crest, its ascent would have been foolhardy

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<sup>4</sup> See Sheet 23 of Interprov. Boundary Survey issued with *A.J.* xxxv.





*Photo: Howard Palmer.*

**THE NORTH CLIFFS OF THE NORTH TWIN,  
above Habel Creek.**



*Photo: Howard Palmer.*

**NORTH TWIN (left)  
across Habel Creek Valley, and  
SOUTH TWIN (right)  
from the N.W.**

to attempt. Lacking this, the question did not even permit of debate. All the N. side of Mt. Columbia we found to be guarded by impregnable cliffs, raked by ice-falls from bands of active hanging glaciers. At most points there were two bands with an ice terrace between. The mountain appears entirely inaccessible from this direction.<sup>5</sup> We traversed along the base of the cascade through a sort of valley in the ice and then retreated to a safe place on the medial moraine for breakfast.

We studied the N. side of the valley towards The Twins,<sup>6</sup> but in this quarter as well the cliffs are capped with continuous ice walls, which discharge with more or less frequency into the valley. Thus, throughout their entire sweep of ten miles from Columbia to The Twins, the rock walls, with their icy coping, are of the most formidable character. At one point only did we note an opening that appeared worth trying. It was in connexion with The Twins, but when we discovered it, the day was too far spent to put it to the test, for even this would involve an expedition of eight miles each way from camp.

Next morning, when we turned out early to attempt it, the weather had broken, so it seemed the part of wisdom to take advantage of the unsettled conditions to retreat to Alberta and establish ourselves in Habel creek, which our head packer, MacDougal, now reported was open. Accordingly, we sent for the horses, and during the afternoon retired to the permanent camp at the mouth of the creek. On the 16th we advanced up the new trail, preceded by four led pack-horses. The way was very rough, and in crossing one of the precipitous cut-banks, a pack-horse lost his footing and rolled down into the torrent, fortunately without injury to himself or damage to his burden.

After two hours and a half, a high wall of terminal moraine blocked all further progress for horses, so we set up the tents on an open flat at its base. We had risen about 850 ft. above the main valley, our altitude being 5550 ft. Habel creek flows through a narrow gorge which cuts back between The North Twin and Alberta. The latter we could not see owing to a cliffy step in the slope on that side, down which a sizeable waterfall dashed, but The North Twin and Mt. Stutfield were imposingly revealed, buttressed with smooth cliffs and rocky towers. After our camp was settled, the packer-guides went back to the lower camp with the horses, the understanding

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<sup>5</sup> For a view of this face of Mt. Columbia, see *A.J.* xxxv, opp. 194.

<sup>6</sup> See *Panorama A.J.* xxxv, opp. 184.

being that they were to come up for us on the morning of the sixth day.

We were greatly pleased at our success in attaining such a favourable camp ground. It was ideally situated with respect to Alberta, and it commanded capital views of the glaciers and precipices to the S. Unfortunately, our satisfaction was but short-lived, for the weather simply would not mend its ways. Rain fell steadily all the afternoon of our arrival and all that night, with much new snow on the peaks. Intermittent showers held us prisoners in camp on the next two days. On the third, some improvement manifested itself about 10 o'clock, so we ascended the cliffs by the waterfall in the hope of catching a glimpse of the peak of Alberta, but though we spent the entire afternoon in a delightful meadow (6800 ft.) near its brink, in full view of our goal, not a single break occurred in the dense curtain of mist which completely buried the last 1500 ft. of the mountain. We saw, however, that this route was the way to attack Alberta, that the meadow would afford a splendid place for a bivouac, and that it would be easy to reach a flattish glacier which filled all the area between Alberta and Mt. Woolley in the background.<sup>7</sup>

The fourth day was ushered in with lowering skies, but in sheer desperation we again ascended to the meadow with the intention of crossing the glacier to Mt. Woolley (11,170 ft.) if conditions permitted. After a cold storm had delayed us here an hour, we forced a way up some steep cliffs (good rock climbing) just W. of the small canyon that drains the glacier, attained the ice, and advanced some distance towards Mt. Woolley, which did not look at all difficult. However, the clouds began to close in again and the hour was after 2 o'clock. We could not complete the ascent and get back to camp that night; this in turn would spoil our chances for Alberta should the weather clear, so there was nothing for it but to seek some more modest goal.

This we found in the nameless mountain which bounds the glacier tongue on the E. Rising in a relatively thin wall, the side towards the ice presents several belts of steep cliffs seamed with couloirs, amongst which Conrad assured us some expert rock-climbing practice could be had, so we directed our steps thither. His prediction was fulfilled. Ascending straight up from the glacier, we encountered a pair of chimneys which gave

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<sup>7</sup> See illustrations in 'New Expeditions' in this number and panorama *A.J.* xxxv, opp. 184.

us a real tussle. In one, two chock stones with overhanging noses blocked the way. The higher, a slab 25 by 8 ft., with slimy holds beneath, evoked some active gymnastics before it yielded. Above, we finally emerged on scree and broken blocks, which took us to the summit crest midway between the two peaks, at 5.30, in a driving snowstorm. Clouds were thick everywhere, and we saw Alberta not at all. We traversed the whole ridge, finally descending to the waterfall by the southerly slopes. The S. peak is the higher by a few feet, the elevation being 9700. A small cairn was erected on each peak. We had, at various times, good views to the N., E., and S., as well as straight down the exceedingly steep easterly face.<sup>8</sup> Darkness overtook us near the waterfall, and having omitted to bring a lantern, camp was not regained until 9.30.

The basin at the head of Habel creek is of exceptional interest. It is one of the few places in this land of spacious distances where a goodly number of worthwhile peaks are accessible from a single central camp. Half a dozen at least stand close at hand, and they are of all grades of difficulty; only, of course, one must have settled weather or nothing can be done.

This was the only climb which we could make, as the following day did not bring any improvement. On the 22nd, according to schedule, the horses came for us. Deep, new snow covered all the high peaks. It would take more time than we had provisions for to await the return of climbing weather. Accordingly, we commenced the return march to Jasper, abysmally dejected, since our stay had not vouchsafed so much as a glimpse of the top of Alberta, and we were even deprived of the privilege of making the first attempt upon it, although we had opened up the proper way.

On two occasions during the return journey we arose early, in the hope of improving our fortunes by the capture of a lesser peak, but even this consolation was denied us, rain-storms and high winds buffeting us all the way. In fact, after arriving at Jasper on August 25, the weather remained unsettled through the balance of the month, and our season closed in the deepest gloom. Excepting Jupiter Pluvius, everything had been splendid—horses, men, supplies, and companions; but when storms hold sway on the heights, then life even in the mountains becomes stale, flat, and unprofitable, and one wishes one's self elsewhere.

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<sup>8</sup> The Japanese party referred to in the note following dubbed this peak 'Little Alberta.'

## THE FIRST ASCENT OF MT. ALBERTA.

*Note.*—Since the above paper was written, news has been received of the successful ascent of Mt. Alberta on July 21, 1925. Six Japanese, under the leadership of Mr. Yuko Maki, with the Swiss guides, Heinrich Fuhrer, and Hans Kohler of Meiringen, and a Swiss amateur named Weber, composed the climbing party. Mr. Maki is one of the officials of the Japanese Alpine Club, and his companions are prominent in the Ski Club of Japan, where they have had much experience with spring snow conditions among the Japanese alps. Mr. Maki is known among mountaineers for his splendid ascent of the Eiger by the Mittellegi arête in 1921. (See 'A.J.' xxxiv. 166-7.) They came from Japan with the express purpose of attempting Mt. Alberta, and were completely equipped with pitons, silk rope, rock-climbing paraphernalia, moving-picture cameras, etc. Obtaining full information about the mountain in Jasper, they engaged five packer-guides and forty horses to take the expedition in. They were in the field for twenty-five days, accomplishing also the first ascent of Mt. Woolley.

Their route of approach was exactly that described in the foregoing paper, the base camp being established in Habel creek, and their high camp in the meadow above mentioned. Leaving the bivouac at 3.30 A.M., they attained the summit by way of the south-easterly slopes and the central E. face at 7.30 P.M. The entire party of nine spent the night on the summit ridge at about 11,000 ft. Fortunately the night was warm and fine. The descent was resumed at 5.30 A.M. and consumed the whole day, the bivouac being regained at 9.30 P.M. and the base camp on the morning of the fourth day.

The party reports that the peak was excessively steep, with much loose rock and falling stones, several of the men sustaining minor hits. Four pitons were employed in roping off on the way down. An ice-axe was planted in a cairn on the summit.

They are to be congratulated upon their good fortune in snatching a victory when this austere peak was off guard. And this can be said without the least reflection upon the admirable work performed, for one has but to visualise the critical situation that would have arisen had rain or snow fallen during the night of their vigil on the summit ridge. Their reliance upon the extraordinarily dry, warm weather of last July was not misplaced.



This noteworthy ascent is of especial interest in that it marks the closing of the era of major virgin peaks in the main range of the Canadian Rockies. Of those rising above 11,000 ft., only a bare handful now remain to tempt the climber away from the more or less beaten paths.

H. P.

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SIDE-VALLEYS AND PEAKS OF THE YELLOWHEAD TRAIL.\*

By J. MONROE THORINGTON, M.D.

(Continued from p. 59.)

(b) TONQUIN VALLEY AND THE RAMPARTS.

VISITORS to Jasper Park, in the Rockies of Canada, are invariably advised to visit Tonquin Valley. Much has been written of its spectacular scenery<sup>1</sup>—its unique combination of lake, precipice, and ice—which presents itself with a singular beauty almost unequalled in alpine regions of North America. From high peaks of the Whirlpool we had glimpsed its towers and glaciers in the north, and had looked into misty, forested valleys at Fraser head-waters. We knew that Simon Peak, the highest elevation of Mt. Fraser and the loftiest summit of the Divide between Fortress Lake and Yellowhead Pass, had yet to be climbed. And so we went.

The Indians believed that Jasper Park was the lurking-place of prehistoric monsters. David Thompson, journeying through in 1811, knew of this superstition, as he mentions<sup>2</sup>: 'Continuing our journey in the afternoon we came on the track of a large animal, the snow about six inches deep on the ice; I measured it; four large toes each of four inches in length, to each a short

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\* The maps opposite pages 320 and 342 of vol. xxxvi. may suffice for this article, but the full sheets 26, 27, and 28 of the Inter-provincial Survey may be obtained on application to the Surveyor-General, Ottawa.

<sup>1</sup> See especially *C.A.J.* x. p. 70. The scenic features are well illustrated in *A.J.* xxxvi. 342, 'First Ascents of Mt. Barbican, 10,100 ft., and of Mt. Geikie, 10,854 ft.,' Val A. Fynn. See also *Description of and Guide to Jasper Park* (edited by E. Deville, Department of the Interior, Ottawa, 1917).

<sup>2</sup> *Thompson's Narrative of his Explorations in Western America, 1784-1812* (The Champlain Society, Toronto, 1916), p. 445.

claw ; the ball of the foot sunk three inches lower than the toes ; the hinder part of the foot did not mark well, the length fourteen inches, by eight inches in breadth, walking from north to south, and having passed about six hours. We were in no humour to follow him : the men and Indians would have it to be a young mammoth, and I held it to be the track of a large old grizzled bear ; yet the shortness of the nails, the ball of the foot, and its great size was not that of a bear, otherwise that of a very large old bear, his claws worn away ; this the Indians would not allow.'

We ourselves never came in contact with this unclassified beast, although we had looked for it throughout our journey to the Mountains of the Whirlpool.<sup>3</sup> It was when we arrived in Tonquin Valley—Ostheimer, Strumia, Conrad Kain, and I—that we located the solution of the mystery : the Ramparts themselves. When one sees that range, curving in sinuous, unbroken length, with spaced peaks like vertebral spines age-old and worn, it takes but little imagination to think of it as the dorsal skeleton of some gigantic creature of ages past. It is the glacier dragon of the Middle Ages turned to stone. In reality it forms a part of the backbone of a continent, for it is situated on the main Divide ; and, best of all, it is easily accessible.

The Athabaska is an important river even to its very sources. It was not far from Jasper House that David Douglas, in the spring of 1827, met the philosophical old guide Jacques Cardinal<sup>4</sup> who, observing that he had no spirit to offer, turned towards the river and said 'This is my barrel and it is always running.' The Athabaska flows from two important passes of the Divide : Athabaska itself, and Yellowhead. The Athabaska Pass we already knew, and a portion of the Yellowhead route was to be followed on our way over the Meadow Creek trail to Tonquin.

The pass of Yellowhead, in the old days, was the gateway to the settlements of New Caledonia, as British Columbia was then known. It assumed importance a few years after the lower reaches of its great western river had been explored by Simon Fraser, Jules Quesnel, and John Stuart, in 1808. The fur traffic through the pass had become so extensive that about 1820 the pass was commonly known as Leather Pass. Then

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<sup>3</sup> *A.J.* vol. xxxvi., no. 229, p. 299.

<sup>4</sup> *Douglas' Journal*, 1823-1827 (Royal Horticultural Society, London, 1914), pp. 73, 261.

came the gold rushes to Cariboo in 1861 and 1862, when the pass was used by crowds of adventurers on their way to the North Thompson River. Among the earliest travellers who came through Yellowhead, bound for the North Thompson and Kamloops, were Viscount Milton and Dr. Cheadle, in the summer of 1868. Accompanied by the wandering eccentric, Eugene O'Beirne—the mysterious Mr. O'B.—and a one-armed Assiniboine guide with his courageous squaw, these gentlemen were the first to describe Mt. Robson and, indeed, much of the Yellowhead region. Their book, 'The North-West Passage by Land,' among many amusing and interesting things, relates their dramatic discovery of the Headless Indian, who, no doubt, perished on the way to Cariboo.

The story<sup>5</sup> and its sequel are worth re-telling: 'The corpse was in a sitting posture, with the legs crossed, bending forward over the ashes of a miserable fire of small sticks. The ghastly figure was headless, and the cervical vertebræ projected dry and bare; the skin, brown and shrivelled, stretched like parchment tightly over the bony framework, so that the ribs showed through distinctly prominent; the cavity of the chest and abdomen was filled with the exuvia of chrysales, and the arms and legs resembled those of a mummy. The clothes, consisting of a woollen shirt and leggings, with a tattered blanket, still hung around the shrunken form.' Nine years later, in 1872, several hundred yards up the bank of the river, the head was found by members of the T. Party, Canadian Pacific Survey. They buried the head with the body; but it was exhumed later in the year by Dr. Moren, of Sandford Fleming's Pacific Expedition. The skull, placed in the Canadian Pacific offices in Ottawa, was destroyed by fire in 1873.

Poor old Shuswap cranium; what a wandering career it had! But since we ourselves were starting out on the Yellowhead trail, it is scarcely to be wondered at that our own heads were filled with thoughts of these strange events that transpired within the memories of our fathers.

Jasper was our starting-point for Tonquin Valley; and, on the morning of July 11, the day immediately following our return from Athabaska Pass, we headed the pack-train westward into Miette Valley toward Yellowhead. An Iroquois hunter was this Tête Jaune, whose original cache was not at the station of the Canadian National now bearing his name, but at

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<sup>5</sup> *The North-West Passage by Land*, Milton and Cheadle (Cassell, Petter, and Galpin; first edition, London, 1865), p. 296.

the mouth of the Grand Fork of the Fraser. And there he hid the furs he obtained on the western slope before bringing them to Jasper. On the day of our starting, furs would have been as useless as skis; we were riding with as little clothing as possible, and the sun beat down unmercifully. Worst of all, when we wanted a drink we had to scramble down the steep bank to the river. Still we were in no danger of having a recurrence of the sad misfortune which befell Sandford Fleming<sup>6</sup>: 'The Chief's bag got a crush against a rock, and his flask, that held a drop of brandy carefully preserved for the next plum-pudding, was broken. It was hard, but on an expedition like this the most serious losses are taken calmly and soon forgotten.' We should have been less philosophical; but now sagging low in our saddles, with dust of the trail rising in a golden cloud and obscuring all but the heads and packs of horses behind us—with water close at hand, we were just too downright lazy to climb down and get it. Still this was our third consecutive day of long riding, and we felt that our lethargy was excusable.

We had looked backward to Mt. Edith Cavell—'La Montagne de la grand traverse,' as it was known to the voyageurs—southward and closing the Athabaska Valley with a face 'so white with snow that it looked like a sheet suspended from the heavens.' It was hidden as we crossed an old trestle above the sparkling Miette and the horses plodded on beyond. We eventually came near to Geikie station, where begins the trail up Meadow Creek, cut out by the park rangers in 1922. A beautifully engineered affair, it rises at first in breathlessly steep zigzags and curves for a thousand feet above the Miette to an upper forested level that swings into the side-hill beyond a canyon in the creek bottom. Snow peaks are seen across the valley, a brilliant little group centred about Mt. Majestic; we gazed upon them first from the base of Roche Noire, and the horses splashed through a stream near the mouth of Crescent Creek. A few minutes later we climbed again to higher slopes, where the trail leaves the darkness of mossy nooks and giant trees, and emerges in thinning timber to willow meadows near Tonquin Hill. From camp beside a gurgling brook we gazed out to the northern outposts of the Ramparts—Bastion, Turret, and Geikie—fantastic wedges and pinnacles, tinged with the metallic glow of light through the western passes.

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<sup>6</sup> *Ocean to Ocean, Sandford Fleming's Expedition*, G. M. Grant (Campbell & Son, Toronto, 1873), p. 230.

The Rampart Group forms the chief mountain uplift of the Continental Divide between Athabaska and Yellowhead Passes. Its western slopes are drained by the head of Fraser River and its tributary creeks, Geikie and Tonquin. On the east, Simon Creek, Astoria River, Maccarib and Meadow Creeks flow into the Athabaska system.

Following the Divide northward from Whirlpool Pass (5936 ft.), the first peaks of any importance form the western wall of the basin in which a number of glaciers converge, like wheel-spokes, at the head of Simon Creek—the 'North Whirlpool.' These peaks are Whitecrow (9288 ft.), Blackrock (9580 ft.), Mastodon (9800 ft.), and Scarp (9900 ft.). All are attractive rocky summits, with long radiating ridges and interconnected snow-fields. Just east of the Divide, Needle Peak (9668 ft.) rises as a slender flake of rock, with broad base flanking the mouth of Simon Creek. The best approach to these peaks is by way of Whirlpool River.

At the head of Simon Creek the Divide rises to Mt. Fraser, the culminating elevation of the group, and over its three peaks—Simon (10,899 ft.), McDonell (10,776 ft.), and Bennington (10,726 ft.)—to the rampart-wall of aiguilles beyond.

The Fraser Glacier, on the south-east side of the Fraser massif, occupies a pass between the head of Astoria River and the 'North Whirlpool,' Simon and Mastodon Glaciers forming the chief sources of Simon Creek, although a tongue from the Fraser Glacier also enters its head-water. The main drainage from the Fraser Glacier, however, is into Astoria River.

South-eastward from the Fraser névé there extends an interesting and unvisited group of peaks bounding the Eremite Glacier cirque. These peaks are Outpost, Erebus <sup>7</sup> (10,234 ft.), Eremite (9500 ft.), Alcove, and Angle, all of them lying in Alberta.

From Mt. Fraser the Divide circles over the sheer wall of the Ramparts—Paragon (9800 ft.), Dungeon (10,000 ft.), Redoubt (10,200 ft.), and Bastion (9812 ft.)—dropping abruptly to Tonquin Pass (6393 ft.), the crest of the range then swinging westward into British Columbia and supporting the precipitous

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<sup>7</sup> *Appal.* xvi. 97. In 1924 Messrs. Coolidge, Higginson, and Johnson, with Alfred Streich, made first ascents of Erebus, Oldhorn, and the unnamed rock peak south of, and adjacent to, Paragon. They also made the first complete traverse of Mt. Cavell over the east arête. See, however, *Corrigenda*, p. 421.

trio: Turret (10,200 ft.), Geikie (10,854 ft.), and Barbican (10,100 ft.).

The head-waters of Astoria River are derived in part from Chrome Lake, into which flow rushing streams from the Eremite and Fraser Glaciers; but a somewhat larger creek rises in the Amethyst Lakes, two lovely bodies of water closely connected with one another and lying close below the stupendous east wall of the Ramparts.

Moat Lake is finely situated in the eastern hollow of Tonquin Pass and sends a stream to join with a northern outflow from Amethyst Lakes; and, in an expanse of willow-covered, marshy ground, drains both to Meadow and Maccarib Creeks.

In the western cirque of the Ramparts, glaciers streaming from Mt. Fraser drain to Geikie Creek. Scarp and Casemate Glaciers slope off abruptly to Icefall Lake; while the long, winding Bennington Glacier is separated from them by the jagged rock arête extending N.W. from Simon Peak and supporting the dark towers of Casemate (10,160 ft.) and Postern (9720 ft.).

Although Mt. Edith Cavell (11,033 ft.), in the central part of Jasper Park, just W. of the Whirlpool-Athabaska junction, had been ascended as long ago as 1915,<sup>8</sup> no climbing party had attained a summit on the Continental Divide in this area until 1919, when Messrs. Carpe, Chapman, and Palmer, from camp ground at the southern end of Amethyst Lakes, made the first ascent of McDonell; and, later, Carpe and Palmer, of Paragon.<sup>9</sup> They were the first to look over this 'Rampart' wall and to see the impressive southerly faces of Geikie, Turret, and Bastion; with the Bennington Glacier almost completely hidden in the depths of the gorge formed by their gigantic cliffs. The importance of Simon Peak as the culminating point of the group was first realized at this time. Although not indicated on the map of the Bridgland Survey, the extreme summit must

<sup>8</sup> C.A.J. viii. 68.

<sup>9</sup> *Climbers' Guide to the Rocky Mountains of Canada*, Palmer and Thorington, pp. 146, 148. Mr. Carpe, at that time, obtained an altitude of 10,900 ft. for Simon Peak, and the party recognized it as the apex of the massif; it was not then thought of as a part of Mt. Fraser because the Bridgland map had applied the name 'Mount Fraser' specifically to the east peak. The use of 'Mount Fraser' to cover the whole massif—Simon, McDonell, Bennington—is a later development, arising in the discovery of Simon Peak, and which has been incorporated with the maps of the Interprovincial Survey.

have been visible from many of their stations. The map and finely illustrated report by Bridgland, published in 1917, first made known the Tonquin Valley region. In 1921 members of the Interprovincial Survey occupied many high points as stations, including Beacon (9795 ft.), Whitecrow (9288 ft.), and Rufus (9053 ft.), effecting a junction of the two surveys.

One realizes, almost instinctively in the valley of Tonquin, that the carving of its great rock spires is still in the formative stage. The mountains are but roughly hewn out, with an impressionistic technique as fantastic as it is fanciful. The great slopes of sharp chips and ragged blocks indicate plainly that Nature has but shaped out the plan; there is as yet nothing of the soft smoothness of finished work.

It was a gay day, bright with sunshine, when we rode the trail toward Amethyst Lakes. Through flowering meadows—heather and painter's brush—we came to the lake shore, where broad sheets of translucent blue water reflect the steep buttresses and crescentic hanging glaciers of Redoubt and Dungeon. There is one conspicuous horizontal snowy ledge, mid-high in the wall and continuous, with scarcely a break save where icy gullies cut through at right angles from high notches in the jagged crest-line. In a little while camp was pitched in the trees near the southern margin of the lakes, and we eagerly awaited announcements from the cook.

Surprise Point is an amusing little pinnacle that rises above the camping place to a height of 7873 ft. It looks so easy, but is really quite a scramble if one tries it in moccasins and with each hand encumbered by a camera. Strumia and I climbed up during the afternoon, in something less than two hours, although we made frequent stops to photograph some queer little rickety towers of the ridge that looked for all the world as if a giant's child had been playing at building blocks and had finally disjointed his construction with a push. There is not much room on the summit, but we found a ledge where snow was melting and a place where we could stretch out for a snooze on the warm rocks. There we stayed for more than three hours, held by the panorama of peaks, meadows, and winding streams. Only when the westward sun threw a dark serrated silhouette of the range down upon the Amethyst Lakes did we tear ourselves away and race down to the camp fire.

Simon Peak, although the culminating height of the group, is most retiring and quite invisible from camp ground at Surprise Point. On July 13 we left at 5.30 with the idea of finding and climbing it if we could. An old game trail was followed

through dense forest to the moraine below Fraser Glacier. We entered a shadowed glen where the bed of the creek is somewhat wider and the waters spread into limpid pools that perfectly reflect the symmetrical outlines of Bennington, towering above a line of stately pines. Unfortunately, the ground is marshy and forms a breeding place for mosquitoes, which followed us in clouds until the breeze from the ice drove them away.

Hurrying up some rising grassy slopes we were soon among the enormous morainal blocks below the glacier, and in a few minutes had rounded a tiny marginal lake to the ice itself. Past a corner of Outpost the circle of little peaks bounding Eremite Glacier presented themselves in snowy line. Eastward we looked down upon the curious yellow brilliancy of Chrome Lake, and into the Astoria Valley, where Mt. Edith Cavell raises a shaly snowless gable to a sharp point wholly unlike the great white face one sees from Jasper. The Fraser tongue is almost unbroken, and we rapidly gained height on long slopes of snow and moraine. A little to the south rises Erebus, in a series of steep cliffs and receding ridges in step-like formation that would make direct attack a difficult procedure. Foreshortening makes the peak seem very sheer, but toward Simon Creek, south-westerly, it breaks down into an easy gradient of shaly strata.

We had heard that Simon Peak possessed a formidable ice crest, and for that reason it seemed best to reconnoitre a little in order to spy out a satisfactory route. In two hours and a half from camp we reached the nearly level snow plateau on the Erebus-Fraser saddle and could look over to the radiating glaciers at the head of the 'North Whirlpool.' Distantly in the south, the Scott Group and the mountains near Athabaska Pass were visible through a thin veil of forest-fire smoke. We stopped for a few minutes and then crossed two small snow basins to the head of Simon Glacier. We sat down for lunch in the shadow of a curious little tower, perhaps 40 ft. high, and looking for all the world like a 'pill box' of wartime days. It was a blunt needle with steep walls which nearly aroused us into an attempt to climb it. Food, however, proved more enticing.

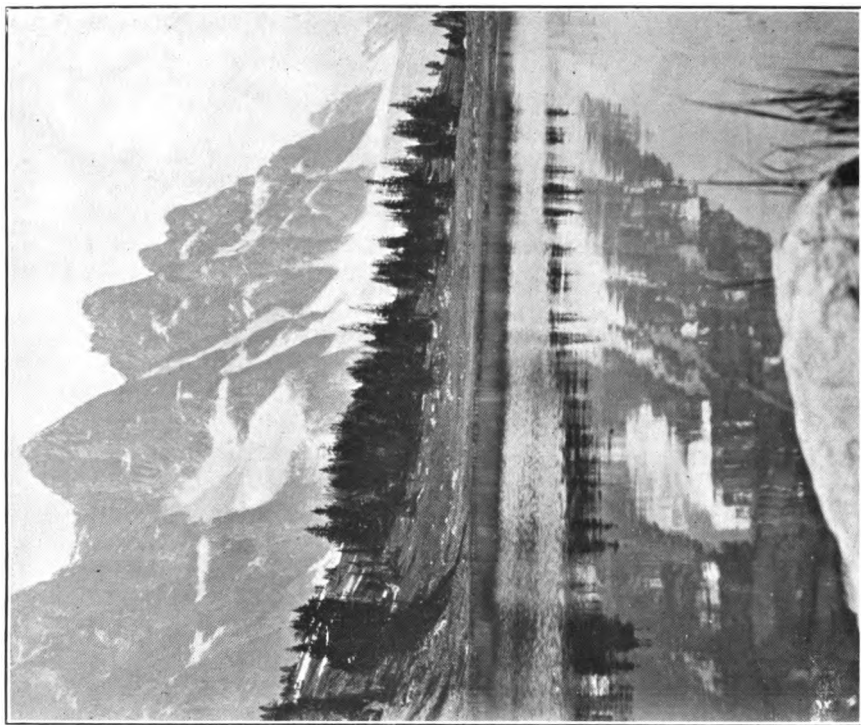
The actual peak of Simon was still hidden, but we could now see that it would be possible to get onto the glacier, cross to its head and ascend steep slopes toward the col between our objective and McDonnell Peak. This plan was duly followed out, and we were soon a considerable distance up the snow. Due care was necessary in avoiding the base of a small ice-fall





*Photo: M. M. Struina.*

EREMITTE CIRQUE and CHROME LAKE  
from Surprise Pt., Tonquin Valley.



*Photo: J. M. Thorington.*

THE RAMPARTS  
from Amethyst Lake, Tonquin Valley.



*Photo: M. M. Strumia.*

THE RAMPARTS  
from Simon Peak across gorge of Bennington Glacier.



*Photo: Interprov. Survey.*

SIMON PEAK, 10,899 ft.  
Highest summit of Ramparts from S.W.



which enters the snow-field at the edge of our proposed route, and blocks of blue ice imbedded far out on the snow gave indication that little avalanches sometimes came down. We crossed a deep schrund below a rocky wall, over a bridge that was narrow and steep, and then mounted steadily over down-tilting strata where water cascaded down and filled our sleeves if we were not careful in our choice of handholds. There was a gully in the margin of the ice-fall where a careful watch was made to avoid the flakes of shale which frequently scaled down and sailed over a rocky bench to lower snows.

It was soon possible to cross above the top of the fall and take to the rocks, after which we made good time to the ridge above. For the first time we now saw Simon Peak, a little to the north, icy, and with superb frozen cornices overhanging the gorge of Bennington Glacier. The rope became a real necessity; Conrad cut steps along the southern slope, where the ice fragments swished down and vanished. There were patches of quite hard ice, slowing our progress, and more than a hundred steps were made to the first snow point of the final crest. Beyond us lay a higher cornice, and then a short level of rocks and shale forming the summit; it was just 1.30 when we arrived and took off the rope. The difficulties had been much less than we expected.

It was a pleasurable surprise to find a rock outcrop on the very highest point of the mountain, and we sat down in a comfortable spot to have lunch. It was not the best of days for a distant view, as smoke hid many of the far peaks that we had hoped to see. Most spectacular, however, was the gorge of Bennington Glacier. Formed by the snows that lie in the northern cirque of Mt. Fraser's three peaks, the ice stream winds sinuously below the barren west wall of the Ramparts and disappears around the corner of Casemate—the lowest portion of visible ice being more than 4000 ft. below our viewpoint. The glacier is more than 3 miles long and gives rise to Geikie Creek, flowing to Fraser River; the long northern arête of Simon Peak walls the ice on the west and plunges down in snow-powdered precipices and broken ridges that support the gigantic towers of Casemate and Postern. Beyond the muddy waters of Icefall Lake are two smaller pools of clear deep blue, and on the meadows across Geikie Creek we discovered the tents of another party,<sup>10</sup> whose members were carrying on a mountaineering campaign in the vicinity.

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<sup>10</sup> Messrs. Fynn, Geddes, Wates, and Slark. See *A.J.* xxxvi. 342.

Above their camping place rises Mt. Geikie ; a tremendous grim wall it is, seared and fissured by ice-filled couloirs, and surmounted by two fine towers sprinkled with new snow. We thought that the rocks would be scarcely dry enough for climbing, but were pleasantly surprised to learn that a successful ascent was achieved only a few days later. We ourselves had at no time any real designs on Geikie, and as we gazed at its fascinating crags we could scarcely believe that our own position on the summit of Mt. Fraser was by a few feet a loftier one.

It was now quite plain that nothing of difficulty intervened between Simon and McDonell Peak ; so rather than retrace our roundabout route, we built a cairn, walked back in the ice steps, and traversed McDonell. We were just one hour between the summits, Strumia leading up the ridge on steep crags where every hold was firm and belays for the rope were found wherever required. We had some thought of going on and adding the unclimbed Bennington Peak to our bag ; but it looked long and not too interesting ; storm clouds were blowing over, and we decided to go on down. Besides, it was 3.30, and we, as usual at this time of day, were beginning to think of supper.

Long slopes of scree and shale lead down to the Fraser Glacier ; we took off the rope and were soon far below. Peals of thunder were heard rumbling in the north, and a shower of rain swept by as we left the ice. At 5.0 we were once more amongst the mosquitoes—Conrad heard them buzzing nearly half a mile away and put a turn of the rope about his ice-axe lest they carry it off—and spent a miserably unhappy hour fighting them in the woods below our camp. On arrival we found the men stretched on the grass beside the tents, looking through binoculars toward the Astoria meadows. What at first appeared to be a grizzly bear turned out to be a cariboo ; and on watching we counted no less than twenty-five of them feeding and slowly moving across the grassy slopes. As we turned toward the fire, drawn by the appetizing odours from the cook-pots, the clouds were breaking above the Ramparts, and a broad shaft of golden light formed a bright pattern on the Eremite glacier.

Early in the morning we broke camp and returned to Moat Lake, a ride of some three hours. The sky was overcast, and the spires of the Ramparts were all hidden in trailing mist. Our tents were set up near the little ponds on the summit of Tonquin Pass, with a frontal view of the cliffs of Bastion and Turret. During the afternoon we examined the northern wall of Geikie, but were able to see little of its upper portion because

of low clouds that swirled about without lifting. Below the Turret pinnacle is a narrow gully, with broad, funnel-shaped top which collects the stones that come rattling and banging down night and day; the Indians for generations have known of this place of 'mountain thunder.' Sunset glow cast crimson and purple lights on the buttresses of Geikie and Barbican, with sulphur light suffusing the transparent mists through which the higher ridges were occasionally revealed.

Although the next day came with a grey dawn, Conrad and Strumia went out for a climb on Bastion. We watched them cutting over a steep slope of snow high up, and disappear into the hollow beyond. They were back in time for supper, having reached a lofty notch through which they looked down upon Bennington Glacier. The final wedge, like a huge stone spade, had been out of the question under such weather conditions and the limited time at their disposal.

It was our last night in camp with the outfit, and, as usual, the weather showed signs of immediate clearing. As we sat by the roaring fire, listening to stories of far adventure, we noticed that from behind Macgarib and Oldhorn, beyond the little lakes, a full moon had come up to light the shadowy walls of the Ramparts. Pinnacle after pinnacle caught up a gleaming moonbeam, as if hidden sprites were racing along the ridges and touching them with torches into a silver glow. Slowly rose the moon, not in solemn grandeur, but with full face smiling as if in sympathy with our merriment. A wind from the Tonquin Pass was gently moving the pine-tops; there was a tinkling of bells as our horses wandered across the meadows.

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A NOTE ON THE ORIGINAL JOURNALS OF DAVID DOUGLAS.

By J. MONROE THORINGTON, M.D.

FEW problems more interesting have arisen in the mountaineering history of the Canadian Alps than that occasioned by the Scots botanist, David Douglas, incorrectly ascribing tremendous elevations to the peaks of Athabaska Pass, which he named Mt. Brown and Mt. Hooker.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> For a general summary of the Brown-Hooker problem consult the writer's article, 'The Mountains of the Whirlpool' (*A.J.*, No. 229, November 1924, p. 299).

Thanks are due to the Council of the Royal Horticultural Society

Douglas' journals, the earliest documents describing the ascent of a peak in the Canadian Rocky Mountains, were published almost a century later by the Royal Horticultural Society in a most carefully edited monograph<sup>2</sup> which has been the standard work referred to by commentators. The original journals, strangely enough, appear never to have been consulted by anyone with mountaineering experience—a fact that induced the writer, during a visit to London, to investigate the problem at its source.

In the preface to the Royal Horticultural Society's monograph it is stated in regard to the journals that :

1. The handwriting is nowhere easy to read, and in places most difficult, if not occasionally quite impossible.
2. In the course of nearly one hundred years the ink has faded and become in places very hard to decipher.
3. After the diary of his journey in North-Western America had been prepared for the press and set up in type, a second manuscript was discovered which at first sight was taken to be a duplicate, but which on closer examination was found to contain a great deal of additional information. It had therefore to be compared word for word with the diary and the additions inserted in their proper places.

Both the diary, often spoken of as the 'Longer Journal,' and the manuscript discovered later, the 'Shorter Journal,' contain accounts of Douglas' crossing of the Athabaska Pass in the spring of 1827. Only the 'Shorter Journal' contains the names Mt. Hooker and Mt. Brown, and makes mention of their supposedly great height. The 'Longer Journal,' while describing the ascent of a peak, leaves it unnamed and gives estimates of elevation which more nearly agree with modern surveys.

The passages which concern the Brown-Hooker problem have been quoted frequently, but are here repeated for

for allowing pages of Douglas' Journals to be photographed. The pages, here reproduced in facsimile, are on an equally reduced scale for the two Journals, and give a clear idea of the comparative appearance of handwriting, spacing and margination.

[I have written this paper, on the meadows above Grindelwald, on the anniversary of our first ascent—1924—of Mt. Hooker.—J. M. T.]

<sup>2</sup> *Douglas' Journal*, 1823–1827. (Royal Horticultural Society monograph.) William Wesley & Son. London, 1914.

After breakfast at <sup>one</sup> o'clock, being as I conceive on  
the highest part of the route, I became desirous of  
ascending one of the peaks, and accordingly I set out  
alone on snow-shoes to what on the left hand or west  
side, being to all appearance the highest. The labor  
of ascending the lower part, which is covered with pines, is

great beyond description, making on many occasions to  
the middle half-way up vegetation scarce and low, not so  
much as a sprig of moss or lichen on the stones.  
Here I found it less laborious as I walked on the hard crust,  
one third from the summit it becomes a mountain of ice,  
and for me by nature's hand as a snow-covered  
of nature's foot. The height from its base may be about  
5500 feet: Timber, 2750 - a few mosses and lichens, 500 more,  
1000 feet of perpetual snow. The remainder, towards the top  
1250, as I have said, glazes with a thin covering of snow  
on ice. The ascent took me 5 hours; descending only one  
and a quarter. Places where the descent was gradual I  
tied my shoes together, making them carry me in turn as  
a sled. Sometimes I came down at one of falls 5 to 700  
feet in the space of one minute and a half. I remained  
20 minutes, by the thermometer standing at 18°; and might easily  
frost in one me and no means of fire, I was reluctantly  
forced to descend. The sensation I felt is beyond what I can  
give attention to. Nothing, as far as the eye could perceive  
but mountain such as I was on, and among heights, some  
rugged beyond any description, striking the mind into barren  
ideas with a cloud of the horrendous scales of the sil-  
-lence. The aerial tints of the snow, the heavenly view  
of the solid glaciers, the rainbow-like hues of their  
the broken fragments, the huge mossy rocks reaching long  
-ing from the perpendicular rocks with the snow sliding  
from its steep southern rocks into increasing velocity, pro-  
ducing a noise and rumbling like the shock of an earthquake.  
The echo of which resounding in the valley for several  
minutes.





After  
Breakfast about one O'clock being  
well refreshed I set out with the view of  
ascending what appeared to be the highest

peak on the North or left hand side  
The height from its appearance exceeded 6000  
feet 17000 above the level of the sea

After passing over the lower ridge of about



completeness and to contrast the versions of the two journals :

1. From the 'Shorter Journal.'<sup>3</sup>—'After Breakfast about one o'clock being well refreshed I set out with the view of ascending what appeared to be the highest peak on the North or left hand side. The height from its apparent base exceeds 6000 feet 17000 above the level of the sea.

'After passing over the lower ridge of about 200 feet by far the most difficult and fatiguing part, on snowshoes, there was a crust on the snow over which I walked with the greatest ease. A few mosses and lichens *Andrea* and *Jungermanniae* are seen, at the elevation of 4800 feet vegetation no longer exists. Not so much as a lichen of any kind to be seen 1200 feet of eternal ice. The view from the summit is of that cast too awful to afford pleasure. Nothing as far as the eye can reach in every direction but mountains towering above each other rugged beyond all description, while the dazzling reflection from the snow, the heavenly azure of the solid glacier and the rainbow-like tints of the shattered fragments together with the enormous icicles suspended from the perpendicular rocks and the majestic but terrible avalanche hurtling from the southerly exposed rocks producing a crash and groans through the Valleys only equalled by an earthquake. Such gives us a sense of the stupendous and wondrous works of the Almighty. This peak the highest yet known in the Northern Continent of America I felt a sincere pleasure in naming MOUNT BROWN in honor of R. Brown, Esq., the Illustrious Botanist, no less distinguished by the amiable qualities of his refined mind. A little to the South is one nearly of the same height rising more into a sharp point I named MOUNT HOOKER in honor of my early patron the enlightened Professor of Botany in the University of Glasgow, Dr. Hooker, to whose kindness I, in great measure, owe my success hitherto in life and I feel exceedingly glad of an opportunity of recording a simple but sincere token of my kindest regard for him and respect for his profound talents. I was not on this Mountain.'

2. From the 'Longer Journal.'<sup>4</sup>—'After Breakfast at one o'clock, being as I conceive on the highest part of the route, I became desirous of ascending one of the peaks, and accordingly

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<sup>3</sup> R.H.S. monograph, p. 71. The quotations are, however, from the original journals, with alterations of punctuation only where necessary to clarify the narrative.

<sup>4</sup> R.H.S. monograph, p. 258.

I set out alone on snowshoes to that on the left hand or West side, being to all appearance the highest. The labor of ascending the lower part, which is covered with pines, is great beyond description, sinking on many occasions to the middle. Half-way up vegetation ceases entirely, not so much as a vestige of Moss or Lichen on the stones. Here I found it less laborious as I walked on the hard crust. One-third from the summit it becomes a mountain of pure ice, sealed far over by Nature's hand, a momentous work of Nature's God. The height from its base may be about 5500 feet: Timber, 2750; a few Mosses and Lichens, 500 more; 1000 feet of perpetual snow; The remainder, toward the top 1250, as I have said, glacier with a thin covering of snow on it. The ascent took me 5 hours; descending only one hour and a quarter. Places where the descent was gradual I tied my shoes together, making them carry me in turn as a sledge. Sometimes I came down at one spell 5 to 700 feet in the space of one minute and a half. I remained 20 minutes, my Thermometer standing at 18°; and night closing fast in on me and no means of fire, I was reluctantly forced to descend. The sensation I felt is beyond what I can give utterance to. Nothing, as far as the eye could perceive but Mountains such as I was on, and many higher, some rugged beyond description, striking the mind with horror blended with a sense of the wondrous works of the Almighty. The aerial tints of the snow, the heavenly azure of the solid glacier, the rainbow-like hues of their thin broken fragments. The huge mossy icicles hanging from the perpendicular rocks with the snow sliding from the steep southern rocks with increasing velocity, producing a crash and grumbling like the shock of an earthquake, the echo of which resounding in the Valley for several minutes.'

It has been suggested <sup>5</sup> that the 'Longer Journal' was the original journal and that the 'Shorter Journal' was written later, after Douglas' return to London, and that names and heights were added at that time. No proofs were advanced for this supposition and there remained doubt as to which of the journals was the earlier.

The purpose of the present paper is to give results of the writer's comparative examination of the two journals:

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<sup>5</sup> 'New Light on Mounts Brown and Hooker,' by E. W. D. Holway (*C.A.J.*, ix. 1918, p. 47):

## I. GENERAL COMPARISON OF THE TWO JOURNALS.

1. The '*Shorter Journal*'<sup>6</sup> consists of fifty-six pages, 8 × 13 inches, written on each side of each sheet, with two-inch blank margin at the left. It bears the caption, 'A Sketch of a Journey to the North-Western Parts of the Continent of North America during the Years 1824, 1825, 1826, and 1827,' is signed with the initials D. D., and is apparently a prepared paper. The writing is in a large, bold, even, legible hand, and the manuscript is fresh in appearance.

It was thought by some that the altitude given for Mt. Brown in the '*Shorter Journal*' might possibly have become illegible with time and therefore incorrectly copied during the preparation of the Royal Horticultural Society's monograph. This is not so: on page 47 of the original, the passage, '... exceeds 6000 feet 17000 above the sea,' is exceedingly clear and legible, and no mistake has been made in copying.

2. The '*Longer Journal*'<sup>7</sup> consists of 131 pages, 8 × 13 inches, closely written on each side of each sheet, without margins, and with occasional notes written vertically at the left-hand edge. The handwriting throughout is smaller and more compressed than in the '*Shorter Journal*'; the paper is the worse for wear, and entries appear to have been made over a long period of time.

## II. RELATIVE DATES OF THE TWO JOURNALS.

A decisive clue to the dates of the two manuscripts is given in the watermarks of the paper.

On the page of the '*Longer Journal*' may be found the mark, J. & T. Jellyman 1824, while on the facing page is a crowned seal with the figure of Britannia seated.

On the page of the '*Shorter Journal*' one finds the mark, C. & H. 1828, and on the facing page a crowned seal with a lion rampant.

Douglas left England in July 1824, and crossed Athabaska Pass, eastward bound, in the spring of 1827, arriving at York Factory on August 28, 1827. He, therefore, could not have had with him the paper, watermarked 1828, on which the '*Shorter Journal*' is written. The watermark, 1824, on the pages of the '*Longer Journal*' is quite consistent with Douglas' period in the field.

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<sup>6</sup> R.H.S. monograph, p. 51.

<sup>7</sup> R.H.S. monograph, p. 77.

## CONCLUSIONS.

1. The 'Longer Journal' is the field journal, in which entries were made from July 1824 until August 1827.

2. The 'Shorter Journal' was written after Douglas returned to England, probably during the latter part of 1828, during a period of comparative leisure as shown by the large, even handwriting and broad margins,—men in the field do not do things so neatly. The manuscript was possibly prepared for reading before the Royal Horticultural Society which had sponsored his journeys.

3. In the 'Longer Journal' Douglas speaks of the mountain which he ascended as being 'on the left hand or West side' of the Athabaska Pass; in the 'Shorter Journal' he describes Mt. Brown as 'the highest peak on the North or left hand side.' This may have been a slip of the pen during transcription. Mt. Brown is on the western side of Athabaska Pass and Douglas has given its correct position in his 1829 map.

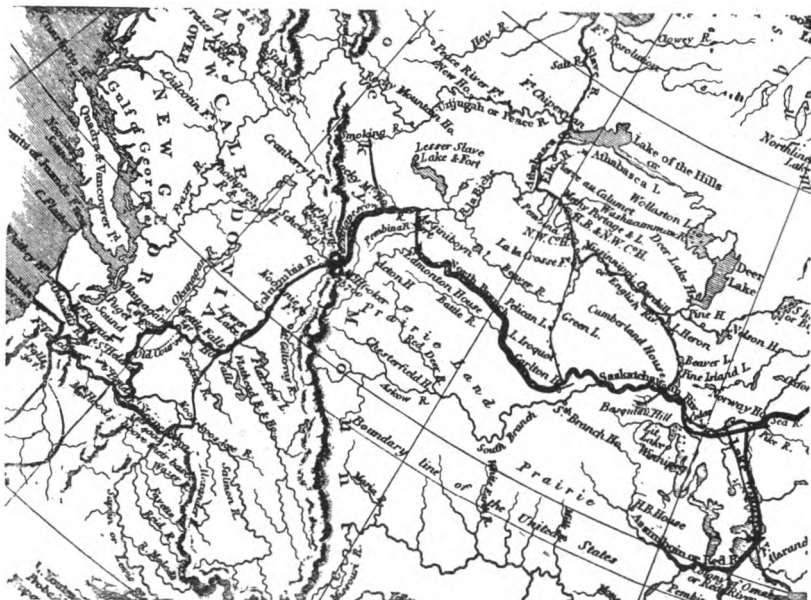
4. The names, Mt. Brown and Mt. Hooker, were not given in the field, but were added later when the 'Shorter Journal' was written, no doubt as much out of compliment to Douglas' patrons as to distinguish topographical features. This would also account for the alteration of the statement in the 'Longer Journal,' '. . . mountains such as I was on, and many higher,' to 'the highest yet known in the Northern Continent of America,' as it reads in the 'Shorter Journal.'

5. Mt. Hooker is not mentioned in any way in the 'Longer Journal,' and while the 'Shorter Journal' contains the name, no figure for elevation is given; nothing but the statement that it is a peak 'nearly of the same height [as Mt. Brown] rising more into a sharp point.' Therefore the first appearance of an altitude figure for Mt. Hooker is on the map of 1829.<sup>8</sup>

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<sup>8</sup> On the map, a section of which is attached, appearing in vol. i. of *Flora Borealis Americana*, William Jackson Hooker, the elevations for Mt. Brown and Mt. Hooker are given, respectively, as 16,000 and 15,700 ft. It is on a small scale (1 : 1,500,000) in conical projection, with Mt. Hooker exactly S.E. of Mt. Brown, and Athabaska Pass—not named—between the two mountains. This map, the earliest on which these names and altitudes appear, was issued in October 1829, under the superintendence of Douglas. In two years, therefore, Douglas reduced his original estimate of Mt. Brown by 1000 ft., arriving at a figure similar to that obtained by Lieut. Simpson.

6. The altitude of 17,000 ft. for Mt. Brown was not given in the field. It is unlikely that Douglas himself made such a measurement. In the 'Proceedings of the Royal Society,' under the date April 27, 1837, it is recorded that Mr. Sabine received from Douglas several volumes of lunar, chronometrical, magnetical, meteorological and geographical observations, together with a volume of field sketches. It is known



that the geographical observations referred to the Columbia River and its tributaries; but the volumes are not in the possession of the Royal Horticultural Society and cannot be traced.

Certain it is that Douglas met men at Fort Vancouver, Jasper House, and at Carlton House who may have given him the figure. At Fort Vancouver, in November 1826, Douglas mentions<sup>9</sup> his acquaintance with Lieut. Simpson, officer of the Royal Navy, who surveyed south of Jasper House during the winter 1825-26, and whom Thomas Drummond, Assistant Naturalist to the Second Franklin Expedition, quotes as having

<sup>9</sup> R.H.S. monograph, p. 239.

obtained a figure of about 16,000 feet for the elevation near Athabaska Pass.<sup>10</sup>

Douglas may have been confused by the winter conditions under which he himself crossed Athabaska Pass. More likely, it would appear, he was influenced by the prevalent idea of high altitude, arising from the journals of the *voyageurs*, from the time of David Thompson onward. Douglas no doubt was able to consult this material in London, and elsewhere, before his own 'Shorter Journal' was ever written.

David Douglas was born in 1793, and was in his twenty-eighth year when he crossed Athabaska Pass. Men of his day wrote more light-heartedly about alpine regions than we do now; moderate exaggerations were not then considered so sinful. So it is extremely probable that Mt. Brown and Mt. Hooker, and their altitudes, did not weigh too heavily on his conscience. What we should remember is that Douglas was one of our greatest and most successful exploring botanists, and that his sad and tragic death in the Sandwich Island, in 1834, brought to a close a career of immense promise. His journals, although puzzling in their details, have been a factor of no little importance to the incidence of Canadian mountaineering; his story of the wonders of Athabaska Pass altogether an influence for good. If we attempt to judge Douglas after nearly a century, we can perhaps do no better than to accept his own words, written at Fort Vancouver on New Year's Day, 1826: '... I can die satisfied with myself. I never have given cause for remonstrance or pain to an individual on earth.'

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#### THE MOUNT LOGAN EXPEDITION.

(Details of the proposed plan of operations were given in the last JOURNAL pp. 89-96.)

PROFESSOR HICKSON, President of the Alpine Club of Canada, cables that an official report is in course of preparation. It is hoped that this can be issued with the May JOURNAL.

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<sup>10</sup> Hooker's *Botanical Miscellany*. vol. i. p. 190; quoted in *A.J.*, No. 229, November 1924, p. 301.





PORTRAIT OF DAVID DOUGLAS, F.L.S. (1798-1834).

From a pencil drawing by his niece, Miss Atkinson. This was Douglas' appearance at the age of thirty, the sketch being made within two years of his return from Athabaska Pass. (*Reproduced from R.H.S. monograph, 1914.*)

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*Photo: L. M. Forbes.*

CAPT. MACCARTHY.

LT.-COL. W. W. FOSTER, D.S.O.

The party consisted of Capt. A. H. MacCarthy, Mr. H. F. Lambart, Lt.-Col. W. W. Foster, Mr. Allen Carpe, Mr. Norman H. Read, Mr. Taylor, Mr. H. S. Hall, junr., and Mr. R. Morgan.

We are enabled by the courtesy of *The Times* to reprint the following extract from Colonel Foster's account in the issue of August 8 :—

' On June 9 we had moved up our supplies, and found ourselves in the midst of monstrous ice-cliffs and blocks of fantastic shapes, with overhanging masses challenging approach to the mountain itself. There were huge cliffs of ice reaching perpendicularly for 1000 ft., whilst the sides of King Col terminated in an abrupt descent to Seward Glacier in a valley we could see far to the right. Finally the reconnoitring party, consisting of Captain MacCarthy, Read, and myself, discovered what was the only portal to the heights above. There was a portcullis of ice posed overhead, whilst down through a crack we could see a direct drop of 1000 ft. In honour of our leader this was called MacCarthy Gap.

' On June 14 the clouds lifted at 3 A.M., and an immediate start was made from King Col Camp. In the afternoon the storm resumed, and we bivouacked for a night and a day in the midst of ice-cliffs. On the afternoon of the 16th, reaching a height of 16,800 ft., we established "Windy Camp." Here, at 7 o'clock that evening, it was 12 degrees below zero, and within an hour it had dropped to 26 below. The minimum on the following day was 32 below. Several of our party by now were exhausted and badly frost-bitten. Only now and again did we get a glimpse of the actual summit several miles away. We had only one day's provisions, and five of the party, therefore, were forced to return to King Col for supplies, while the same advance party went ahead.

' Next morning we moved supplies forward to the summit of a ridge at an elevation of 18,500 ft. The hurricane abated that morning. Henry S. Hall, jun., of Milwaukee, and his fellow townsman, Robert Morgan, owing to the strenuous work under the terribly trying conditions, were so severely frost-bitten that it was impossible for them to proceed. They started to return to the base camp, while the six of us remaining moved forward to a new camp at an elevation exceeding 18,500 ft.—probably the highest camp ever made on the North American continent. The two peaks of Mt. Logan were still four miles away.

' Not until the morning of June 23 did a break occur in the

weather. Then, all unexpectedly, a glorious day began. We determined to make this day the day of conquest. We realized that such an opportunity might never occur again. The most exhausted of our men were inspired to struggle on until evening. At 5 o'clock, with a cloudless sky above us, the six of us stood on what maps have shown as one of the highest peaks of the Logan group—19,800 ft. This was a great success, but our elation was marred by our seeing, even without using instruments, that a second peak, across a valley and nearly two miles away, was far higher. So we descended a thousand feet and again began to climb.

'We were tired and footsore and such conditions made it a most trying ordeal, but the weather was with us. A snow and ice slope, often 40 to 50 degrees, terminated in a knife arête that finally led to the Logan summit. It was heart-breaking work. Almost every furlong involved step-cutting. It was 8 o'clock in the evening when the six of us—Captain MacCarthy, Carpe, Lambart, Read, Taylor, and myself—reached the real summit. In a rainbow crowning Logan was the shadow of each of us as we stood at the top, gazing at the amazing spectacle of seas of cloud, broken here and there by mountain tops peeping through. A thousand feet below, in every direction as far as the eye could reach, we could see mountain peaks and glaciers. The temperature was 4 degrees below zero.

'For an hour we lingered in the inspiring scene. Increasing cold and approaching storm, with the light rapidly failing, gave warning to descend, and when at 10 o'clock we were in the valley below, the peaks all around were immersed in the storm and visibility was gone. Soon after midnight, and still 19,000 ft. above sea level, exhausted and numb with cold, we dug into the snow and rested until the following day.

'The storm continued, but the exhausted condition of some of our party made action imperative. Precarious progress was made during the afternoon. Three of us on one rope reached Plateau Point on the evening of June 24, while the other three spent the second night alternatively moving and taking shelter from the storm in snow-holes, and reached the plateau on the morning of June 25.

'On June 26 we all started down from Plateau Camp to King Col, only to fall into another vicious hurricane. Only the heroic work of some of our party averted loss of life. The storm continued all through another day as though Logan still desired to punish its conquerors, and not until 2 o'clock



on the morning of June 27 were we all safely back at King Col Camp. Our hands and feet were badly frost-bitten, and only slow progress was possible. We were at Cascade on June 29 and 30, and down to Ogilvie Glacier on July 1.

'We had expected to find food left in the cache at Walsh and Chitina, but in both places bears had broken in and eaten everything. The cache at Trail End was reached by evening on July 6, and another day brought us to Hubricks.

'We had spent 44 days entirely on ice. Each man had the equivalent of 70 pounds to pack over 200 miles of ridge and glacier and steep slopes often at great elevations. The topographic enumeration we made was of great value, and wonderful photographs were secured. We think that Logan is the greatest mountain of its character in the world.'

The adventures of the party were not yet ended, for during a wild ride down the Chitina River rapids on a flimsy raft, Captain MacCarthy, Colonel Foster, and Mr. Allan Carpe were swept into the main channel over the rapids, their raft capsized, and they were hurled into the water. MacCarthy and Carpe clung to the upturned raft, while Colonel Foster swam. The three managed to reach a sandbank in midstream and later reached the shore clinging to the remainder of the raft. From this point they had to 'mush' 70 miles into McCarthy, which they reached just as a search party was setting out.

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The following cables were exchanged :

To Canadian Alpine Club Banff.

President Committee and Members Alpine Club send you heartiest congratulations on great success Mt. Logan Expedition.

Alpine Club.

Alpine Club London.

We appreciate very much Alpine Club's congratulations success Mt. Logan Expedition casualties slight

Wheeler.

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Our comrades of the Canadian Club are to be congratulated very warmly on this magnificent exploit. Success is due, in the first place, to Capt. MacCarthy's personal service in laying,

in appalling hardships, the necessary provision caches and, secondly, to his splendid personal leadership backed up by his determined companions. Greater hardships have probably never been experienced in any mountaineering expedition.

The organizing committee left nothing undone to ensure success, and it is understood that the total cost will not exceed about £2500.

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#### EDWARD WHYMPER.

A MEMORIAL to the late Edward Whymper has been erected at Zermatt, the cost of which has been defrayed by subscription amongst the members of the Alpine Club. Mr. George Flemwell, the well-known artist, also made a generous contribution by presenting one of his pictures for a tombola.

The Memorial is in the form of the bronze plaque as illustrated. It has been most successfully executed by Miss Barbara Collingwood, the daughter of a member of the Alpine Club. It is placed on a solid granite slab which, by the kind permission of the Seiler family, fills the space of a disused doorway in the façade of the Hotel Monte Rosa.

The Memorial was unveiled on August 9 by General Bruce in the presence of a large crowd, which included Dr. Dübi (representing the Swiss Alpine Club), the Vice-President of the Monte Rosa Section, the Presidents of the Commune and Guides Associations, Dr. Hermann Seiler, Mme. Imfeld, and other members of that family and several members of the Alpine Club. Mr. George Flemwell was unfortunately unable to be present. Speeches were made by General Bruce and Dr. Dübi, after which the Zermatt orchestra played the British and Swiss National Anthems.

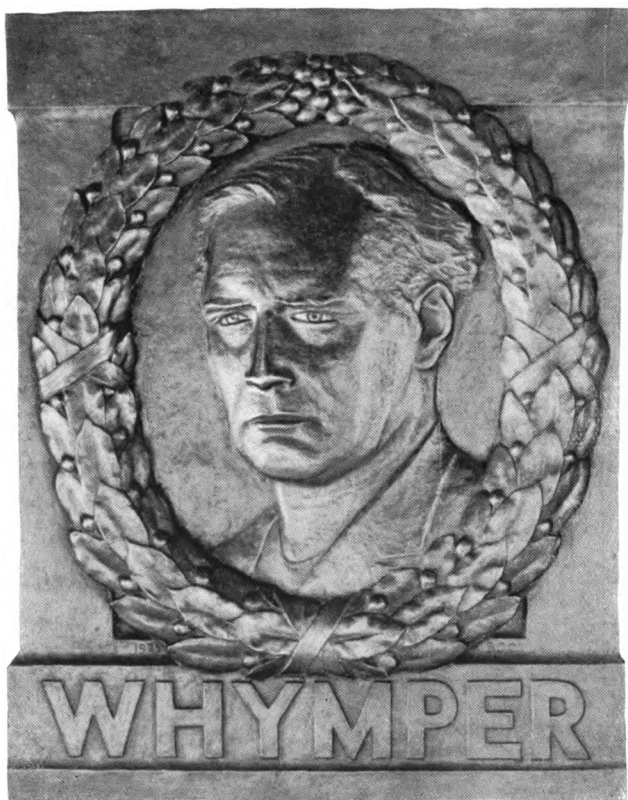
After the ceremony, the guests mentioned were entertained at a luncheon by Dr. Hermann Seiler.

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#### THE EXHIBITION OF ALPINE PAINTINGS AT THE CLUBROOMS, MAY 1925.

IT was a surprise on entering our Clubrooms last May to find that this year's Picture Exhibition was almost wholly confined to water-colours. The few oil-paintings, secluded in a corner, hardly affected the character of the show, though one of them, 'Jannu,' by Mr. Francis Helps, vigorously asserted itself as a faithful, if prosaic, portrait of the Nepalese giant.

Our first impression of the collection provided by the zeal





and energy of Mr. Spencer was that it was marked rather by a large number of careful and competent studies than by any pictures of outstanding importance. In choosing their subjects the artists seemed as a rule to have kept within certain physical limits. On the one hand they showed reluctance to venture into the ice-world, or above the snow-level : on the other hand, they had mostly resisted the temptation to descend to the sub-alpine lakes and valleys, to the region where chestnuts and vineyards, pergolas and campanili, serve as a foreground to the higher ranges. In another respect we noted a certain lack of enterprise. Mountains, as they are known to most mountaineers, have an infinite variety : they reveal themselves to their old and faithful worshippers in ever-changing aspects. They have their intimate moments, when they wrap themselves in the shroud of a thunderstorm, or play with the bright scarves of mist that gather round them, or, again, when they glow like a vision in the rose of dawn or dusk. The mountains on our walls were for the most part the Alps in their everyday dress, ready for afternoon visitors ! We should have been glad to meet with more attempts to represent them as they show themselves from time to time to their intimate friends and lovers. Mr. Loppé's drawing of 'Sunrise on Mont Blanc' was a poem as well as a picture. In former years Mr. Cecil Hunt has reproduced the noble effects of mountain-gloom. It is true that the literary critic who writes on Art for *The Times* took the occasion of our Exhibition to assert ' that anything so vast and emotional as a sunset on a range of mountains cannot really be contained in a water-colour '—a medium he considers ' more suitable for more intimate landscapes.' Has the Twentieth Century forgotten Turner ?

Mountains need to be known before they can be painted. We would point out to the enterprising students of to-day that they have opportunities for living with and understanding the Alps that were denied to their predecessors. The multiplication of Huts has had its advantages as well as its drawbacks, and one of its chief benefits has been to enable painters to frequent the region above the snow-level as staying guests, and not only to 'glance and nod and bustle by' as passing visitors.

But it is time to leave general reflections and turn to mention of the individual drawings exhibited.

Sir H. Hughes-Stanton, R.A., P.R.W.S., claims the first place by the size and dignity of his landscape, a scene in the remote Japanese Alps. The drawing of the mountain summits is

masterly ; but why—the ordinary visitor may ask—is the atmosphere so colourless and chilly ? Sir H. Hughes-Stanton has answered the question for him in the Preface to the recent exhibition of his works shown in Bond Street. He there proclaims that he has set himself to correct the false impression of Japanese scenery transmitted to Europe by the native art. He has, he asserts, discovered and revealed ‘ the Real Japan ’ !

It may seem at first sight rash to question the impression of so competent an observer. But we cannot altogether forget that other English painters have been in Japan, amongst them our own members—members also of the Royal Academy—Alfred East and Alfred Parsons. And, moreover, the present writer has very vivid memories of his own to fall back on. Is it permissible to imagine that Sir H. Hughes-Stanton was unlucky at the time of his visit ? According to general experience, the skies of Japan are—at any rate in autumn—luminous ; the colours of the landscape—capes and bays, grassy hills or forests—varied and vivid. The traveller is reminded of the hill-regions of the Apennines, of Portugal, or of the extreme north of Spain, rather than of the colourless east-wind skies we have too often to submit to in our own island.

Some of our painters ‘ qui trans mare currunt ’ seem to find it difficult to change even their ‘ coelum ’ ! Was it of purpose that a Japanese landscape by a native artist was hung immediately over Sir H. Hughes-Stanton’s pale mountain-tops ? As a work of art it had its faults, but from the traveller’s point of view it came nearer our recollections of the local atmosphere. We may note here in passing ‘ A Japanese Mountain Tarn ’ by Kichibei, lent by Mrs. Weston, a proof that the modern art of Japan has not lost its talent for close observation of natural detail.

Mr. Cecil Hunt we always follow with interest. This year his contribution consisted of only two small drawings : one a signally successful view in the Rhone Valley, where a subject that might have been rejected at first sight as without charm has furnished material for a striking and harmonious composition. A stern and naked view of Piz Roseg was less attractive.

From Mr. W. E. Powell came sundry sober likenesses of rock peaks, in drawing and rich in colour. His masterpiece was a view of the Blümlis Alp from near Kandersteg ; the Weisshorn from the Dom hut furnished another bold sketch.

Mr. Gere was one of the chief contributors, and his exhibits all deserved attention. ‘ The Valley of the Inn ’—a broad landscape—was very successful in rendering the restful lines

and human charm of one of the greater valleys of the Alps, and served as a pleasant interruption in the procession of peaks that lined our walls. In the 'Terrace at Simplon Kulm' we could have done without the tourists on the terrace! They looked out of keeping in the drawing, as they doubtless did in reality. Mr. Gere's Matterhorn seemed to miss the characteristic up-thrust—the 'rearing horse' aspect—and the solidity of the great Zermatt peak. His mountain looked unsubstantial and inclined to lean over. It was somewhat of a relief this year to meet with fewer Matterhorns than usual and to find that the noble peaks of the Weisshorn and Dent Blanche are attracting a fair share of attention.

Mr. Noel Rooke's 'Fletschhorn from the Bel Alp' was a noteworthy success, a most harmonious and satisfactory drawing. The mountain slopes and summit glowed in a softening haze which pervaded the whole landscape. 'Glaramara and Borrowdale,' by the same artist, showed a like skill in representing atmospheric effect. Colonel Donne sent 'Mont Grammont from below Les Avants'; a reminiscence of the beauties of a Swiss spring at the head of the Lake of Geneva, and a memory of dawn on the far-withdrawn snows of Mount Everest as seen from Sandakphu. Mr. Arnold Forster's 'Mont Aiguille' did full justice to that picturesque and historic crag. Mr. Collingwood's two views of the English Lakes in snow and storm called for honourable mention. We might add largely to the roll of meritorious works exhibited, but where so much was pleasant the list would, if complete, tend to become a catalogue.

We must not, however, forget that ladies were responsible for nearly a third of the exhibits. Miss Hechle, whose recent exhibition was noticed in our last number, was severely alpine. The drawings she sent were marked by the ability we have already recognised. Miss Wallis revelled in the mosaic of flowers that brightens alpine meadows in early summer, before they are swept off by the haymaker's scythe. Miss Pawsey can draw a figure vigorously: her 'Old Bridge at Arolla' was a pleasing subject. Miss Norman-Neruda sent winter effects, and Miss M'Alpin studies from the Dolomites. But we had nothing from this region to rival Mr. Adrian Stokes' excellent picture of the Rosengarten Peaks in the Royal Academy.

The extremely limited retrospective section calls for a few words of notice. Earliest in date were two water-colours by Lory, the well-known painter of the eighteenth century whose works, dry and capable, were frequently reproduced in colour-

prints. There was a typical Jungfrau by George Barnard, with a conventional pine-forest in the foreground. More interesting were two drawings by Loppé, the only specimens we know of his work in water-colour. They have an additional interest since they were given by the painter to Sir Leslie Stephen, whose nephew, Sir Harry Stephen, has recently handed them over to the Club.

In conclusion, we must not forget to add that Mr. Sydney Spencer proved his interest in alpine art by several contributions which lead us to hope that he will continue to practise the art as well as to organise our Picture Exhibitions. We must congratulate him further on the excellence of the hanging, which contributed greatly to the visitors' enjoyment of a very satisfactory record of the Club's artistic endeavour.

D. W. F.

#### A PREHISTORIC PANORAMA OF THE CAUCASUS.

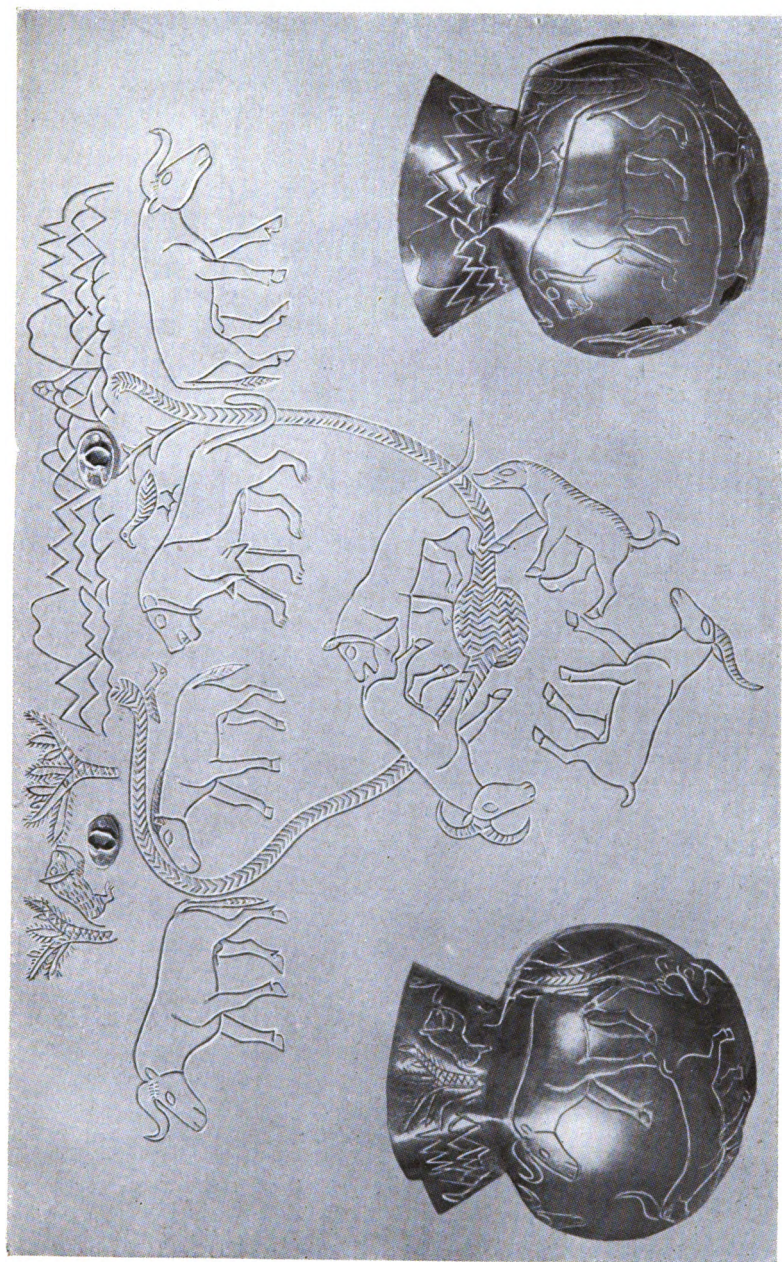
IN his recent volume giving an account of a visit to Soviet Russia for the purpose of inspecting the art treasures of that country and ascertaining their treatment under the present Government, Sir Martin Conway describes an object, forming part of the treasure discovered at Maikop, north of the Caucasus, which has a singular interest for mountaineers. We quote his description,<sup>1</sup> which is accompanied by the illustration we have permission from Messrs. Edward Arnold & Co. here to reproduce.

'The treasure of Maikop is probably the most ancient discovered in South Russia. It belongs to the latest Stone Age, and is roughly attributed to the fourth millennium B.C.—a single grave contained the whole of it. . . . There is a very remarkable silver vessel with a rude representation, engraved in outline, of the great Caucasian chain of mountains as seen from the north. The peaks of Elbruz, Uzhba [*sic*] and Kazbek are easily identifiable, with the Kuban and Terek rivers flowing from them. Whether this design be regarded as a picture or a map, it is by thousands of years earlier than any other representation of individual mountains known to us.'

With regard to the mountain outline, I agree with Sir Martin Conway that it represents 'a seen view'; and that the peculiar volcanic forms of the double crests of Elbruz and Kazbek are distinctly indicated; but I hesitate to recognise Ushba in the spotty peak immediately east of Elbruz. Standing on a southern spur, Ushba is, I believe, invisible from any point on the northern steppe; and I have an outline of the range drawn very carefully in the clearest weather. The only outstanding peak conspicuous between

<sup>1</sup> *Art Treasures in Soviet Russia.* Arnold. 16s.







Elbruz and Kasbek is Dych Tau. The rivers shown—and here Sir M. Conway agrees with me—are, I believe, the Terek and the Baksan, which join in the way represented, while the Kodor flows to the Black Sea.

With regard to the date to be assigned to the vessel in question, Dr. Hogarth writes to me: 'The real date of that Maikop vase has always worried me. If one accepts Rostovtzeff's "fourth millennium," a gulf of nearly two millennia opens between it and the next lot of remains in the Kuban District. Personally I would rather put it in the early Bronze Age, say third or even early second millennium.'

D. W. F.

## IN MEMORIAM.

ALFRED DENIS GODLEY, D.Litt.

ALFRED DENIS GODLEY, Public Orator of Oxford University, died on June 27 in his seventieth year. His death is a heavy blow to his many friends, for no man was more beloved. No one who listened to the lecture on 'Mountains and the Public,' published in the JOURNAL of May, would have thought that this was to be the last of those pleasant, humorous, and wise discourses which we should ever hear. His tall, active figure seemed to be full of vigour, and he inherited long life—his father, the rector of Carrigalan, county Leitrim, living to be nearly ninety. As a schoolboy Godley was by no means strong, but developed later. After two winters at a well-known Dublin school, he went to Harrow in the time of Dr. Butler—and was taught (if, indeed, he needed teaching) the fine art of Latin and Greek verse-writing by a brilliant Etonian, E. M. Young.

With his early manhood came his bodily strength, and there were few more capable of enduring fatigue, as is proved by his long and devoted attachment to Alpine climbing. He came of a distinguished family—on his father's side from a long line of Cheshire squires, a branch of which settled in Ireland in 1651, and on his mother's side from a refugee of the Huguenot *noblesse* who fought with distinction at the Boyne. This family has given us many scholars, soldiers, and administrators, now including his cousins, General Godley and Lord Kilbracken. For his old school Godley had a life-long regard, and became a member of the governing body.

From Harrow he went to Balliol, won a scholarship, and later became known as one of the best classical scholars in the college. He had a distinguished career in the University, with a long list of honours, including the Gaisford and Latin Verse prizes and the

Latin Essay. In spite of all his successes, Godley did not obtain a fellowship by examination. The Fellowship at Magdalen came after a short time at Bradfield, where he encouraged the Greek plays which became so famous. He kept up with his old friends, and in 1883 returned to Oxford at the invitation of his old Balliol friend, now the President of Magdalen, Sir Herbert Warren, and was elected to a Fellowship and Tutorship which he held until 1912.

In 1894 he made a very happy marriage with Miss Amy Cay.

Godley's gifts enabled him to render services to literature, to his University, and to the State. He edited the *Oxford Magazine*, he became a member of the Hebdomadal Council, and of the City Council too, and he won the respect of the councillors, and no doubt would have been Mayor.

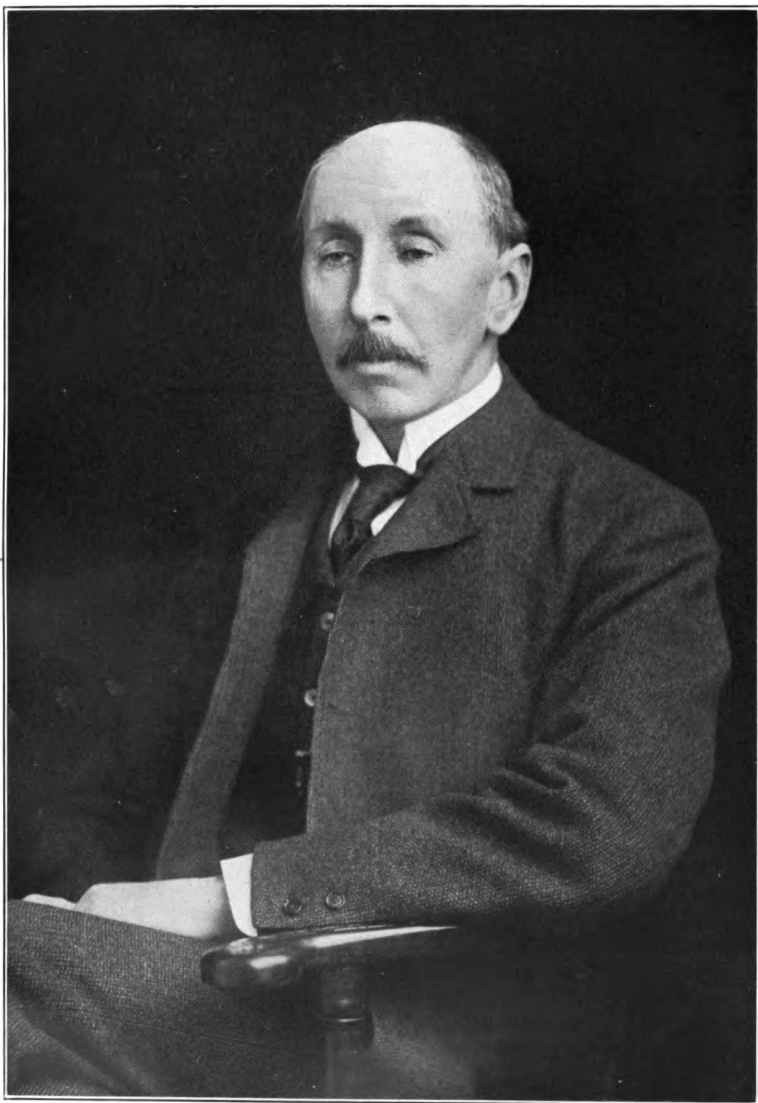
At the time of the South African War he commanded a troop of Oxfordshire Light Infantry. 'I am a Mounted Infant,' he said. When the Great War was upon us he was chosen to command the Oxford Volunteer Training Corps.

In 1910 he edited the *Classical Review*, and the same year was elected to be Public Orator. He had a special capacity for Latin academic oratory, and has been described as 'an almost perfect writer of elegant Latin prose, which passes easily from grave to gay.' Once he chose to present a great musician, Richard Strauss, in Latin hexameters, and he accompanied these with a translation in the same metre into German.

Godley was offered the Doctorate which, with his usual modesty, he at first refused, but a few years later he took it—'It was because I shall probably have to present Potentates this summer [the Potentates were Joffre, Beatty, and Haig], and they might expect to be introduced by somebody in a red gown—otherwise I have no particular taste for these ornaments, nor for listening to the kind of things which are generally kept for obituary notices. However, I make them suffer, so I suppose it is only just.' Again he writes: 'I had searchings of heart about Parliament; I was very reluctant, but said I would stand. Then I was beaten on a vote, much to my relief.'

The condition of Ireland was always a great grief to him; he was at heart profoundly conservative, and lived to see many very hasty changes in his University and country.

If Godley had a passion, it was for the Alps: he read and dreamed of the hills; my first expedition with him was thirty-five years ago, and since then we had together many walks and climbs in Switzerland, Italy, and Lakeland, which have left many memories of his charming companionship. He was well fitted for climbing, having a long reach, a good and cautious pace, with untiring powers of walking for the approach. I only twice saw him at all exhausted, once in blazing sun on fresh snow, and once in storm and wind. He joined the Club in 1890—was on the committee in 1900, and was Vice-President in 1924. In his active days (1889 and 1890) he



*Photo: Elliott & Fry.*

ALFRED DENIS GODLEY.



climbed the Ortler, Königsspitze, Südlenzspitze, and Nadelhorn, Hohthäligrat to Oeschinensee at Kandersteg, Bietschhorn, Beichgrat, with a peak W. of the pass, to Bel Alp, Finsteraarhorn, Portjengrat, Hinterallalinhorn and glacier to Mattmark, Egginergrat, Colle delle Loccie (11 hours to the top), sleeping at Alagna. His walks between climbs were often of great length, one of seventeen hours, exploring Alps and glaciers. Every year he was faithful to the Alps; the guides, when with me, were Jean Maître, Alphonse Supersaxo, and Alois Kalbermatten. We climbed the Weisshorn together when he was near sixty, and he went very strongly. Every incident of the hillside was stamped on his memory. Thus he writes on April 2, 'This day last year we were on Yewbarrow among the snows and woodcocks—I wish I was there now.' He would go any distance for a good view, giving great praise to the Mettelhorn, where he would sometimes linger by himself. His eyesight was remarkable, being sufficiently clear for distance, and at the same time just enough myopic to read small Greek text, so that he never used glasses either for near or far. Sitting once in the inn at Wastdale as he read Herodotus by the evening lamp I told him of the lot of mankind in usually needing glasses in middle age, and quoted 'Bon jour, lunettes—adieu, fillettes,' which he at once translated, 'Welcome, glasses; good-bye, lasses.' He was very quick at rhymes. For the amusement of a guide I once told an epitaph in German—which Godley translated:

'Traveller, stay and bow your head—  
Beneath this stone my corpse lies dead;  
I wish that it was yours instead.'

The best known of his writings are the four volumes of humorous rhyme: 'Verses to Order,' 'Lyra Frivola,' 'Second Strings,' and 'The Casual Ward,' which remind one of Calverley. In 'Socrates and Athenian Society' Godley's talent for clear writing is evident, and his edition of the 'Histories of Tacitus' has been reprinted nine times.

We are promised by his literary executor, Mr. C. R. L. Fletcher, a selection of his things which have not already appeared, and an edition of the best of his poems, whether already published or unpublished. Lord Kilbracken will look over the whole.

Godley had a good ear for music; he used to keep a record of the anthems in chapel. He also had a wonderful gift for humorous drawings, which he entirely dropped after 1881, so that few of his friends knew of this accomplishment.

Of his conversation when stimulated by his friend W. P. Ker no one but a Boswell could report, the Alpine joke, like an Alpine strawberry, though small, is of such exquisite flavour. All depends upon the how and when of the remark—Godley would note Broome's powerful guide and say with Wordsworth 'I take my little Pollinger,' or pass the bazaar at Fee, and suggest that the wealthy owner

should change his name to 'Supertaxo.' His apparent solemnity has often been noted: a friend thought he had a 'puzzled face,' but a 'lucid mind,' and the graceful lines to his memory in *Punch* end, 'The mournful face that masked a joyous mind.' I have seen him with a grave, almost grim, face silently point a long forefinger to an illustration advertising Mary Kingsley's African book, depicting a group of horribly decorated savages—the description beneath had been, in haste, omitted, so that it read 'Macmillan and Co.'! Godley's high intellectual gifts were united with a remarkably even temper; *Mitis sapientia* might have been his motto. His strong sense of humour made him bear minor misadventures more easily; thus when he arrived at Zermatt with only one climbing boot, the other left behind in a locked-up house at Oxford—'some one-legged man has stolen it,' he said. Another boot was quickly made for him, and established a friendly relation with the artist. Later he writes, 'I have had a letter from my friend the ruffian, A. Burgener of Zermatt, the shoemaker—I had to send him a pipe for a Christmas box, because all last season he refused to charge me anything for nailing any of my three boots.'

Godley, always thinking of the Club, wrote to console me for missing the December dinner in 1922, with a report of the speeches. 'Bruce spoke excellently; he pleased me by telling the young men present that neither by winter sporting nor by shinning up British rocks could they get any real knowledge of mountaineering—much needed.' It troubled him in his last illness that he could not present our President for the honorary degree.

About his last voyage he wrote: 'Cnossus is for professional archaeologists, but the general view of the north coast of Crete and the snows of Ida is for everyone. Thence we turned back to the Adriatic, but had time there on the way to have the best part of a day at Spalato, a remarkable place, Roman buildings and later, all living happily together in a natural and unpolished condition. So back to Trieste. Lovely weather and light winds all the way.'

'But we ended badly, we had on board a man of about eighty, once a Fellow of Pembroke (Camb.); he never ought to have come, even with a son to look after him; fell ill during the voyage, and died the night before we reached Trieste. My wife and I, not being in a hurry, stayed two days at Trieste after the cruise, to be of any use we could to the son and daughter; we couldn't really do anything, but at least they were not alone in a strange place.'

In this unhealthy port he picked up a most virulent microbe, and from the illness which followed he never rallied. The delay in Italy—his act of thoughtful kindness—brought about his death.

G. E. W.

As one of those who went to Oxford after the War, I should like to say how deeply the small circle of undergraduate mountaineers



feel the death of Dr. Godley. By us young men he was regarded as the head of the fraternity of mountain lovers in Oxford, and though belonging to an older generation of mountaineers, he was ever ready to give his support to, and often actively assist in, our youthful enthusiasms and enterprises. While he was unable to be a very frequent attendant at our meetings, he gave us his generous assistance on many occasions, whether in the organisation of an expedition to Spitsbergen or in the promotion of a memorial fund for vacation travel. The Mountaineering Club (which is composed almost entirely of undergraduate members) has lost one of its most enthusiastic and unfailing supporters, while many of its members, both past and present, mourn the loss of a real friend.

H. R. C. CARR,  
*Ex-President O.U.M.C.*

Beddgelert. Oct. 7, 1925.

*By kind permission of the Proprietors of 'Punch.'*

A. D. GODLEY.

(BORN 1856. DIED JUNE 27, 1925.)

THE pageant of high summer glows and gleams  
In Oxford's meads and on her sunlit streams,  
But Oxford hearts are sad and heads are bowed  
Under the shadow of a grievous cloud.

Scholars may come and go, but few, and far  
Between, are born beneath a laughing star,  
Like the bright spirit that we mourn to-day,  
Never more wise than when his words were gay.

He wore his learning lightly, like a flower,  
Neither ensconced within the ivory tower  
Of pedantry, nor entering the lists  
To joust with ponderous philologists.

He laughed at others' posturing and pretence,  
Yet often jested at his own expense ;  
He loved the ancients and their golden tongue ;  
Rebuked and yet was tender to the young ;

Faithful upholder of the antique ways,  
Foe of extremes, and generous of praise  
To those who from his torch their rushlights lit,  
Aping his manner while they lacked his wit.

He craved no place, no honours, in the sun,  
 Yet sought new civic duties to be done  
 In war or peace, and laboured to break down  
 The age-long jealousies of town and gown.

Frugal of speech, yet, when the moment came,  
 Transfixing folly with unerring aim,  
 But lavish in the largess of his pen  
 To foster gladness in the hearts of men.

Not only in the jocund verses seen  
 By readers of *The Oxford Magazine*,  
 But in the rhyming letters sent to cheer  
 His friends, a legacy now doubly dear.

Long, long shall Oxford gratefully recall  
 The pen that never held a drop of gall,  
 The heart that never knew a thought unkind,  
 The mournful face that masked a joyous mind.

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DR. JULES JACOT-GUILLARMOD.<sup>1</sup>

1868-1925.

MEMBERS will remember the presence of this stalwart Swiss at the Winter Dinner not long ago. Early this year he attended a Congress at Cairo, and then went up the Nile, across Uganda, and down to Mombasa. Here he embarked for Europe and died off Aden of inflammation of the cardiac muscle.

By profession a medical man, his great interest in life was mountain travelling. He is best known for two journeys (1902 and 1905) to the Himalaya, which he described in 'Six Mois dans l'Himalaya, le Karakorum et l'Hindu-Kush,' a well-written and illustrated book. The party reached about 22,000 ft. on K<sup>2</sup>. He retained the keenest interest in Himalayan travelling and possessed a fine collection of books on the subject. He was distinguished in other ways, was a Past President of the Swiss Geographical Society, Hon. Member of the C.A.S., and at the end of the war rendered yeoman service in proceeding, on behalf of the International Red Cross, to Siberia to trace the half million Austrian prisoners interned by the Russian Government. His contagious enthusiasm, frank manner, and absence of assertiveness gained him many friends.

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<sup>1</sup> Portrait in the work quoted.

## STANLEY BENJAMIN VAN NOORDEN.

1904-1925.

THE death of Stanley Benjamin Van Noorden is a loss which the younger generation of mountaineers can ill afford. The number of Cambridge men who have been introduced to mountaineering under his leadership is a testimony of his work in the University.

He was born on May 29, 1904, and entered St. Paul's School in 1918, where he obtained a Senior Scholarship. He went up to Clare College, Cambridge, in October 1922, as a Scholar. While still at school he had spent many of his holidays wandering about the Lake District, and one can remember his graphic description of the pleasure he had in crossing Striding Edge by himself when such a feat was the zenith of his ambition. From the time that he went up to the University the hills became his great interest in life. During the three years that he was up, all his vacations were spent in camping and climbing and his terms in reading all the mountain literature on which he could lay his hands. He began his serious climbing in the summer of 1922, when he climbed with a guide in the Dauphiné. Except when he traversed the Obergabelhorn in 1923, this was the only season that he climbed with guides, preferring to tackle peaks which were more within his own powers of leadership. At Easter, 1923, he started climbing in the Lakes, where his steady technique and sound judgment showed him to be one of those fortunate few, born climbers. In the summer of 1923 he joined the C.U.M.C. meet in the Graians, where his icecraft, which in the two following years was to be his strong point, showed little signs of developing. His instinctive knowledge of the route and his ability to stick to it in the worst of weather made him, however, an invaluable member of any rope. From the Graians he went with a party south to the Cottians, where, if the climbing is not very arduous, the solitude of the hills was undisturbed by other parties.

It was at Christmas, 1923, that he first conceived the idea of combining climbing and camping in the Lake District. With the help of a Ford car, a party was transported to Wastdale, where a more unorthodox but a more enjoyable camp has seldom been seen. It rained—or snowed—almost continuously, but his cheery optimism and happy anecdote made it one long joke. He was one of the party who tried their best to spend Christmas night on Pillar Rock, and who succeeded a few nights later in walking to Boot instead of Wastdale after having a heated debate on Burnmoor on the route.

The season in the Alps, 1924, was bad and he did nothing of great note; to make up for this he helped to carry a half-hundredweight of coal over Snowdon and encamped in the small cottage below Glaslynt. He proceeded to unravel the puzzle of East Peak Lliwedd; it immediately became his favourite British crag, and it was here that

he did his last climb—Avalanche route—a day or two before his death.

Early in April 1925, after some time at Wastdale, he went with a party to Scotland, attempting the Tower Ridge of Ben Nevis three times and only being turned at the third attempt after eleven hours' climbing.

In the summer of 1925 he and I had hoped to do great things, and although the weather was far from good we managed to put in a really good season. We crossed the Col des Cristaux and made an attempt on the Moine Ridge of the Verte; the conditions on the Ridge were very bad, and the snow made the going so slow that we were compelled to turn 400 ft. from the summit; and were not back to the Couvercle hut till 11 at night.

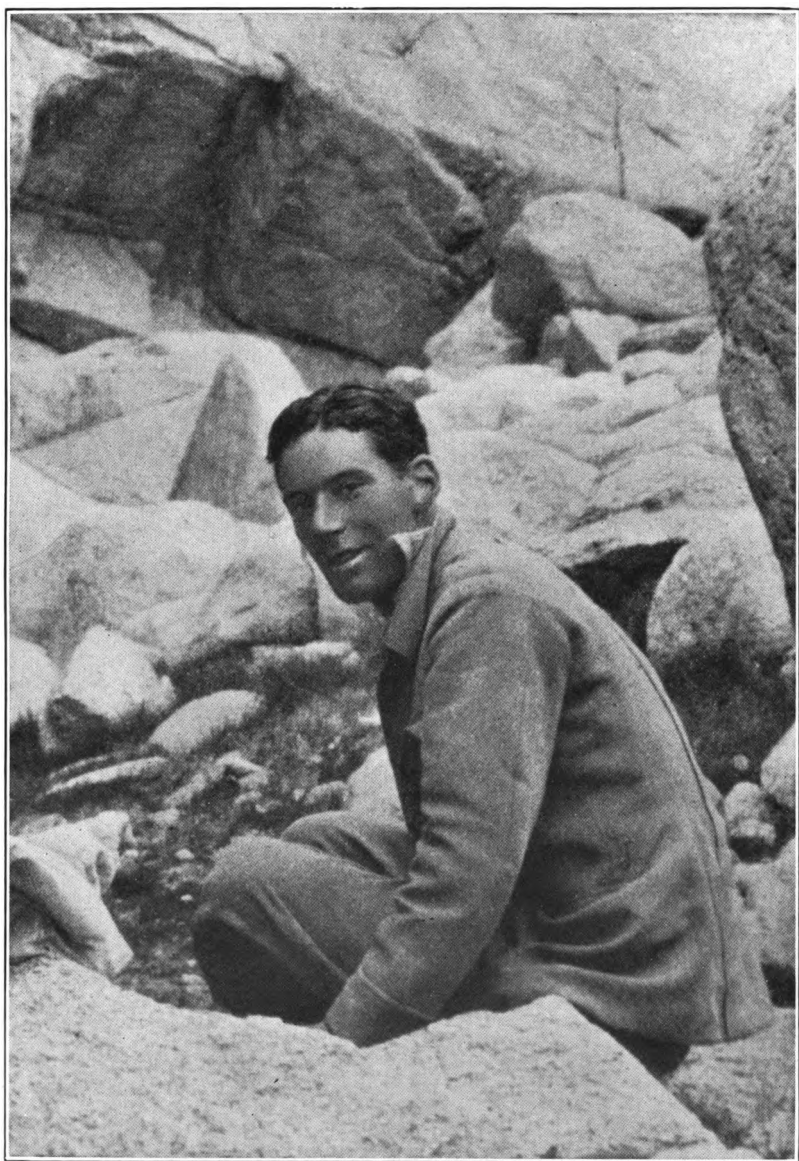
Crossing the Col du Géant we climbed the Aiguille Noire de Peuteret. The weather was holding for two or three days and we decided to tackle the Brouillard ridge of Mont Blanc. Having climbed the couloir to the Col Emile Rey, the gully which leads thence to the main arête above was found to be filled with overhanging ice, and an exit had to be found up the right wall. The holds were small and slightly glazed, but he led up it with a steadiness and care that one had grown to expect and require of him. Later at the Club Meet in the Arolla district, leading a party of three beginners, he had the unpleasant experience of having them all fall off together; he was able to hold them.

In bad weather his party crossed to Zermatt and during a short improvement he led Dr. Clark Kennedy, Edwin Kempson and myself up the Obergabelhorn, only to be chased off the top by a snowstorm. The weather continuing bad, he decided to take a short holiday in Wales as a make-weight; he had been climbing there a week when he was killed on the crags that form the rim of Lower Cwm Glas.

In 1924 he was elected President of the University Mountaineering Club; no one who was a member during his year of office will lightly forget the care he took to know everybody who wished to learn to climb and the hours he spent seeing that they were fixed up with a party for the vacation. He was also joint editor of the 'Oxford and Cambridge Journal.' His rooms were always open to visitors, and his Sunday mountaineering breakfasts from 10 till 1 will always be a happy memory.

It was not only his climbing ability that made him such an ideal mountaineer. His unfailing cheerfulness when personal comfort was lacking and his unobtrusive humour in every situation attracted everyone with whom he climbed. His real ability and his charm of modesty made him a delightful friend.

Although climbing was his great passion in life, he had many other interests of which he said little. He was a great book lover and read widely. Very few of his climbing friends knew that he was a musician of no small ability and that he was a musical critic on one of the



STANLEY BENJAMIN VAN NOORDEN.



University papers. He took a first in Part I. Natural Sciences and read Physics in Part II., obtaining a second. We younger mountaineers have been deprived of a sound leader.

P. WYN HARRIS.

We are permitted to print a most interesting letter written by Mr. van Noorden to Mr. Geoffrey Young, describing in detail the ascent of the Brouillard arête by Mr. Wyn Harris and himself.

Mr. Young adds: 'It was a *magnificent* piece of mountaineering: for the mere size of those precipices and glaciers is daunting enough, apart from the bad season and the old tradition of their inaccessibility save in *exceptionally* favourable conditions. I think of the years before 1911 when all the world looked at it through telescopes, season after season, and turned away, or fought up as far as Col Emile Rey—and turned back! And the same would seem to have been happening since, till these two went and "rubbed their noses into it."'

HOTEL DU PIGNE,  
AROLLA.

28/7/25

DEAR MR. YOUNG,—We were so pleased to receive your letter, for as yet we have had no one to talk to about the Brouillard—at Chamonix we had but a short hour after descent before we had to come on here, whilst to the Arolla type of mind, the Brouillard is less than a mere name.

Your letter encourages us to hope that a few details may not be boring.

The party consisted only of Wyn Harris and myself. We had practically no moon—it rose just before dawn, but we were continuously in the shadow of the ridge. We left the Quintino Sella at midnight exactly, and crossed the glacier by previously cut steps. The ribs of rock following were rather slow work in the dark, but once on the glacier we made fair progress. We had previously worked out a route through the crevasses, which was very fortunate, as they would have been extremely troublesome in the dark otherwise. With claws[crampons] the couloir itself gave no difficulty, the schrund being easily turned over to the right, and we arrived on the Col Emile Rey at 4.30 to see, on the far side, an amazing sea of cloud, tinged scarlet by the rising sun, which just swamped the Dames Anglaises, the Aiguille Noire looking a magnificent spire thrusting up through the cloud.

After a second breakfast we left (4.45) with some misgivings about the weather, and traversed (after weeks of anticipation) to the foot of the gully.<sup>1</sup> It was choked with great icy columns and

<sup>1</sup> [Cf. *A.J.* xxv. 736-7, where Mr. Geoffrey Young who, with the late H. O. Jones and Dr. Karl Blodig, with Josef Knubel, made the first ascent of the Brouillard arête on August 9, 1911, writes: 'The

pillars and, to our judgment, was quite impossible after one pitch. Harris tried a route on the left wall, but we were brought up after about 100 feet by an incoherent snow cornice. I then started up an icy pitch on the right wall, Harris led through me and up a difficult iced chimney to an icy platform with a big iced bollard for belay. I then tried a traverse to the right but was brought up after 10 feet by vertical rotten ice.

The last alternative was the wall straight above. I believe this was strictly vertical with the exception of a gangway sloping up to the right and outwards, about two feet wide, which finished about eight feet from the top of the wall. Only the first step of this was icy. Harris led up the gangway, but could not manage the wall above in his rucksack, for the finger strain seemed considerable. So he returned and I had a shot without rucksack and taking a shoulder for the first step to save time and strain. I found I could hold myself in at the top of the gangway by finger holds, and put one hand over the top of the wall, but there were no definite holds.

After a rest I had a second shot and quite suddenly found the solution in a long stride to the left to a fair foothold and then up easy rocks to finish the fifty-foot pitch.

I hauled up the baggage and Harris followed very speedily. It was here that a solitary stone fell with a smack a yard from us. This was all we saw fall during the day, but it made us hurry all together up the remainder of the wall of the gully, Harris cutting up an ice cascade in a chimney on the way—rather difficult—until, bearing left, we passed a *small* névé patch on the right. Here we unroped and wandered delightfully straight up to the Amedeo, keeping on the rocks just to the left of a *long* névé slope. We reached the Amedeo at 9.45 and had half an hour's halt.

At 10.15 we left on a short rope (I led) and were going well when we were enveloped in a very appropriate mist; but when we got higher—on to the less steep and snowy ridge before Mont Blanc de Courmayeur, the weather became worse and we were rather worried, not knowing the geography and thinking we should be already past Mont Blanc de Courmayeur when we were obviously

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ascent of the steep and hitherto unclimbed gully which begins at a point slightly below and to the E. of the Col Emile Rey was begun at 5.15 A.M. The rocks were found to be dry and fairly easy, and the only real difficulty encountered was one steep slab about 30 ft. high with small holds which might prove impossible after snow or rain.'

The late H. O. Jones, *A.J.* xxvi. 255, writes: 'We learnt that Knubel was confident of being able to ascend the gully on the east, [right ascending] in the bed of which there was but little ice, and even of being able to reach the ridge by the more difficult route on the west [left ascending] of the Col. . . . we roped up and moved on to the foot of the gully. This we ascended mainly by its true right wall.'



not so. However, we put on claws again, Harris took the lead and we trudged on by compass until at 4.0 we decided that a number of bottles and sardine tins represented the summit [of Mont Blanc]. It took us  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours from the summit to the Vallot hut for we had to take great care over the compass—except in occasional ‘thinings’ we could not see twenty yards beyond our noses—and snow and wind made map and compass work quite trying. We reached the hut at 5.30 and decided to stop the night. Actually, we could have got to the Grands Mulets in another 2 hours, for just below the hut the usual groove-like track started down the soft snow.

It was a glorious day’s work; it was a pity we had to take heavy sacks—it spoiled our times rather—but we had no more time left to return to Courmayeur and had to take everything with us.

The weather has been horrible all the time—never more than 3 days fine consecutively. Consequently, in our 3 weeks at Chamonix we got very little done. Col des Cristaux, Col du Géant, Dent du Géant, Aig. Noire de Peuteret and attempts on the Tour Noir and the Moine ridge of the Verte. The latter was grand, but we were turned by time only 400 feet from the summit and got off the glacier at 9.0 P.M.

Arolla has been a pleasant interlude, but to-morrow we leave for the Bricolla to traverse Dent Blanche—we have had 2 days fine up to to-day and with to-morrow the West ridge might be in condition. The North ridge was actually on our programme for this summer, and given the weather, we are intending to have a very strong attempt on it.

Hoping to do several good ridges in the next fortnight.

Please excuse this very full and lengthy description; when one starts to describe such a climb shortly it runs into an amazing length!

Mr. Geoffrey Young’s own story of this great expedition appears in John Buchan’s *Great Hours in Sport*. It will be reprinted in Mr. Young’s forthcoming *Memoirs*.

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### WILLY RICHARDET.

1902–1925.

A YEAR ago we had to chronicle the fatal accident to young Rudolf v. Tscharner. Now the sister University of Berne mourns not the least brilliant of the band of its sons who, the last three or four years, have been making Alpine history with a care and a finish that has evoked the sympathetic appreciation of us all. The tie between v. Tscharner and Richardet, by a strange fatality, is joined once more. The two were comrades in a daring ascent of the Dent Blanche by the Viereselsgrat on October 12, 1921, in such conditions that they only reached the summit at 6.30 P.M.—bivouacked there—started again

at midnight by moonlight—were forced to bivouac again from 3 to 7 A.M. and then continued the descent, calmly and carefully, as a matter of everyday work. My friend Dr. Lauper, now of Zurich, the acknowledged mentor and leader, though only a little their senior, of these young University students, to whose notice of his young friend, written obviously from his heart, I am mainly indebted, has done well to print Richardet's own account of this great adventure. It shows us the man as he must have been. We go with him all day—we share his hopes—we shiver through the long-drawn bivouacs and then a sense of positive relief as the Wandfluh and safety are gained. There is not one superfluous word. It grips one as I have seldom been gripped by any mountain narrative.

Richardet was born and spent his life in Berne. As a boy his father initiated him into the delights of the mountains, and already as a boy he gave promise of quite extraordinary endurance which is, after all, the indispensable factor in great expeditions. At eighteen he went up to the University and Sunday after Sunday bent his steps to the mountains. In the winter of 1922 he became President of the famed A.A.C.B. or University Alpine Club. Winter and summer expeditions followed hard on each other. A fine swimmer, a brilliant skieur, he was always in hard training and yet such was his power of concentration, such his industry, that his studies never suffered and he passed out in March of this year as a fully qualified doctor of dentistry.

I cannot go into all the expeditions, running into hundreds, which this short Alpine career has to show. They are treated in more detail in my friend Lauper's admirable notice. But I must mention climbs like the ascent of the Ulrichspitze direct from the Ochsenenthal—Bradley could tell us of that—like the Guggi-Jungfrau—the unravelling, certainly with Lauper, of the intricate S. face of Bietschhorn (a masterpiece of Daniel Maquignaz's)—like Requin, Charmoz, Grépon just thrown in—like the E. arête and face of Schreckhorn, scene of Elliott's fatal slide, first ascended by the Pendleburys, then by Hermann Woolley and Chr. Jossi who, boldest of the bold, three years later, *descended* it with Claud Macdonald. By the end of the 1923 season he was a recognised past-master as instanced by an attack on the even still defiant N. arête of Dent Blanche, defeated a thousand feet below the summit, while most of the great Zermatt peaks succumbed.

The two seasons that remained to him were in the company of men whose experience and powers did not exceed his own, and who willingly recognised his full or even greater share in the lead. The N.-ice face of Blümlisalp, probably only possible at the season, was conquered with his comrades, Amstutz and Salvisberg, as recorded, 'A.J.' xxxvi. 401; then, with Dr. Chervet, the jagged S.E. arête of Jäghorn, which had defeated a Montandon with a Knubel—pretty useful pair—was ascended in  $4\frac{1}{2}$  hrs. The zenith of his powers is shown in the ascent of the N. face of Lauterbrunnen



Dr. Willy Richardet  
1902—1925.



Breithorn, again with Chervet, again as reported and illustrated in 'A.J.' xxxvi. 401. Those who know the Rottal, as I do, do not want telling what sort of job that was—never a decent hold in your hands—a 'steep iced step with tile-like stratification.' That is the sort of climb that tests, hour after hour, without mercy, the inwardness of men.

We, of our old Club, know.

There come his last few weeks. The present pages exhibit, in his own workmanlike letter to the veteran Montandon to whom all these young men seem to turn, the finished leadership on one of the famous of classic climbs, the Macugnaga face of Monte Rosa; then he and Salvisberg cut up the ice *Nollen* on the N. face of Mönch; while he and Dr. Lauper, safely returned from exile in the States, race up the W. ridge of Bietschhorn in 4 hrs. and stroll home down Mr. Coolidge's E. *spur* and over the Baltschiederjoch—*some day*!

Then comes the end.

None of these young Swiss and Austrian and German climbers seem to consider their courage and skill and endurance *tried out* till they have done the traverse of the Aig. Blanche and the Peuteret arête to M. Blanc—an expedition once described by Dr. Pfann, who has to be listened to, as the greatest, bar perhaps the traverse of the two Ushba summits. This seems to be a sort of Mecca, a lodestone to the true believer.

Alfred Horeschowsky, the Austrian mountaineer, whose competence as a mountaineer is not even exceeded by his brilliance and daring, had done it in 1923, and a few days earlier this season the expedition had been repeated by a party of young Munich climbers of the A.A.V.M. or University Club whose daring and undoubted powers at times seem to gallop ahead of their mountaineering experience. Youth will be served, and will grow to age and prudence and, maybe, sloth all too soon.

And so they set out from Bertolini's hospitable roof in the cloudless morning of August 8. They follow the well-remembered path, pass the lower bivouac just above the Brenva glacier bank, and by 7 P.M. have made their gîte at 3700 m. on the E. face of the Aig. Blanche. The day was perfect. I was at Courmayeur and know. The party is Richardet, the equally stalwart von Schuhmacher and Amstutz, all tried comrades of many a great day, a very workmanlike team. But weather dogged their steps with that fatal, sudden turn over, the bugbear of the whole season. That same night thick mist came down like a pall—at 2 A.M. it started to rain and continued till 6. No one but a madman would have dreamed of proceeding on this, the longest climb in the Alps—and they were not mad but cool and careful mountaineers. So at 7 they started down in the full knowledge that, harmless as that face is in the cold early morning, the warmer, later hours might well bring disaster. They took the risks, open-eyed, not in ignorance; as older mountaineers, not once in their lives, have had to do. The mist still enveloped them, the trail was hard to follow, ears are scant

defence. All at once came the roar of stones—huge stones as Amstutz described to me. Von Schumacher jumped for safety with the others close behind when a stone as big as a man's head struck Richardet in the back and in an instant he died. Amstutz was a yard away. They dragged him to some sort of shelter, and it was two hours before they could bring themselves to leave him after covering his body with a coat. His belt and rucksack were cut right off by the stone and could not be found. His body was brought down by themselves and a party of willing guides two days later, and he lies at Berne among his own people.

Of the helpful sympathy of M. and Mme. Chablot, true daughter of Père Bertolini, and of the energetic practical help of their capable daughter who runs so smoothly the great busy Royal, one could not say enough.

What else can one, dare one say? It were an impertinence to offer to his parents any sort of consolation. They had brought up this only son, this stalwart six-foot youngster, to manhood, to the threshold of a useful career. In an instant he is cut down. They will try to understand and will bear as best they may. With his comrades of many a day of triumph it is different. To them we can talk. We can tell them that their loss is our loss—that we count such a life as much of our ranks as of theirs—that this young career may, in the history of mountaineering, be quoted in the years to come as an exemplar of endurance, of skill, of high endeavour, of reasoned care, such as brings credit on what we know to be unsurpassed as a refined and exhilarating pursuit for body and mind.

*October 31, 1925.*

J. P. FARRAR.

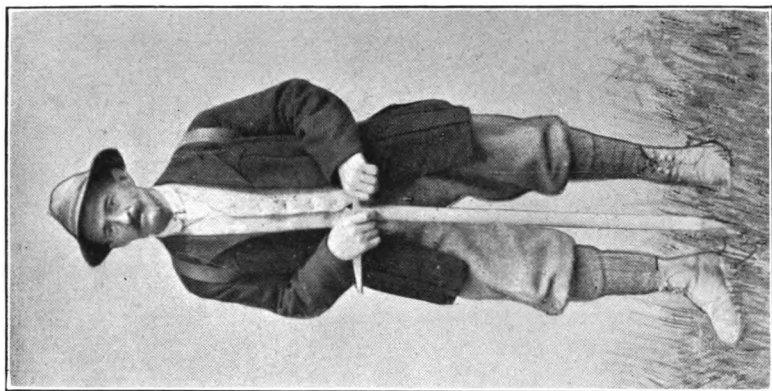
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### ALFRED COUTTET

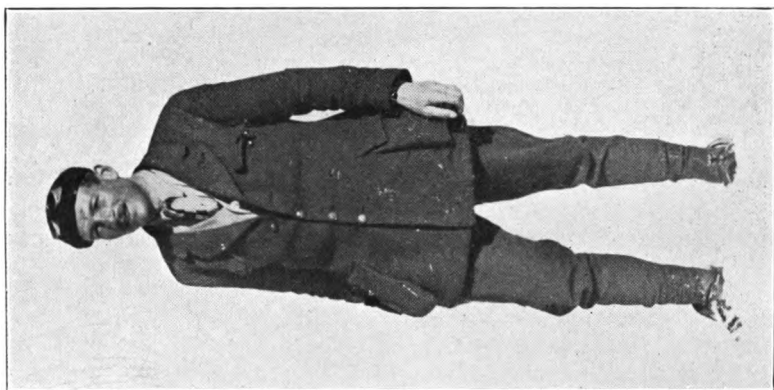
1896–1925.

By the death of Alfred Couttet, Chamonix certainly loses one of the most gifted and enterprising of its younger guides. His splendid physique was the basis of remarkable climbing ability, and his genial temperament made him at all times a very pleasant companion. In the last few years he had travelled with a large number of English patrons, not only on the ever-popular rock-peaks of his own valley, but to most of the varied ranges between the Dauphiné and Zermatt.

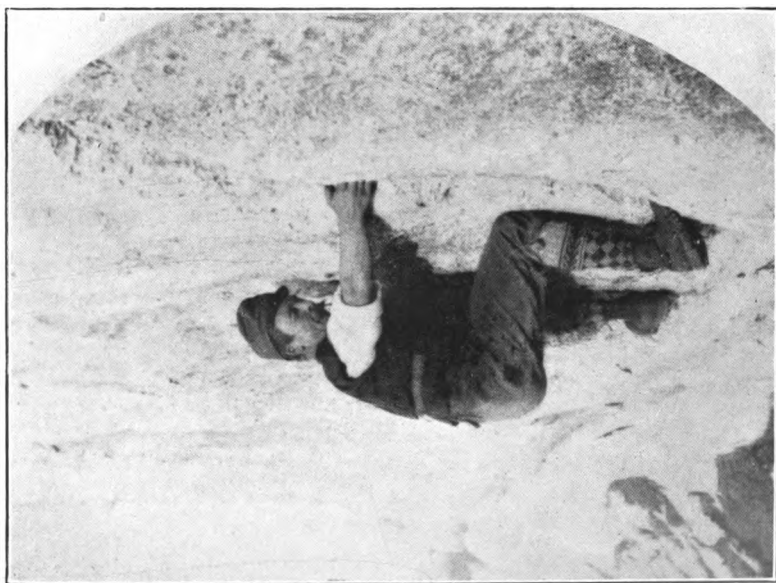
I engaged him in 1923 to assist me with the Oxford Club meet at Arolla, and his services were much appreciated by us all during the week he was with us. In 1924 he joined me in the Dauphiné at the end of May, when he and I together made an ascent of the Grand Pic de la Meije, said to be the earliest recorded in any season. Neither of us knew the mountain, and I was very well impressed with his able route-finding. His powers were put to a more rigorous test when he led my father and me over the Matterhorn in the following



FRANZ PINGGERA.



ALFRED COUTTET.



HANNS FIECHTL.  
*Photo: G. Berthold.*





July. We were caught in a severe storm above the Shoulder, and we had our work cut out to descend in safety even to the Solvay Refuge. Though our field of vision was reduced to a few feet by the driving snow-flakes, Alfred's steadiness and confidence were admirable, for it was his first visit to the mountain.

In common with many other English climbers, we mourn the loss of a good friend and an efficient guide.

H. R. C. CARR.

R. C. C. CARR.

In subscribing to the fund Mr. George S. Bower writes: "I have never had Alfred Couttet as a guide, but I have very happy memories of his unselfish sportsmanship in giving us sketches and the fullest possible particulars of the Aig. du Peigne and the Aig. Ravanel in 1924."

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### FRANZ PINGGERA

1881-1925.

A SAD accident, of which no details have reached us, but which appears to have been brought about by the notoriously rotten rocks almost universal throughout the Ortler Group, recently caused the death<sup>1</sup> of Franz Pinggera. The disaster occurred on one or other of the tiny Tabaretta pinnacles situated in the vicinity of the Payer Club Hut. Thus, a wretched and insignificant tooth has caused the loss of a guide, possibly the best all-round mountaineer in all Tirol.

Like the majority of Sulden men, Franz Pinggera was excellent on ice or snow, but very different from most, he was a first-class climber on any kind of rock, for which indeed he always affirmed his strong partiality. He was the second son of the famous Johann Pinggera, Payer's faithful companion, and the nephew of Alois Pinggera. That excellent guide, Hans Sepp Pinggera, was his elder brother, and his most friendly and devoted rival.

It is unnecessary to give a complete list of Franz's more difficult expeditions. These include all the hardest expeditions in the Ortler Group, among which may be noted the first ascent of the Ortler itself by the so-called 'Rothböckgrat,' or N.E. spur of the Marltgrat (1904), two ascents of the same mountain by the very dangerous 'Schückrinne,' at least a dozen ascents by the Marltgrat, as well as many routes up the Königsspitze, Zembrù, Thurwieser, Trafoier Eiswand, etc. In other districts he had also travelled

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<sup>1</sup> According to *Die Alpen*, No. 10, p. 251, Signor M. Giuliani of Naples perished at the same time.

extensively, accomplishing (1906) the first ascent of the Adamello by the N.W. arête.

In Switzerland, his expeditions include all the principal Pennines, among them the traverse of the Zinal-Rothhorn and back to Zermatt over the Trifhorn on the *same* day, the Lyskamm (alone with Mr. T. M. Kerne) from the Lys to the Felikjoch, the combined Grands Charmoz-Grépon traverses, the two Drus, Requin, Géant, Aiguille de la Brenva etc.

His best-known employers—to mention only British climbers, to whom indeed he was particularly devoted—include Messrs. T. M. Kerne, E. G. Oliver, H. E. Newton, E. L. Strutt and Geoffrey Howard.

He had, even among Tirolese, a wonderfully charming and refined disposition. His appearance was almost the beau-ideal of a mountaineer, while his handsome features recalled those of another departed and more exalted countryman. Bold, without being rash, the very personification of cheery optimism, he was fond of moving at a really tremendous pace on either rock or ice. He fought most gallantly throughout the war, latterly being stationed on the Ortler itself under the command of his brother, Hans Sepp, specially promoted Captain.

Franz Pinggera, who leaves a widow and five children, will indeed be sadly missed by a host of mountaineers and friends. It would have been hard to find, in the whole Alps, a simpler or more lovable character.

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THE LATE SIR JAMES RAMSAY.—Reverting to the notice on p. 175, it is interesting to learn that his last work, 'A History of the Revenues of the Kings of England from 1066 to 1399,' on the proofs of which he was engaged up to the end, will shortly appear. His assistants in his literary work were his two elder daughters, Miss Ramsay and Miss Lilius Ramsay. They have just completed the Index of their father's latest work.

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## ALPINE ACCIDENTS.

THE DEATH OF M. RICHARDET on the Aig. Blanche is the subject of a notice on p. 353.

DEATH OF FRAU NOLL-HASENCLEVER ON THE WEISSHORN.—This enthusiastic and very capable mountaineer was overwhelmed by an avalanche in the following circumstances :

On August 17 the well-known German mountaineer, Herr Hans Pfann, Herr Trier, and she bivouacked on the Guggifuh rocks above Randa and reached the summit of Bieshorn at 11.40 next day. Threatening weather and the late hour made them abandon

their contemplated ascent of the Weisshorn by the N. arête, and they returned to the Biesjoch at 1.30, halting till 2.35. They decided to make for the Weisshorn hut by the route first taken by Mr. C. F. Meade's party in 1910—cf. 'A.J.' xxv. 275 (note) and 359, and the instructive sketch in *Alpes Valaisannes*, ii. 171. They crossed the ridge running N.E. from Pt. 3781, descended on the other side and proceeded to ascend the 300 to 400 ft. to the steep snow col between Pts. 3781 and 3365 (see Siegfried map and the above sketch), Trier leading, then Mme. Noll, and Pfann last. Toward the crest he bore slightly to the left and was about 50 ft. under the crest when suddenly, soon after 4, the whole snowfield, some 300 m. wide but only about 8 to 12 ins. thick, broke away some 30 ft. above him. The whole party was carried off their feet in the avalanche. Pfann, with desperate energy, managed to stop himself, but the pull of the rope twisted him round, breaking his thigh and hurled him through the air. Mme. Noll was buried in the bergschrund by the snow. Trier was buried upright up to his waist: Pfann came to a standstill on the upper lip. Trier worked himself loose and made desperate efforts to uncover Mme. Noll, but she was already suffocated. He then did what he could for Pfann, and reached over the same col at 8.30 the Weisshorn hut. One of the guides (Perren) of a party at the hut descended to the Valley, and the rescue party, including Mr. Versluys and his guides, reached the hut at 3.30 A.M. and the scene of the accident at 5.30 A.M. and got Pfann and the corpse of Mme. Noll to the hut by 10.

Herr Pfann, whose experience is unsurpassed, adds that the state of the snow did not indicate any danger, as the slope which faces N.E. had been in the shade for an hour, and there was no fresh snow. An old trail was still visible in the bare lower part of the slope in which he had to cut a few steps, but the ensuing steps in snow bore well, the foot sinking in only about 4 ins., while the axe-shaft found good bottom.

Frau Noll was buried at Zermatt, the funeral being attended by the whole community.

**DEATH OF ALFRED COUTTET ON THE GRAND DRU.**—This brilliant young guide was killed on September 2 in the circumstances now described:

'I stayed with Alfred Couttet, the charming and brilliant young guide we had taken at Chamonix, to traverse the Drus, Sept. 2. Conditions were perfect, and we were, at 6.45, within an hour of the top of the Grand Dru, and above the difficulties, when Alfred, leading with 13 m. of the new Everest rope out, pulled out a hold and shot clear over our heads. The rope caught and snapped 3 m. above the porter (who had it secured) and Couttet fell fully 30 m. in the first fall: being of course instantly killed. His body descended to the glacier in four or five leaps, about 300 m., where we recovered it, 2½ hrs. later.

'Couttet was insured, and we have added to his insurance all we feel we can ; he left a young widow (he was 29) and a 7 months' old son. The Syndicat d'Initiative opened a subscription for them which had quite generous response ; but there is still occasion for his regular clients to contribute if they feel so disposed.

' WILLARD HELBURN.'

A short appreciation appears on p. 356.

Couttet was a man of many friends, especially among the young French climbers of the G.H.M., who speak warmly of the friendly advice and information which he was always ready to give them.

**Any further subscriptions can be sent to the Hon. Secretary.**

THE DEATH OF HANNS FIECHTL ON THE TOTENKIRCHL.<sup>1</sup>—The translation of the following remarks by Herr Adolf Deye, himself one of the most noteworthy of the latest school of rock-climbers, will serve as a tribute to the memory of a very remarkable guide :

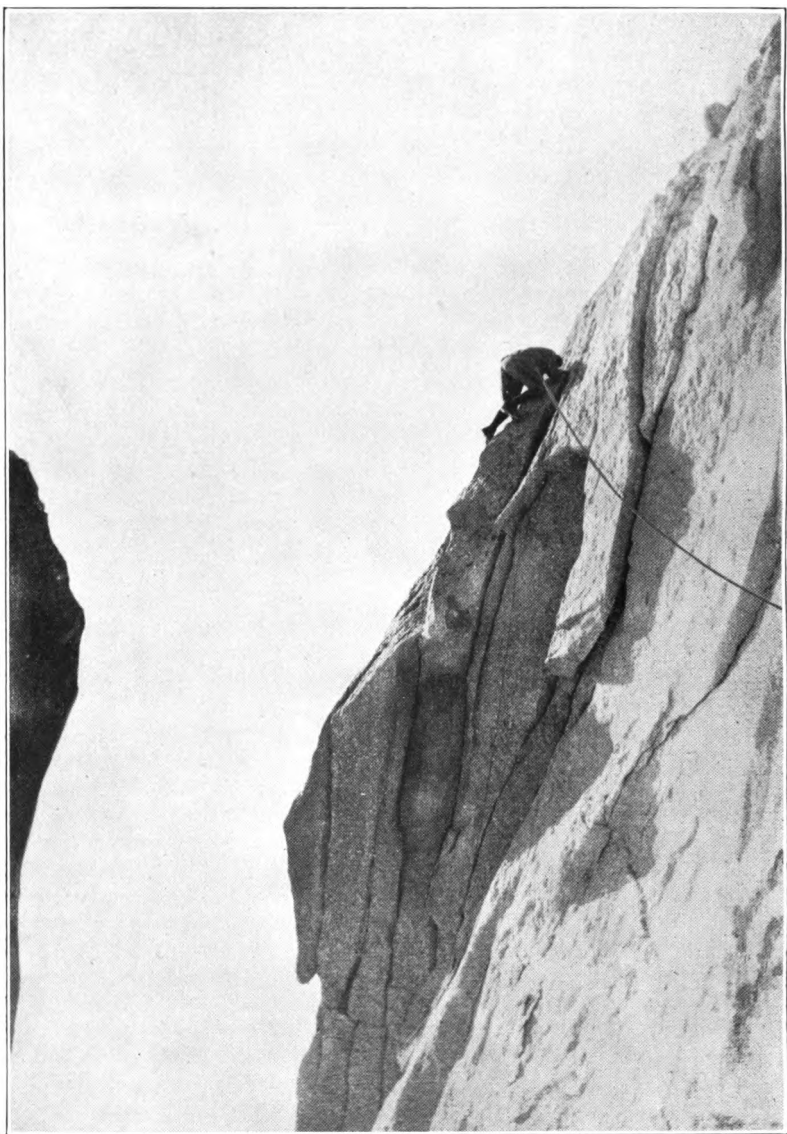
'The undoubtedly most successful guide of the later Alpine developments, Hanns Fiechtel met with a fatal accident on August 1 in the Kaisergebirge. The reason was probably an attack of faintness on a not particularly difficult place [on the Totenkirchl] which his extraordinary powers would have found easy.

'The activities of Fiechtel extended over the whole of the Eastern Alps. He was one of those rare guides who did not climb simply for pay, but out of sheer Alpine keenness. Not only do we lose in him our best guide, but also one of our best mountaineers altogether. Many of his first ascents were done with other climbers for comrades, so that he missed many days' pay. In the company of the writer he carried through a series of successful expeditions in the Dolomites, including the conquest of the tremendous N. face of the Einserkofel by a new and magnificent route which even to-day counts as one of the most difficult in the Eastern Alps. His most brilliant performance in rock was the first ascent, with Herr Otto Herzog, of the S. face of the Schlüsselkar-spitze in the Wetterstein group,<sup>2</sup> when the absolute limit of human endeavour was reached. Noteworthy are his climbs in the Zillerthal group, including several new routes up the Feldkopf, and the first ascent of the N. face of the Seekarlspitze in the Rofan. Taking him all in all we may say that in him there ends as full a climber's life as has been vouchsafed to very few.'

<sup>1</sup> I am indebted for the portrait to Herr Franz Nieberl.

<sup>2</sup> See *Der Berg*, 1924, pp. 69 and 71, for details with illustration.





*Photo: E. R. Blanchet.*

ARMAND CHARLET  
on L'Isolée des Aigs. du Diable.

Fiechtl was particularly known for the extension of the use of *pitons* in combination with *Karabiners* or oval spring-rings through which the rope is threaded on traverses which otherwise were beyond the power of any human being; indeed he brought their use to quite a fine art. The system is described and illustrated in Miss Bray's paper on the Kaisergebirge. He is spoken of universally as the most brilliant climber and a modest and reliable companion. He was always the first in every rescue party and ever ready to advise the guideless climber. He had never recovered from the hardships of the war and may have had a slight stroke on the easy Eggersteg where he fell. He was buried in his own village Münster near Brixlegg, close to the home of the late Mr. Baillie-Grohman. His name will go down as fit to rank with those of great rock-climbers like M. Bettega, Toni Dimai, Sepp Innerkofler, Angelo Dibona, and G. B. Piaz.

THE DEATH OF FRANZ PINGGERA ON THE TABARETTASPIITZE is the subject of a notice by Lt.-Col. Strutt on p. 357.

## NEW EXPEDITIONS.

### *Mont Blanc Group.*

L'ISOLÉE<sup>1</sup> (4114 m. = 13,494 ft.). Group of the Aiguilles du Diable.<sup>2</sup> July 14, 1925. Mr. E. R. Blanchet with Armand Charlet and Antoine Ravanel, of Argentières. From the M. Blanc du Tacul descend without difficulty to the Gap N.W. of L'Isolée, which is the first of the five Aiguilles. Descend an easy 15 m. couloir on E. face, then horizontal 8 m. traverse along the base of the Aiguille. Climb straight up difficult fissures to a little flat where one can rest. During this first bit one is secured from the gap. From the flat continue up more difficult grooves; small overhang turned on left. One then reaches a 2 m. fissure closed by a second overhang—turn this also on left by jamming an axe into a groove 1 m. more to the left, hoisting oneself first by left and then by right hand (very delicate, *extraordinarily* difficult); then ride up an almost holdless arête (very hard; see illustration where the climber is turning his back to the Pointe Carmen). Next a 2 m. fissure climbed by means

<sup>1</sup> This was the highest unclimbed point in France.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. M. Henry Bregeault's admirable article with skeleton map, based on the Vallot Survey, in *La Montagne*, October 1924. MM. J. de Lépiney, Lagarde, Chevalier and he made the first ascent of the Pointe Carmen. Cf. also Commandant Gaillard, *Massif du M. Blanc*, pt. 1, p. 184, for description and sketch.

of a little chockstone on its summit. Serious difficulties now end and the rock from smooth and clear in colour becomes tawny and rough 30 m. to the top. A 35 m. spare rope is needed for the descent so as to avoid (on the left descending) the difficult passage. Times: Géant inn, 0.10; M. B. du Tacul, 5.10; L'Isolée, 8.20; M. B. du Tacul, 10.30; Géant inn, 14.10; Montenvers, 19.45.

AIGUILLE VERTE (4127 m. = 13,541 ft.). First complete ascent by the arête des Grands Montets.<sup>1</sup> August 9 to 11, 1925. MM. Dalloz, Lagarde and H. de Ségogne, all of the G.H.M.

The party left Montenvers at midnight and gained at 6 A.M. the Col des Grands Montets and soon after an open gap on the W. arête of the Petite Aiguille Verte quite near to its summit. From here a sort of *vire* continues all along the Nant-Blanc [or S.W.] slope of the Grands Montets arête as far as the foot of the point, which the present party have named Pointe Farrar.<sup>2</sup> It is not so much a *vire* as the upper limit of the slopes of rock mixed with snow which there become vertical, smooth and dry up to the crest of the arête.

They followed this *vire*, well marked at first, as far as the edge of a couloir, then descended into this and climbed the wall on the other side until they had regained about their previous height. The way must then be sought by effecting a delicate traverse on slopes of rock mixed with snow and crossing several couloirs. Care not to mount too high and to arrive too soon on the arête. One then attains a couloir bounded on its left bank by the base of the Pointe Farrar. Mount this couloir and the *verglassées* chimneys which succeed, and gain the main arête N. of the Pointe Farrar which is turned on the Argentière face, 12.30-13.30.<sup>3</sup> Mount then to the gap N. of the Aig. Carrée. Near the arête and on the N.E. [or Argentière] side a chimney of *verglassées* rocks rises towards the summit. Take to this and thus gain an open window on the Nant-Blanc side. The summit of the Aiguille Carrée is about 30 m. from this. On the Nant-Blanc side of the Aiguille follow a fissure which fines out so as to become a mere *boîte aux lettres* convenient for the hands. A short chimney leads to the top of the Carrée (incomparable panorama). Descend the S.W. face of the Carrée. A handy piton permits of roping down as far as the couloir which starts from the

<sup>1</sup> [See *A.J.* xxxiii. ill. opp. 383. This shows the upper portion of the arête taken from the opp. or N.E. side. The whole arête is well seen from Montenvers.]

<sup>2</sup> [*Ibid.* It is the little pointed summit on extreme right, about 3680-90 m. See note p. 363. The point next above it is the Aiguille Carrée 3708 m. (3716 m. Vallot).]

<sup>3</sup> [I am disappointed to find my comrades of the G.H.M. disdained to ascend my Pointe !]



gap S. of the Carrée. Effect on the Argentière side a delicate traverse and gain the foot of a couloir which leads towards the arête to the N. of the lower group of gendarmes composed of 3 points. Turn the first of these points on the Argentière side and the two others on the Nant-Blanc side. 20h.-6.15, bivouac between two of the points. One gains in this way the gap at the foot of the Pointe de Ségogne, an upper group composed of two points. Thanks to snow the party were able to climb this point by means of a delicate and dangerous traverse (9.30). Alternatively cross an extremely difficult slab by taking a back up—very ticklish.<sup>4</sup> Gain thus the summit arête which ride up climbing one difficult step before reaching the summit [of the Pointe de Ségogne]. A double rope is handy for the descent to a very steep couloir below the Col (10.30-11.30), which then gain and mount the final Calotte. The slope is steep and the *rimaies*, which cut it, often bad. Summit of Verte, 13.30-14.0. Couvercle, 19.30.

A few days later M. E. de Gigord, G.H.M., with the very capable young guide Armand Charlet of Argentière, repeated the ascent. With better conditions and some knowledge of the route they reduced the time by about 8 hours.

NOTE.—The Pointe Farrar was reached first on August 19, 1898, by myself with Daniel Maquignaz and young Kederbacher. We left a bivouac below the Col des Grands Montets at 5.20 A.M., reached the Col at 7.20, and then made straight up snow slopes to the N.E. corner of an arête of rock running S.W. and N.E. This we followed on its left side, having on our left a steep snow couloir. Our arête turned then due S. and we reached by a steep snow face the commencement of the rock arête<sup>5</sup> seen from Montenvers looking on to the Dru (9.25-50). We climbed a difficult *dos d'âne* but were forced to descend on the Dru side and gained by a long, difficult traverse the arête above an impossible gendarme 1.5 P.M. We then followed the arête (difficult) up slabs and cracks to top of Gendarme point 3708 [this is a mistake, see Note 2] 2 P.M. Below this [*i.e.* next above] a gap, cut off, and above that another gendarme about 30 m. higher, but impossible to outflank [this is point 3708 or, as named later by M. E. Fontaine, the Aig. Carrée]. Its face is seamed [on the Argentière side] by a very steep crack, which, however, stops short of the top. Left 2.45, arr. Petite Aig. Verte 5.40-55 and Lognan 8 P.M. The gendarme we reached was the third from the snow summit of the Verte, two remained undone.

<sup>4</sup> The second party finding the snow melted adopted this alternative.

<sup>5</sup> Plainly shown in the view taken from La Floriaz, *Boll.* xxxvii. opp. 322.

Our route was apparently different from that of the present party who gained the main arête a good deal higher than we did. We could not see any way down the vertical drop of 40 to 50 ft. into the gap between our summit and the Carrée. We had no spare rope; we were also late, and after a very hard season were much disinclined for the certain bivouac had we proceeded, so we made little demur to turning back. We left some paper on the top with one or two stones to keep it down—there were very few stones. When I said two gendarmes were left undone I was looking at the arête end on, which produced that effect.

The name Pointe Farrar is adopted against my wishes as I pointed out to my friend De Ségogne that, quite different from these young independent French mountaineers, I was led by Daniel Maquignaz who had in his day no superior and to whom the Pointe belonged, as I should never have got there or even started without him. However, de S. asserts there is already a Pointe Maquignaz, and as it is quite impossible to treat with brutality all those gentle and persuasive arguments of which he is a past master and there is no other way, I made no further protest. He is a great diplomat although at present his services are at the disposal, I feel sure with effect, of the French Treasury.

The Aig. Carrée was first climbed by the eminent French mountaineer, my friend M. Emile Fontaine, with Jos. Simond and Jos. Ravanel, on July 11, 1899. His account is in *Echo des Alpes*, 1911, 148 seq. They gained from Montenvers the gap above the Carrée and had then a hard climb at first up its S.E. face and then bearing N.E. gained a narrow *vire* leading spirally to the crest.

On July 28–31, 1904, my friends, Si. E. Canzio, G.-F. and G.-B. Gugliermi and Professor Lampugnani (in the war the brilliant commander of a regiment of Alpini), the distinguished Italian mountaineers, gained the Grands Montets arête above the broken rock arête which succeeds the Carrée, and so gained the Verte itself. See *Bollettino C.A.I.* xxxvii. 314 seq., with several illustrations and a *pointillé*.

Thus these young French mountaineers have now completed the arête, viz. the bit between my summit and the Carrée and the bit beyond the Carrée to the end of the rock arête. It is a great expedition well carried out and it is eminently satisfactory that it has fallen to them to complete the work. They are good workmen.

Its seriousness is not diminished by the fact that even when you have reached the top of the Verte you are not out of the wood. De Ségogne tells me that they descended in the great couloir close along the rocks of the *Moine arête*, safeguarding themselves all they knew by the rocks. His observation was that the snow on this side lost the sun earlier than on the other (usual) side of the couloir and was hence more usable. It will be a fast party that goes in

the day from the Col des Grands Montets to the Couvercle, and one will do well to count on at least one bivouac. It is quite a justifiable expedition. .

J. P. F.

LATER.—I learn that the same party, in some cases with other friends, did this same summer the following splendid expeditions :

First ascent from the Gl. Noir of Pic Salvador Guillemin.

Second ascent of Ailefroide by the arête de Costerouge (the Mayer-Dibona route, see 'A.J.' xxvii. opp. 438).

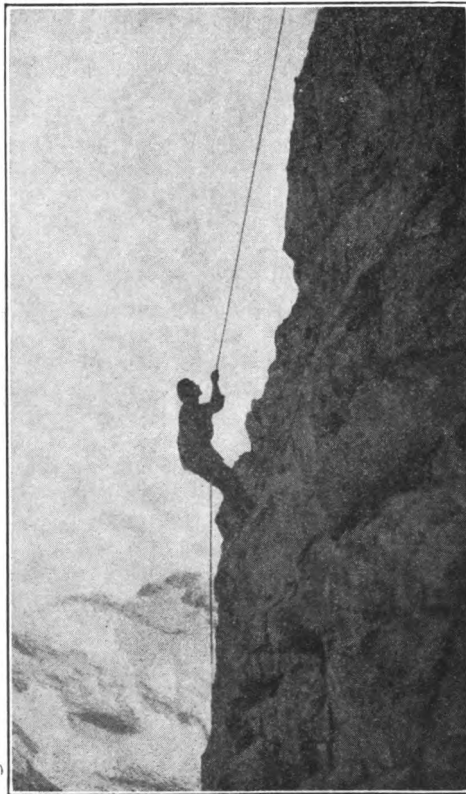
Ascent of Grépon from the Mer de Glace.

First ascent of Bec d'Oiseau.

CORNE SUD DU CHAMOIS DE TENNEVERGE (2526 m. = 8285 ft.).  
October 4, 1925. M. E. R. Blanchet with Armand Charlet and Antoine Ravanel.

Seen from Sixt this tower resembles a limestone Dru.

From the Col de Tenneverge in 45 mins. to the foot of the couloir



CHARLET AT FOOT OF THE 35 M. PRECIPICE.

(take its left furrow), which leads to the gap between the S. and N. Cornes. The climb leads up the N.E. face which is vertical. It is made up of—

First, a transverse from right to left of 25 m. which includes grass, a very dangerous *vire*, a slab impossible without *Kletterschuhe*. Secondly, an ascent of 35 m. to the final S. arête. This ascent comprises : a little overhang, a little overhanging chimney, a long oblique chimney (from left to right) bent at its upper third, a little slab and a short overhang. From the arête a few metres to the summit which is to the right.

For the descent use the double rope 35 m.,<sup>1</sup> absolutely vertical (thus a rope of *at least* 70 m. is required).

Times : Left the gap between the two Cornes 9.30, reached summit 11.30.

The danger is enormous, for on all the difficult passages the rare holds break off. The rock is smooth, friable. A fossil (a crushed ammonite) was found on the summit, a rare occurrence in this region. The final arête is almost horizontal and forms three summits. It is an arc of considerable radius and grass grows on it. A great cairn was built.

The other *Corne* was climbed in 1905 by myself with Emile Revaz and Alexandre Bochatay, it is believed for the only time. It is much less difficult. The S. *Corne* has been tried many times, including twice by myself. I consider it the most dangerous and the most delicate climb in my whole experience.

E. R. B.

### *Pennines.*

WEISSMIES (4031 m. = 13,226 ft) BY THE W. FACE AND N. RIDGE. August 13, 1925. The only ascent by the N. ridge mentioned in Dr. Dübi's 'Alpes Valaisannes,' iii., is from the Laquinjoch. The ridge is a long one, the times given for its various portions adding up to six hours exclusive of halts.

Two ribs on the rocky W. face suggest variations ; one overlooks the Hochkraut (Hohlaub) glacier on the N. and in view of the Laquinjoch, and starts from about 3250 m., joining the N. ridge at Point 3712 m., the other overlooking the Trift glacier on the S., which starts from about 3400 m. and joins the ridge at a point which must be at least 3900 m., close to where the snow becomes continuous. Between the two ribs is a bit of glacier which might belong to either the Trift or the Hochkraut glaciers.

We left the Weissmies hut at 6.15, undecided as to our choice of route. We chose the first rib, because we reached it first and because it was more defined and obviously safe from stones. It involved the traverse of a long stretch of the rocky part of the N. ridge ; this

<sup>1</sup> L'Isolée requires a double rope 25 m. ; the Dru traverse 15 m. ; the Grépon Grand Gendarme 18 m., Knubel's chimney 15 m.

may or may not be taken as a recommendation. We began its ascent at 7.45 and reached a small gap in the N. ridge at 9.30, just to the right (S.) of Point 3712. This point is not mentioned in the guide-book, but the gap we reached is probably the 'échan-crure,' reached in 1 hr. 55 mins. from the Laquinjoch. Other details are hard to identify; no 'long snow arête, turned by the W. rocks,' any longer exists, and this year was certainly not a dry one. The rock and the climbing is of excellent quality. At an overhang, which must be the place where the guide-book mentions a doubled rope as being used, a short descent and re-ascent needs care but would not be counted difficult by expert cragsmen. A tower, no doubt the 'tour toute cuirassée de dalles' and which 'ne semble pas accessible directement,' is sufficiently exposed and difficult to extend a leader of moderate capacity and advanced years. Beyond this tower a route by the second rib on the W. face would probably come in, and so avoid all the difficulties on the N. ridge, which soon becomes the edge of the snowy N. face of the mountain.

We took from 10.15 till 12.45 to traverse the rocky portion of the ridge and reached the summit at 1.30. Apparently the N. ridge is seldom climbed. If the above route is followed the climb is not a long one, it is interesting and the views are magnificent.

R. L. G. IRVING.

H. A. HAWORTH.

G. S. P. HEYWOOD.

RAUTHORN (3269 m. = 10,722 ft.) BY E. ARÊTE, AND GRIESSER-HORN (2843 m.). August 27, 1925. The interest of these points is that they indicate a good route from Saas to Simplon Kulm without a long walk up the road from a point close to Simplon Dorf. The motor passes soon after 3 o'clock, a shockingly early time to end a climbing day!

The making of the route from Saas failed. Mist and an icy wind was encountered on the Rossboden pass, and a rucksack, carelessly deposited, took the line of quickest descent over the big rock-wall on the E. The party, a very large mixed one, descended by the snow of the couloir a little way to the N.E. of the pass, an even quicker route than the usual one by the rocks on its right bank, if the snow is good. Failure to find the rucksack, in spite of prolonged search of the E. wall, and a long trudge up the Simplon road against a strong wind led to the completion of our intended route next day.

Mr. H. A. Haworth and I left Simplon Kulm at 8 A.M., walked over some minor summits, including the Galenhorn ('Alpes Valaisannes,' iii. 371, says 'pas de renseignements') and the Sir-woltenhorn to the small glacier on the N. face of the Rauthorn. We crossed this and climbed its E. arête, which is short and pleasant. The descent of the S. face and the ridge to the Rossbodenpass is

quite easy; we reached it at 2 o'clock. Having carefully followed the route of the rucksack over snow and rocks that in one place were exceedingly steep we found it in the bergschrund. We then crossed the glacier and made a laborious ascent over steep but easy rocks to the foot of the E. ridge of the Rauthorn. From there we followed the easy ridge eastwards to the Griesserhorn ('pas de renseignements'), and over it to the col below; thence over snow and a small glacier to the moraine at its foot. Near this on the right (S.), we found a track leading down and across the face of the cliffs to the pastures and a path which led to some houses just below the Simplon road where it bends north-eastwards, quite near the old Hospice.

An excellent route therefore from Saas to Simplon Kulm by the Rossbodenpass is to follow the ridge N. from the pass, go up the S. face of the Rauthorn, down its E. arête, and along the ridge E. to the Griesserhorn and down as above. Four hours should be an ample allowance of actual walking from the pass to the Kulm. The Rauthorn is a fine view-point.

R. L. G. I.

COMPLETE TRAVERSE OF THE POINTES DES BOUQUETINS FROM THE SOUTH.<sup>1</sup> July 21, 1925.—Mr. I. A. Richards with Joseph Georges le Skieur.

'We left a bivouac on the moraine of the Upper Arolla Glacier above the Plan de Bertol at 4.10 A.M. A rocky promontory (Pte. 3097 A.S.), separated from the W.S.W. ridge of the South Peak by a well-marked col, is a prominent object from the Plan de Bertol. We gained this W.S.W. ridge well above this col by traversing the W. face, taking to the rocks at the prominent spur to the N. almost directly below the summit. It would be equally possible to follow the W.S.W. ridge from the col, but of this we were uncertain from below. The rocks of this traverse were rather full of *verglas*, but not difficult, and the shoulder was reached at 6.0.

'The S. ridge was now joined by an interesting climb over magnificent rocks, and followed over Barnes' Peak, P. 3600, to the foot of the notorious obstacle (8.10), which has hitherto been only *descended* by a doubled cord.

'This perpendicular step in the ridge can perhaps be turned at two levels on the right flank. Joseph preferred to attack it direct. A narrow edge springs upwards for 45 ft. It is furnished with small sloping knobs which the feet can use, but hand-hold is exceedingly poor and everything is the wrong way up. The take-off, however, is from a good ledge with a fine belay; 8.20 saw us past the difficulty, and happy progress was made to the summit of the S. Peak, where a halt was made (9.10–20). The arête thence towards the Central Summit gives as good climbing as can be found anywhere; always

<sup>1</sup> See sketch, *Alpes Valaisannes*, ii. 11.

amusing, sound, nowhere of great difficulty, and plenty of it. The foot of the steep wall leading to the Central Summit was reached at 10.20, and this summit itself at 11.10, a slight diversion on the right (E.) flank being made in order to use the grand staircases of glorious granite which can there be found. After a rest the North Summit was gained in time for lunch (1.0 to 1.30) and the Bertol Cabane for tea (3.40), just in time to escape the wettest part of the afternoon's thunderstorm.

'The traverse, omitting the North Peak, has since been repeated twice under the same leadership.'

COMBIN DE CHESSETTE<sup>1</sup> (abt. 4100 m. = 13,518 ft.). ARÊTE DE BOUSSINE. July 17, 1925.—Mr. I. A. Richards, with Joseph Georges le Skieur.

'We left an exceedingly comfortable bivouac on the upper grass slopes under the Tour de Boussine at 3.50 A.M., and gained the small glacier which flanks this mountain on the S. by way of a wide stone shoot and couloir (no difficulty) between the foot of the E. ridge and a small, nameless point. On the glacier impenetrable fog compelled a halt until 5.40, when the mountain reappeared. A buttress of fine shale just to the right of the big central snow couloir in this S.E. flank of the mountain was ascended to the ridge. The summit of the Tour was gained at 7.30. This mountain by no means deserves the abuse which it has received. Its shale is far preferable to most débris and it gives a quick approach to the main ridge. From the Tour to the final obstacle of the Boussine ridge is a magnificent walk along an arête as fine as the Wellenkuppe-Gabelhorn or Lyskamm arêtes. The obstacle itself consists of an extraordinarily steep boss of cliff rising some 450 ft. in all. At the point where the snow-ridge abuts on it the rock is too steep and disintegrated to be used. After some efforts and researches, much hindered by a return of the fog, Joseph descended a steep little wall of ice on the left by the aid of the rope and advanced, unroped, over easier ground to make a reconnaissance. But tempted by the hope of reaching a good position above the rotten section in which I might, by the aid of the rope, directly rejoin him, he became gradually involved in climbing of a very unusual intensity. Fortunately the rock became sound. Before long a slight shower of rain, by moistening the rocks, made the possibility of a safe descent for him within any reasonable length of time very problematical. He continued, therefore, over rocks which never allowed any choice of route and rarely offered more than the minimum of necessary hold. This difficulty continued almost to the summit, which he reached at 11.0, after 2 hours of unremitting effort. The thick mist and the acoustics of the cliff made communication between us very sketchy,

<sup>1</sup> See sketch map, *Alpes Valaisannes*, i. 110, and sketches, *ibid.* i. 121 and 123.

and I was naturally much relieved to hear his cries from the summit. He then rejoined me by a fancy route, which he does not recommend, among minor ridges and gullies in the direction of the Col du Croisbant. It was a great pleasure to haul him up the little ice-slope again safe and sound! By this time (12.40) the weather had turned thoroughly bad, so we descended to pass a second night in our bivouac.

'In the peculiar circumstances, and in view of the nature of the *terrain*, I have no question that Joseph's decision to advance was the only one possible. Nor was the step by which he originally cut himself off an error. I have his promise, however, that a taste for dashing off alone round corners to see what is the other side will be moderated in future! His regret that I should thereby have lost so marvellous a climb was extreme. As to its difficulty, I gathered four days later, on the Petit Bouquetin, that *most* of it was even more delicate than the hard passage there, which makes me doubt whether a safe descent without a rope would ever be possible for anyone.'

BRUNEGGHORN (3846 m. = 12,615 ft.). N.E. face. August 14, 1925. Mr. E. R. Blanchet with Caspar Mooser of Täsch.

This ice-slope, covered at the start with good snow, is well seen from the rail between Stalden and Kalpetran.

Left Boden 3.30 A.M. for Bruneggjoch. At 8.35 attacked base of slope, 9 put on crampons, 9.30 big crevasse. Slope now steepens and snow turns to ice, more and more hard. Continuous step-cutting 9.30 to 13.55, when we gained the top, the last 5 minutes up the N. arête to save a little time. The last 15 m. of the slope took 30 minutes! Left top 14.30; Bruneggjoch, 15.30; St. Nicolas, 19.30.

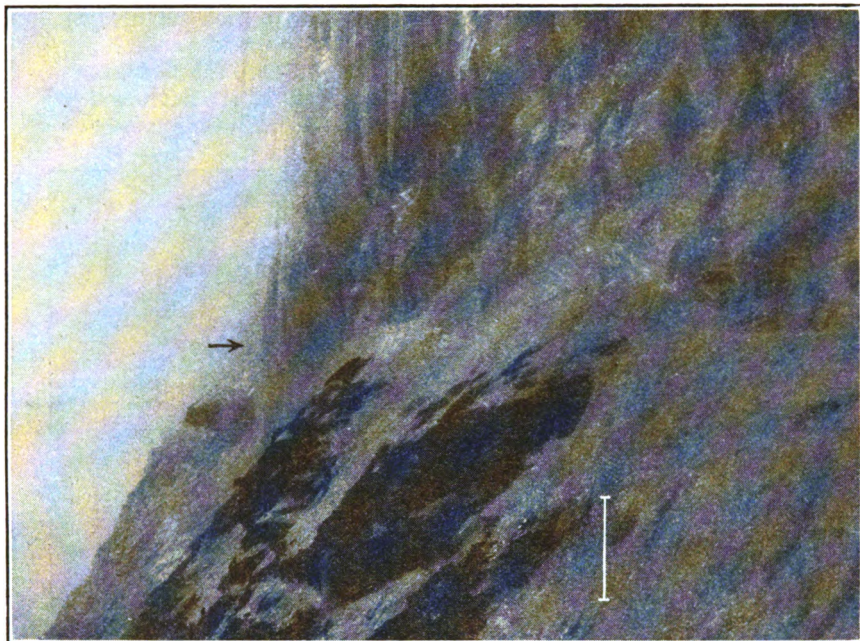
GRAND COMBIN. AN ATTEMPT BY THE ARÊTE DES MULETS DE CHESSETTE.<sup>1</sup> July 15, 1925.—Mr. I. A. Richards with Joseph Georges le Skieur.

'We left (at 6.15) a bivouac high up on the S.E. ridge of the Tournelon Blanc, and by the glacier of that name gained (7.0) the long, snowy ridge which runs southwards to the Combin of Chesselte. Our aim was to examine the ice-bulge which is the obstacle to an ascent by this ridge. Excellent snow after a night of hailstorms allowed quick progress, though the last thousand feet up the very steep slope to the foot of the ice-bulge (8.40) were soft. The bulge itself is insuperable, but an expanse of steep, smooth slabs on the left might well be possible under exceptional conditions. On this occasion it was plastered with *verglas*, and moreover large icicles from the wall above were sweeping it from time to time. A tentative trial convinced us that retreat was necessary. An attempt up a cleft in the ice-wall on the right also failed. The slabs seem the only chance, but when they are dry the slopes below the wall are likely

<sup>1</sup> See map, *Alpes Valaisannes*, i. 110, and sketch, i. 123.



to be ice, in which case many hours would probably be spent upon them. They are much steeper than a distant view would suggest. The approach, either *via* the Tournelon Blanc Glacier from the E.,



The Great Ice-bulge about 120 ft. high and draped with icicles thicker than a man. The traverse to turn it is towards the corner indicated by the arrow about 200 ft. much exposed to falling ice. The upright line is about 6 ft. The bulge is visible in sketch. *Alpes Valaisannes*, i., 114, just under O of 4078.

or from the Panossière Cabane, is easy and quick, but the great couloir<sup>1</sup> which falls from near the foot of the obstacle to the Chesette Glacier was, when seen from above and carefully examined, evidently a death trap from stones and full of bad snow and ice, even at this time of the year.'

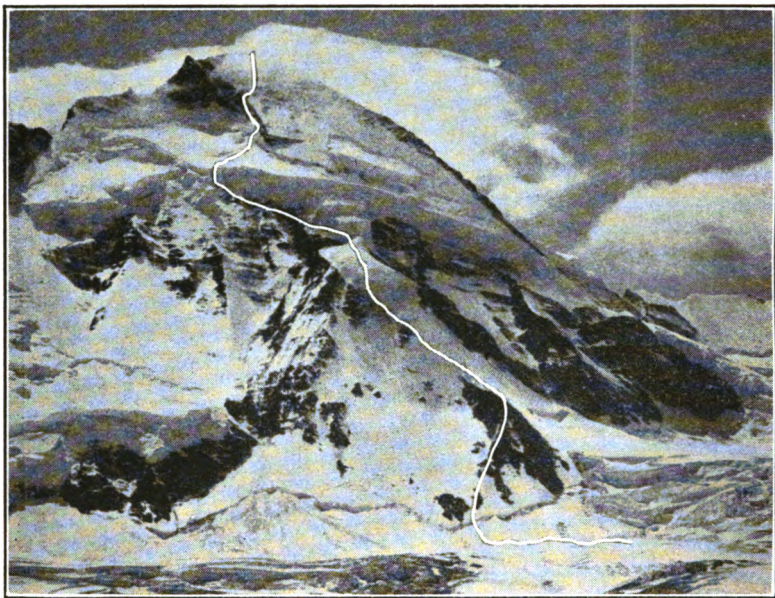
DENT D'HÉRENS (4180 m. = 13,715 ft.) BY THE N. FACE DIRECT. August 10, 1925. Dr. Allwein and Herr W. Welzenbach, A.A.V.M. The N. face of the Dent d'Hérens carries at about three-fifths of its height a glacier corridor running from W. to E. This corridor falls away in a tremendous ice-cliff about 50 metres high and partly overhanging.<sup>2</sup> Below the corridor, a rib runs down the N. face, the

<sup>1</sup> Just left of 3695 on sketch, *ibid.* i. 123.

<sup>2</sup> This corridor had already been gained on August 2, 1923, by Captain Finch and his companions from the upper basin of the Tiefenmatten glacier and was followed right up to the E. ridge.

top of this rib being crowned by a steep and broken hanging glacier. Before reaching the Z'Mutt glacier, the rib divides into two branches. This rib, and particularly the E. branch, affords a line of ascent to the corridor. Above the corridor, the N. face is practically featureless, and the last part of the ascent was carried out straight up this face.

From the Schönbühl hut, one follows the route to the Tiefenmatjenjoch to below the first ice-fall, turning then to the left towards the foot of the N. face. The N. face is attacked W. of the enormous



cone of avalanche remains which is probably a permanent feature. After crossing the bergschrund and mounting steep-fluted snow-slopes, the lowest rocks of the E. branch of the rib are gained. The rib is not at first well defined, but soon develops into a sharp arête. One mounts up the rib, partly over loose blocks, to the junction with the other branch. Above this point, mount over the fall of a narrow hanging glacier lying over the rib. Then traverse to the left, later mounting over ice and ice-worn rocks until close under the overhanging ice-cliffs of the corridor (about 150–200 metres; extremely dangerous in warm weather). Then follows very difficult ice work over cracks and vertical ice-cliffs for about 40 metres over the almost vertical cliff until the corridor is gained. According to conditions, it may be advisable to leave the rock-rib at its end without going over the hanging glacier; then to mount directly

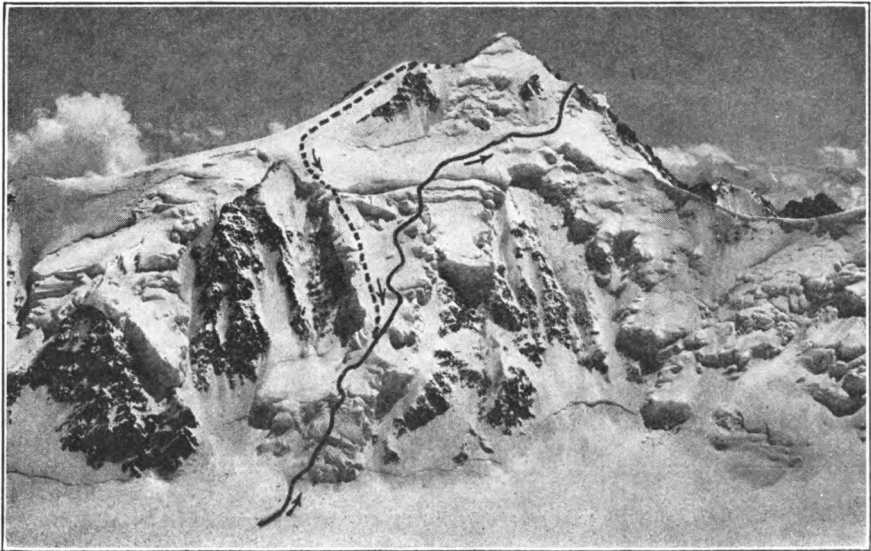


up towards the main ice-cliff. In any case, one should not be tempted to follow the apparently easily climbable hanging glacier to its end, because it is separated from the corridor by a deep crevasse and an unclimbable ice-cliff. It might be possible, according to conditions, however, to overcome this section.

On the corridor, one circumvents a few crevasses to the right and mounts towards a gully which falls away from the ridge between the summit and the great gendarme immediately E. of the summit. Mounting directly upwards over an ice-slope, gain the rib lying to the W. of the gully at a suitable place. Follow this rib for a few rope-lengths, then work out slightly to the right and finish up over steep slabs straight up towards the summit. The ascent of the 400 metres high, about 60 degrees steep, final section of the N. face was under the conditions (deep new snow and *verglas*) extremely difficult and unpleasant. The total height of the N. face is 1300–1350 metres. Times: Schönbühl to bergschrund, 2 hours; bergschrund to summit, 13½ hours, of which two hours may be reckoned as lost in prospecting, etc. The climb is one of the most wonderful and most difficult ice climbs in the Valais. Three ice-pins were employed as belays in overcoming the middle section.—From *Der Bergsteiger*, September 11, 1925.

#### *Bernese Oberland.*

ALETSCHHORN (4182 m. = 13,721 ft.), BY N. FACE. August 9, 1925.—Mr. E. R. Blanchet with Caspar Mooser and Adolf Rubi (porter). Conditions excellent, hardly any hard ice; the first great



crevasse filled with recent avalanche snow ; the second, 30 to 40 m. wide, hitherto nearly always considered impassable, filled just where needed by an enormous cone of snow accumulated by the wind and furnished with an ice *vire*, which enabled us to gain the upper lip without difficulty. A buttress of rock hides our N. face from the observer at Concordia.

Foot of face 5.30 a.m. ; at 6.0 start to climb the icefall by attacking it on the right by means of a chimney and of a *vire*, both ice ; first great crevasse, 6 m. wide, 7.30 ; zone of séracs, zigzag ; second great crevasse, 8.30 ; then bear to right to gain a rib, which at 10 joins the arête coming from Sattelhorn. Then the slope rounds off into a dome and eases off up to the foot of the little N. arête (visible from Concordia), which, not very steep, leads to the summit. En route we came across one vertical wall 7 m. high, very difficult. Snow was good except at such points as the sun never reaches. There the snow was powdery.

NOTE.—‘The view from Ebnefluh distorts the appearance of Aletschhorn. Our route in reality looks steeper and more direct. The distortion makes it turn too much to the right. The Ryan-Lochmatter line of *descent* is marked . . . and joins my own route, which was suggested to me by Dr. Oscar Hug.’

#### Canadian Alps.

MT. ALBERTA (11,874 ft.) AND MT. WOOLLEY (11,170 ft.). July 21, 1925.—Mr. Yuko Maki and five other Japanese climbers with the guides Heinrich Fuhrer and Hans Kohler of Meiringen, and a Swiss amateur, Herr Weber. Mr. Maki writes to Mr. Fynn :

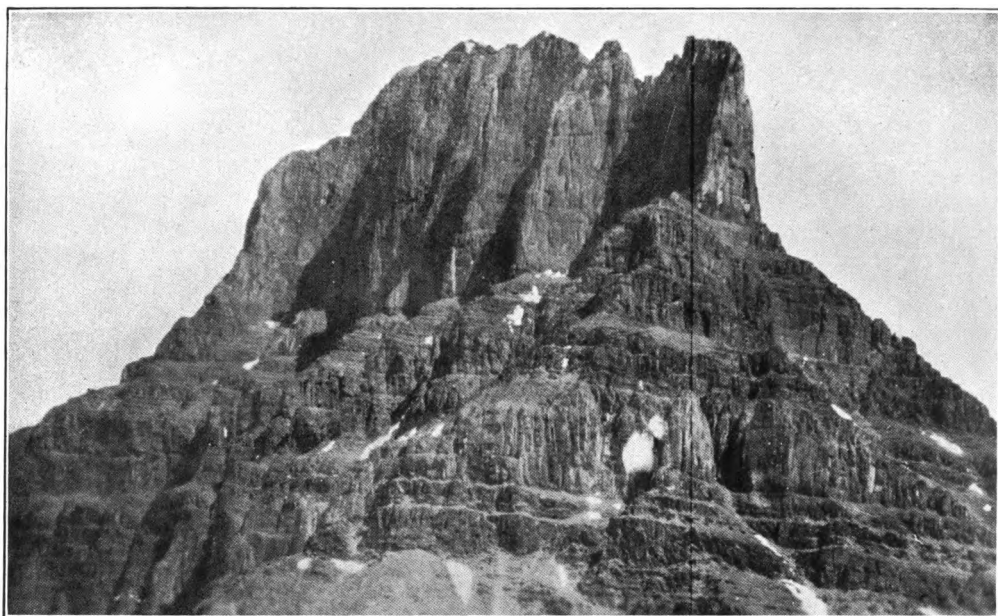
‘VANCOUVER, B.C.,

‘August 26, 1925.

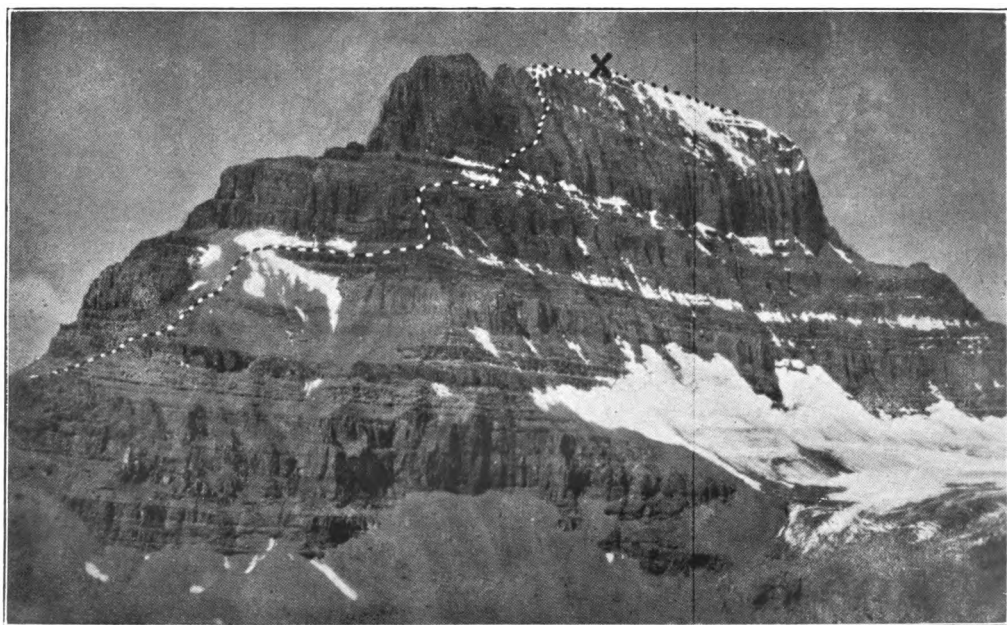
‘We thank you very much for your kindness in telling us about Mt. Alberta, and kind attention to us at Jasper.

‘We left Jasper on July 11 and got to Habel Creek<sup>1</sup> on the 17th, where we made our base camp. We searched from the S.W. and the S.E. and found that from the latter side it was possible to try. We carried up two flying tents just under the S.E. foot of Mt. Alberta about 6800 ft. high—there is quite a small plateau, but very nice for short camping. From that place on July 21 we climbed the mountain. The day was fine, but the atmosphere very smoky. It took 16 hours to climb. The final ridge is quite narrow, and the extreme N. end is the highest point. The ridge is snow-covered with cornices.

<sup>1</sup> [NOTE.—Habel Creek joins the Athabaska Valley from the E. and can be seen in the upper panorama, *A.J.* xxxv. opp. 184, on the extreme left below Mt. Alberta. Cf. also sheet 23 Interprov. Boundary Survey in same volume.]



MT. ALBERTA,  
from the S.W.



MT. ALBERTA,  
from the S.E.



'I enclose here one photo which shows you the route which we took. The X indicates where we spent one night. Luckily no wind and very clear in the night, only  $-4^{\circ}$  C. [ $25^{\circ}$  F.]. Next day we came down the same way. It took 14 hours to the tents.

'I should like to say this climbing is first-class, but the grey rocks<sup>2</sup> from about 10,000 ft. are quite loose. This is due to the declination of rock strata about  $8^{\circ}$  to E. It looks solid limestone, but often it comes off, and falling stones alarmed us very much.

'On the 28th we climbed up Mt. Woolley. It is quite enjoyable, and we had a glorious view of hundreds of peaks.

'On August 1 we started to try Mt. Stutfield from the glacier which comes down from the mountain to Habel Creek. It looks not too difficult, but the weather changed. After waiting two days we gave it up, as our time was coming to an end. We left Habel Creek on August 5 and came back to Jasper again on the 9th.

'We saw a very little part of the great Rocky Mountains, but even so I feel a very keen desire to have an opportunity to come back again here.

'Now, we thank you heartily for your friendliness and are very glad to have met you.'

Mr. V. A. Fynn writes to Captain Farrar: 'Upon my return from Alaska I found six Japanese climbers at Jasper who had come all the way from Japan to do some climbing in the Columbia district. The party was headed by Yuko Maki of Mittellegi fame. I did not catch his name when we were introduced and did not find out that he was the hero of that ascent until the last day of my stay in Jasper. I thought it was very sporting indeed of these Japanese to come all that way to climb in the Canadian Rockies, and did all I could to make things as easy and pleasant as possible. They engaged Heinrich Fuhrer, the brother of Ulrich of Finsteraarhorn fame, and Hans Kohler, the son of the well-known Niklaus Kohler of Meiringen. They wanted me to go along, but time would not permit.

'I strongly urged them to try Alberta, and suggested that they could probably reach it from a little side valley on the N. slope of Wilcox Pass in case the fire had not yet subsided when they were ready to try or had so damaged the W. branch of the Athabaska as to destroy all horse-feed for this year.'

It will be seen from Mr. Howard Palmer's paper, p. 306 *seq.* in this number, that Dr. J. W. A. Hickson, President of the C.A.C., and he, with Conrad Kain, on August 24, 1924, camped in Habel Creek, the trail up which they had caused to be opened by their

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<sup>2</sup> The grey rocks of which Mr. Maki speaks are the same treacherous stuff which we usually refer to as black rock. Actually it is dark grey.—V. A. F.

packers. Their object was to make the first ascent of Mt. Alberta. Unfortunately, as he describes, they were dogged by atrocious weather and so were deprived of the possibility of success.

**HUNGABEE (11,447 ft.), BY THE N. RIDGE.** July 17, 1925. Mr. V. A. Fynn with Rudolph Aemmer.

Mr. Fynn writes :

On July 17 I carried out, with Rudolph Aemmer, a project which I had had in mind for several years—namely, the ascent of Hungabee by the N. ridge, which connects it to Ringrose.

I believe that the first ascent,<sup>1</sup> made by Mr. H. C. Parker under the guidance of the Kaufmanns, started from Opabin Pass, and followed the ridge which rises from the Pass in the direction of the summit, until the yellow rock was reached. The worst obstacle which this yellow rock presents is a practically perpendicular wall which runs N. and S. at right angles to the W. arête. In order to overcome this obstacle the Kaufmanns traversed S., and went up the second chimney they came to. This chimney is narrow, steep, and exposed to stones.

I do not know which way they turned after overcoming this first wall. It is probable that they turned N. and gradually regained the prolongation of the arête which rises from Opabin Pass. I think they used the last part of this rib, and finally landed on the N. or main ridge of the mountain, within half an hour of the summit.

When Oliver Wheeler and I made the second ascent of this peak in 1909 we followed practically the same route, except that we turned S. after overcoming the dangerous chimney, and utilized a series of ribs which brought us close below the main summit. At the point where the yellow rock gives way to the green-brown, one is met with a second very steep wall. We traversed N. for a short distance to a point where the wall was sufficiently broken to make it possible to climb it, and thus reached the treacherous black rock, of which the summit is composed. The summit itself was reached over the W. face of black rock.

These two routes are not safe because of the chimney in the first wall, and even in other places one is more or less exposed to falling rock.

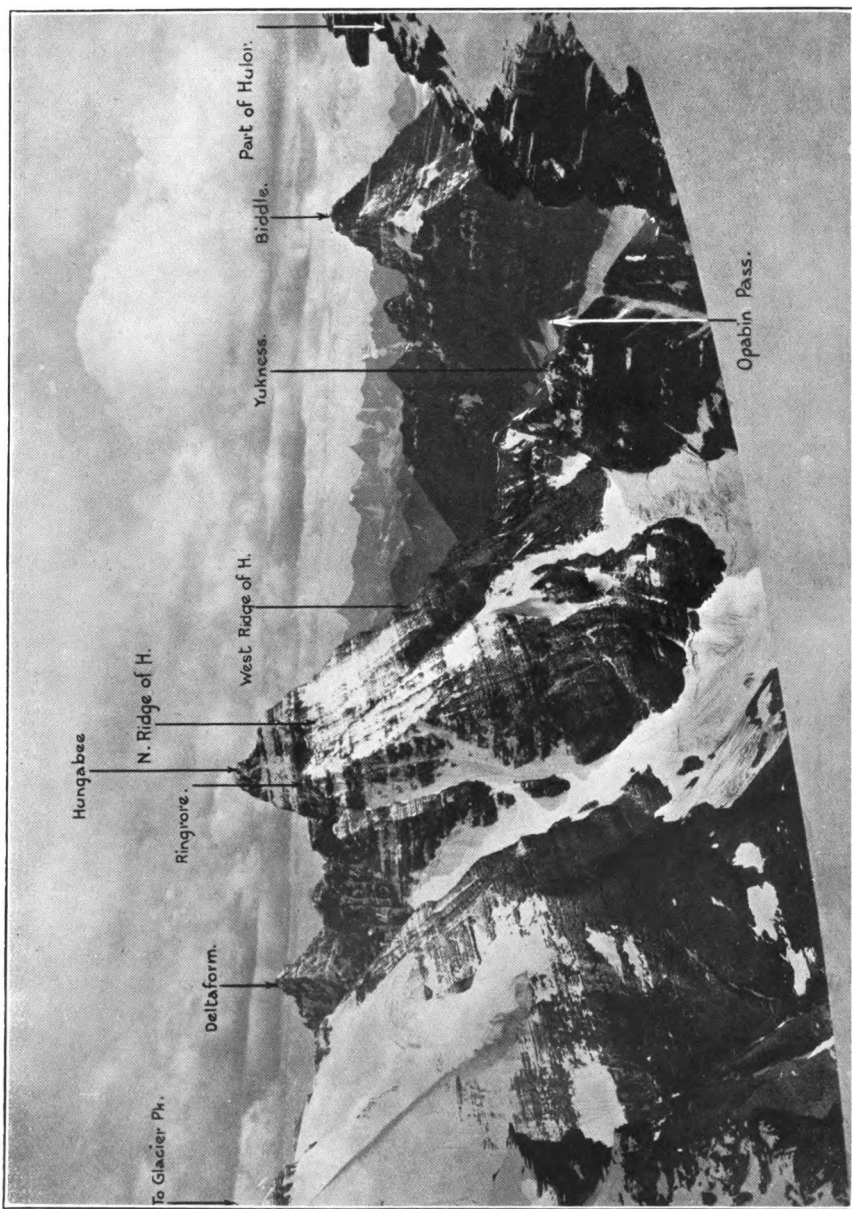
In 1909 Rudolph Aemmer inaugurated a second route<sup>2</sup> by traversing N. under the first wall and past a subsidiary rib which runs parallel to the W. arête. From this point he gradually worked back to the W. arête, reaching it where it runs into the black rock strata. From this point his route is the same as that of the

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<sup>1</sup> *A.J.* xxv. 88-9 for a précis of these routes by Mr. Fynn, and p. 81 for a marked picture.

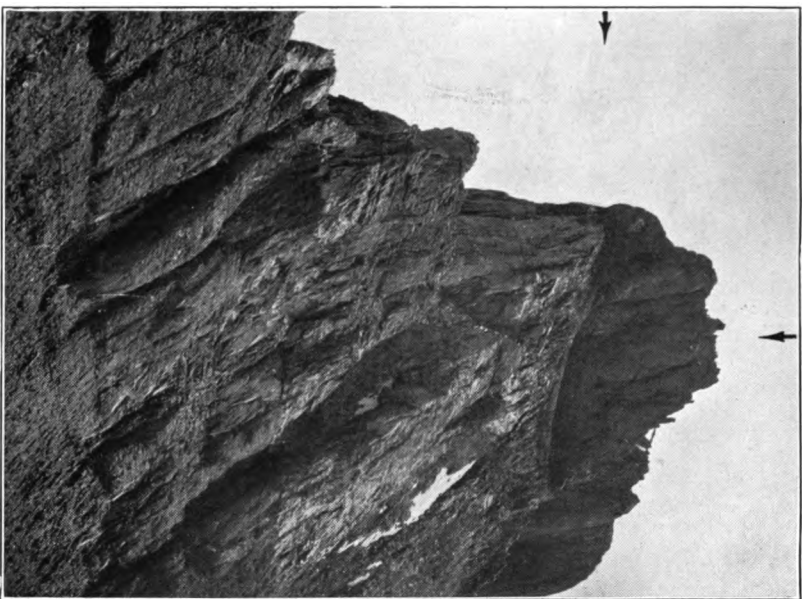
<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* 561.





*Photo: Byron Harmon.*

**HUNGABEE**  
from S.E. slope of Mt. Huber.

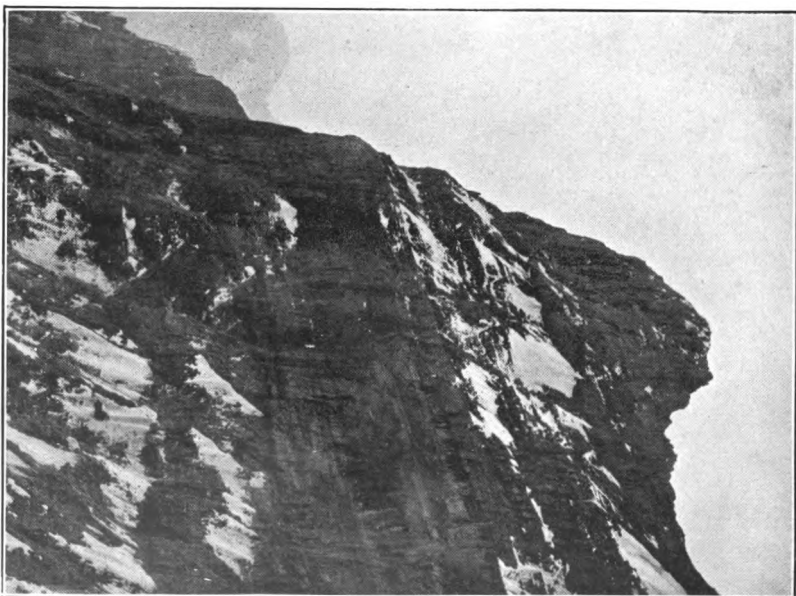


*Photo: V. A. Fynn.*

# HUNGABEE (1).

*Final bit of N. ridge.*

*See note.*



*Photo: V. A. Fynn.*

# HUNGABEE (2).

*E. or Paradise face of N. ridge.*

*See note.*

Kaufmanns. The Aemmer route is much safer than that of the Kaufmanns, but is not absolutely safe, as the rocks on the N. slope of the W. rib are very rotten.

Our new route goes almost straight up the W. face of the N. or main ridge, striking this ridge at its lowest and most pronounced gap between Ringrose and Hungabee, and then follows the N. ridge to the summit. The rocks are attacked at a point which lies perpendicularly below the summit of Ringrose, and the line of ascent very gradually bears S. until the gap in question is reached. There are no difficulties at all up to the gap. The ridge itself is very rotten in places, but never so steep as to be really difficult. Part of it is about 8 ft. wide, and quite flat, so that Rudolph and myself were able to link arms and stroll up side by side. This flat portion of the ridge is followed by an interesting but easy scramble in somewhat steep rocks, which lead through the brown and green strata to the treacherous black rocks. In no part of the ascent is one exposed to stones.

We left the C.P.R. Camp at Lake O'Hara at 2.45 A.M., and reached the foot of the W. face of the N. ridge at 5.15. The night was very dark, and as there is no path up to this point, we lost considerable time, notwithstanding our lantern, mainly because one has to cross an extended patch of loose boulders. After breakfast we reached the pronounced gap in the main ridge at 8.10 and the summit at 11.20. Remaining until 11.50, we were back in camp at 4.45, *via* the Aemmer Route.

I believe that this is by far the best route up Hungabee, and it is very little more difficult than the two others.

*Note re Illustrations.*

1. Final part of N. ridge, common to Kaufmann and Aemmer routes. Fynn's first route finished up the W. face past the patch of snow to the N. ridge at level of arrow on left. Summit is just N. of highest gendarme and just below arrow on top margin.

2. East or Paradise face of N. ridge. Cairn on summit is well seen.

BASTION PEAK (9812 ft.). August 12, 1925. Dr. J. W. A. Hickson, Mr. Howard Palmer, and Hans Kohler of Meiringen. This peak is situated in the Rampart group of the Canadian Rockies on the continental divide, immediately S. of Moat Lake, about twenty-five miles from Jasper. To the W. stand Turret Peak, Mt. Geikie, and Mt. Barbican, in the order named, being part of the same range.<sup>1</sup> From a camp (6400 ft.) on the lake, the col (7950 ft.) at the base of the E. ridge was gained over the steep northerly slopes in two hours (5.10 to 7.20). The southern face was then traversed W. in a descending line, across loose rocks, to the S.S.W. arête,

<sup>1</sup> See Map, *A.J.* xxxvi. opp. 342 and illustration before 343.

which was followed upwards to a small shoulder (8.45.; 8750 ft.). Here rucksacks were left and rope-soled shoes donned. A favourable traverse led W. to a well-marked couloir, the bottom and sides of which were ascended (steep but solid rock being encountered) to the base of the summit cap. This was surmounted by three chimneys (not too easy) in the edges and faces of vertical slabs. The top was gained at 12.30. Success was problematical until the last moment, as the mountain was too steep to see the route in advance. Leaving the top at 1.25, the descent was made by the same route to the lower slopes, where a slightly shorter line was adopted. At several points on both the ascent and descent the second man had to assist the guide owing to the scarcity of holds. The pass was crossed at 6.20 and camp regained at 7.55, the descent consuming only forty minutes less than the ascent. The total climbing time was thirteen hours and forty minutes.

The mountain affords a good rock climb and deserves a high rating among mountains of its class. We did not see any other route and we doubt whether there is one.

HOWARD PALMER.

*Drakensberg.*

FIRST ascent of W. buttress of 'SADDLE' (circa 10,500 ft.) from Natal side. Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Bassett-Smith, and Dr. O. K. Williamson, July 20, 1924. From 'Rockeries' camp (about 5000 ft. high, arranged by Mr. Bassett-Smith for Annual meet of Natal Mountain Club) ascended the side valley which leads directly towards the Saddle in about 50 minutes, to a bivouac under a large overhanging rock. July 21: The N. face of the mountain below the final wall, which is vertical, or even slightly overhanging for about 1100 ft., exhibits a number of wide horizontal ledges or terraces running across the mountain, separated by intervening walls, for the most part smooth and unclimbable, but here and there broken by gullies. The solution of the problem of the ascent consisted in finding a practicable route to the uppermost of these terraces. Starting at 6.45 A.M., the party ascended a grassy ridge to the point at which it abuts upon the N. face. After some considerable time spent in searching for a route a buttress was turned by a ledge leading to the right to a grassy gully containing many fallen rocks which was ascended to one of the horizontal terraces. Walking along this to the right it was found that it was immediately below that terrace which Mr. Bassett-Smith had concluded was the key to the ascent. Another boulder-strewn gully was ascended, and after some searching, in the course of which some smooth and evil rocks were discarded, an easy traverse to the right round a corner brought them on to the desired shelf. The party followed the soul-satisfying ledge round several glens, with grand views of the sheer walls immediately above and below. Finally an easy grassy gully, 100-200 ft. in height, was ascended to the gap on the edge of the

Basutoland plateau which was on the main ridge separating our peak from the next peak to the N. Walking up the easy incline southwards, the party found itself separated from the summit of the main peak by a gap on the opposite side of which was a vertical rock wall 30-40 ft. in height. Having ascended this (from the technical point of view by far the most interesting portion of the ascent), they reached at 1.45 p.m. the summit, on which two large cairns were found, and where Mr. Bassett-Smith made some topographical observations. Leaving again at 2.30 p.m. the descent was effected by the same route, the main camp being reached again at 7.45 p.m. Total halts during ascent 20 minutes, during descent 25 minutes. The success of the expedition was entirely due to careful reconnoitering by Mr. Bassett-Smith, by means of which he was enabled to work out the very intricate route. He was surprised to find the cairns at the summit, and considered that these had probably been erected by border surveyors many years previously, and further that the final difficulty was probably due to the action of water, and that when the surveyor ascended this peak from the Basutoland side, the gap between the main berg and the final peak did not exist.

## VARIOUS EXPEDITIONS.

### *Pennines.*

DUFOURSPIITZE (4638 m. = 15,217 ft.) BY E. OR MACUGNAGA FACE. June 21, 1925.—MM. P. v. Schuhmacher, W. Richardet, F. Thormann, W. H. Amstutz, all of the A.A.C. Berne :

‘The conditions were splendid, the snow so good that we hardly had to cut a step. No sign of stone-fall. This appears to be the earliest ascent, previous ascents having been in July and, mainly, August, which seems an error as conditions can seldom be better than early summer. September can hardly ever be suitable, as ice would be certain to prevail. Times—depart Marinelli Hut, 2.50; top Imsengrücken, 5.15; rocks of Dufour, 8-8.35; Ostspitze, 10.35; Dufour, 10.50. Time, including halts (1½ hrs.), 8 hrs. The Marinelli couloir was crossed in 3 minutes!’

The following is an account in M. Richardet’s own words taken from a letter to M. Paul Montandon and kindly translated by him. M. Richardet was killed six weeks later by a stone on the Aiguille Blanche.

BERNE, JUNE 28, 1925. Here some details of our ascent of Monte Rosa from Macugnaga (W. Richardet, P. von Schuhmacher, W. Amstutz, Fr. Thormann).

June 20. Per motor-car, Berne—Grimsel—Brigue—Simplon—

Macugnaga. Then walk to the Marinelli hut, 3100 m. in about 5 hours. Unfortunately there was no possibility, during the whole day, of ascertaining the conditions of the face or of the way there to be taken, as the whole massif was constantly enveloped by clouds and fog.

June 21. As we had slept very little during the past two nights, we got up only at 2 o'clock in the morning, after a very good repose on good mattresses. Thermometer showed  $0^{\circ}$  C. outside. Departure at 2.50 on two ropes. North side of Marinelli couloir 3.05–3.10. Traverse of couloir on splendid, hard snow, with Eckenstein crampons in 3 minutes (!). No ice at all, only two small furrows (caused by stones), about one metre deep. South side of couloir 3.13–3.18. Here we extinguished our lantern. Rest on a sheltered place in the upper third of Imsengrücken 4.15–4.35. Top of Rücken 5.15. (We might have put on the rope only here; I should do so in future.) The rocks of the ridge of the hut, as also those of Imsengrücken, are quite easy, resembling those of the Schaffberg on Bietschhorn. The inclination of the Marinelli Couloir where we crossed it (about 3100 m.) is a moderate one, for instance less than the Agassiz couloir or the upper Schreckhorn couloir. From the top of the Imsengrücken (about 3540 m.) we climbed for about 100 m. direct along the south side of the Marinelli Couloir. Here the slope is much steeper. We then soon found a good entrance into the crevassed glacier to the left, on which we soon gained height. Rest at about 3800 m. 6–6.30. A long, horizontal crevasse necessitated a traverse till almost under Zumsteinspitze. The three Bergschründe were not particularly difficult. Crossed the higher one 7.30. The steep slope leading to the rocks of the Dufour was in first-rate condition, no ice. Rest on first rocks which were warm and dry 8–8.30. On the top of Grenzgipfel [Ostspitze] 10.35 and on Dufourspitze 10.50. Total time 8 hours, rests  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours, walking time  $6\frac{1}{2}$  hours. I should compare the rocks leading up to Grenzgipfel to those of Anderson arête on Schreckhorn. We slept  $2\frac{1}{2}$  hours on Dufourspitze and arrived at the Bétemps hut 13.45.

June 22. We returned to Macugnaga over Old Weissthor. Weather bad, snowy and thick fog. So it was difficult to find the right passage. Time  $6\frac{1}{2}$  hours.

June 23. Return with motor-car *via* Simplon to Brigue and Lausanne.

We were fortunate enough to find conditions, for our ascent, as perhaps no other party (except Schulz's) has experienced. We had to cut only twenty steps (just after leaving Imsengrücken). Only twice did we hear any stones fall the whole day, and that was at a considerable distance. The snow could not have been better, the glacier all right, the rocks dry and warm, weather cold and windless. We were in first-rate training, felt however the want of sleep of two nights: total sleep only 5 hours. And motoring so long was fatiguing. With all that I should not like to qualify this ascent as easy or free of

danger. But I may say that the difficulties, as well as the dangers of the route, are less in the early part of the summer (June or July) than for instance in September, which month has sometimes been recommended. The later you undertake the tour, the looser get the rocks on the Nordend, the more torn gets the glacier, the more ice there is on the last steep slope and in the Marinelli couloir, and so much deeper and more difficult are the furrows in the latter.

*Bernese Oberland.*

JUNGFRAUJOCH (3470 m. = 11,385 ft.).—June 3, 1925. Mr. E. G. Oliver, with Adolf and Alfred Aufdenblatten. The party left the Guggi hut at 4 A.M. and descended the couloir, which was much encumbered with snow, to the Guggi glacier (5.30). Thence to the foot of the middle ice-fall (6.00) which presented no particular difficulties, arriving on the nearly level plateau between the middle and upper ice-falls at 7.15.

From here there are two alternative routes, that to the left being less steep but more broken by crevasses, that to the right considerably steeper though more even.

From the hut and from where we stood the left-hand route looked practicable, but it was impossible to see right up to the top. After discussion we therefore selected the right-hand route, and after a halt of about half an hour started up it (7.45).

At first all went well and we were able to kick steps in fairly good snow. About half-way up the slope, however, we found hard ice (8.10), and had more than two and a half hours of continuous step-cutting in hard ice before arriving on the more gentle final slopes (10.50). The last piece, which involved working round an overhanging bulge of ice just at the top of the ice-wall, was quite sensational.

Arrived on summit ridge to the right (West) of Pic Mathilde which we traversed to the Jungfraujoeh (12.0).

Time 8 hours from Guggi hut, including halts; we had expected to do it in about 5 hours.

When we arrived above the ice-wall it became apparent that the left-hand route, which I understand is more generally followed, would not have been possible.

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## WINTER EXPEDITIONS.

GROSS SIMELISTOCK (ENGELHÖRNER), 21 Dec. 1924.—MM. W. Richardet and P. v. Schuhmacher, both of A.A.C. Berne. 'In the Ochsenenthal eight to twelve inches powdery snow. Below the Simelisattel the rocks were covered with the same. Crampons useful.

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The "Egg" rocks were so dry that we used Kletterschuhe but no gloves! Just below the summit a little snow. The ridge to Kl. Simelistock was completely snowed up and in places actually corniced. Descended by the Macdonald chimney with four *abseils*. Times—ascend from hut, 2.55; descent 2.50.'

JUNGFRAU FROM ROTTAL. Dec. 22–23, 1924.—Mr. P. v. Schuhmacher with G. von Allmen of Mürren. Reached hut in 5½ hours. Eight to 12 inches powdery snow.

Left hut 5 A.M. Followed the ridge—good snow. At first no difficulties—then a long, fairly easy traverse in the slabby snow-covered rocks of the N. flank. From where the ridge was regained, and to the summit splendid conditions exactly like summer. Reached Hochfirn 11.40–12.10. Summit, 2.15 Summer-ski used on Hochfirn! Descent to Jungfrauoch about four hours.'

DENT BLANCHE. December 30, 1924.—MM. E. Liechti and P. v. Schuhmacher, both A.A.C. Berne.

Left Schönbühl, 5.10 A.M. Reached foot of Wandfluh (ca. 3550 m.), 7.20. In order to avoid the deep snow we followed chiefly the little rib in the face. S. arête Pt. 3912, 11 A.M. The first great gendarme was turned by the W. flank, much snow and ice enabling us to cut steps. Followed arête to top, 2–2.10. Hut, 8.45. Next day we reconnoitred the Zmuttgrat and went about four hours till below the snow ridge (ca. 3500 m.) and saw that the whole ridge was in splendid order, but the weather was too stormy to risk the ascent.'

ZINAL ROTHORN. January 3, 1925.—MM. E. Liechti and P. v. Schuhmacher, both of A.A.C. Berne. Left Zermatt, 2 A.M. Sheltered under a rock above Trift hotel 5 to 8, on account of slight snowstorm. Through deep powdery snow we reached on snowshoes the S.E. arête (ca. 3900 m.) at 2.15. Gabel, 4.30. Summit, 5.05. The rocks were throughout iced or snowed up. Left 5.07. S.E. arête, 8.10. Zermatt, 11.20.

BIETSCHHORN. The times of Mr. Lauper's ascent on January 26, 1918, were: Kippel to hut, 7 hours; hut to summit, 13 hours; summit to hut, 8½ hours; and of MM. P. v. Schuhmacher and W. H. Amstutz on Nov. 29–30, 1924: Hut to N. summit, 9½ hours; foot of W. arête, 4½ hours; bivouac in Bietschthal, 2¼ hours.

[Communicated and translated.]



# ALPINE NOTES.

THE ALPINE CLUB OBITUARY :	Date of Election.
Brown, F. A. Y. . . . .	1866
FitzGerald, G. . . . .	1876
Godley, A. D. . . . .	1890
Benson, A. C. . . . .	1895
Maclay, J. . . . .	1896
Schrader, F. (Hon. Member) . . . . .	1902
Davies, W. M. . . . .	1907
Brockman, R. T. . . . .	1918
Vallot, J. (Hon. Member) . . . . .	1924

‘BALL’S ALPINE GUIDE,’ THE WESTERN ALPS.—The edition (1898) by Mr. Coolidge covers the Maritimes, Graians, Dauphiné, Mt. Blanc group, and Pennines to the Simplon. With maps of each district, 1 : 250,000, and a general map. Price 10s., or 10s. 4d. post free. Obtainable from any bookseller or the Assistant Secretary.

‘BALL’S ALPINE GUIDE,’ THE CENTRAL ALPS. PART I.—The edition (1907), by Rev. A. A. Valentine-Richards, covers Switzerland N. of the Rhone and the Rhine. With nine maps, 1 : 250,000, and a general map. Price 5s., or 5s. 4d. post free, or unbound 2s. 6d., or 2s. 10d. post free. Obtainable as above.

‘BALL’S ALPINE GUIDE,’ THE CENTRAL ALPS. PART II.—The edition (1917), by Rev. G. Broke, covers the Alpine regions S. and E. of the Rhone and Rhine as far as the Adige, *i.e.* the Lepontine, Grisons, Rhaetian (including Bernina), Ortler and Adamello groups. With nine maps, 1 : 250,000, and a general map. Price 5s., or 5s. 4d. post free, or unbound 2s. 6d., or 2s. 10d. post free. Obtainable as above.

MR. COOLIDGE’S edition of BALL’S ‘WESTERN ALPS’ is still the only complete guide to the country described, and, save as to the detail of inns and club huts, is as instructive and sufficient to the mountaineer—and to the climber with eyes—as when published, while the maps are admirable.

The volumes of the ‘Central Alps’ are, for the mountaineer, the best general guides to the districts described and contain the well-known Ravenstein maps.

‘GUIDES DES ALPES VALAISANNES.’—

Vol. I. Col Ferret to Col de Collon, by M. Kurz, 10s.

Vol. II. Col de Collon to Col Théodule, by Dr. Dübi, 9s.

Vol. III. Col Théodule to Weisstor, by Dr. Dübi, 8s.

Vol. IV. Col Simplon to Furka, by M. Kurz, 8s.

At Stanford's, Long Acre, W.C. 2.

LES AIGUILLES DE CHAMONIX (GUIDE VALLOT).—Par J. de Lépiney, E. de Gigord and Dr. A. Migot, with 39 route-marked illustrations and 2 outline maps. Paris: Fischbacher, 33 rue de Seine. 1925. 20 fr., or from the Assistant Secretary, 23 Savile Row, 6s. post free.

This admirable Climbers' Guide is a complete monograph of the Aiguilles and may be said to be a much enlarged and more elaborate ‘Kurz’ or ‘Mont Blanc Führer.’ See Review in last number.

A CLIMBER'S GUIDE TO THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS OF CANADA.—By Howard Palmer and J. Monroe Thorington, published for the American A.C. by the Knickerbocker Press, N.Y., 1921. This very useful summary, with several maps, of what has been done in the Rockies to 1921, can be obtained from the Assistant Secretary, 23 Savile Row, price 7s. 6d.

THE ‘CLUBFÜHRER DURCH DIE BÜNDNERALPEN.’—Vol. IV., covering the Bregaglia and the Disgrazia group, by H. Rütter, with the assistance of Christian Klucker, can be obtained from Sauerländer and Co., Aarau, Switzerland.

LES ALPES DE SAVOIE.—Vol. VI., Part I., by Commandant Emile Gaillard, M.C. (Dardel, Chambéry, 27 fr. 50 post free), covering the groups Trélatête, Bionnassay-Goùter, M. Blanc, Brouillard-Peuteret, and Maudit-Tour Ronde, with skeleton maps of each group and several marked sketches, has just appeared. It follows generally the plan of the Kurz guide, and includes the full information of all recent climbs. See Review.

Part II., covering the groups of the Chamonix Aiguilles and the groups of the Grandes Jorasses and the Talèfre will appear early next year and can be subscribed for at 22 fr. 50 post free from the Assistant Secretary.

The full series is as follows :

Vol. I. Le Massif entre l'Arc et l'Isère (new edition).

Part I. N. of Col de la Vanoise, 27 fr. 50 post free.

Part II. S. of Col de la Vanoise, 22 fr. 50 post free.

(To appear at Christmas.)

- Vol. II. La frontière entre la Seigne et le Thabor, 22 fr. 50 post free.  
 Vol. III. Les Massifs entre la Savoie et le Dauphiné, 24 fr. 50 post free.  
 Vol. IV. Les Massifs de Beaufortin et Les Bauges, 27 fr. 50 post free  
 Vol. V. Les Massifs entre le Lac d'Annécý et le Léman (to appear in 1926).  
 Vol. VI. Le Massif du M. Blanc.  
 Parts I. & II. as above.

The volume of Commandant Gaillard's 'Les Alpes du Dauphiné,' Part II., covering the Massifs of the Meije and Ecrins, is announced for 1926 and can be subscribed for later.

These guides have full sets of skeleton maps and many route-marked sketches, so that the French Alps are now very well off for guidebooks.

Commandant Gaillard will issue early in 1926 a new coloured map of the M. Blanc group, scale 1:50,000, with all the most recent nomenclature.

THE JOURNAL OF DE SAUSSURE covering his sojourn at Chamonix in July and August 1787, with an introduction and many notes on little known details by Commandant Gaillard and Mr. Henry F. Montagnier, and heliogravures, will be published at Christmas, with the authorisation of the family. It shows his preoccupations and hopes and finally his unmixed joy at the success.

Subscriptions can be sent direct to Commandant Gaillard, M.C., St. Alban-Leyse, Savoie, France. Edition de Luxe, 4to, 105 fr., ordinary 4to, 45 fr., post free.

LA SOCIÉTÉ DE GÉOGRAPHIE DE FRANCE has conferred on Commandant Gaillard, in recognition of his work on his series of Guides, *Le Prix William Huber* with a silver medal.

The distinction is well earned. His work has been done in a conscientious and able manner, comparable in every way with the Conway-Coolidge Climbers' Guides and other similar works, and those who have any experience of such work know full well the meticulous care and very considerable research such work demands.

THE marriage of LT.-COL. E. F. NORTON, D.S.O., R.A., to Miss Joyce Pasteur, daughter of Lt.-Col. W. Pasteur, C.B., F.R.C.P., which takes place on December 18, is of peculiar interest to the Alpine Club, inasmuch as Col. Norton is a nephew of Dr. W. A. Wills, Hon. Sec. 1897-1900, and a grandson of Sir Alfred Wills, President of the Club 1864-5, while Col. Pasteur was elected to the Club in 1879, and his father, Mr. Henry Pasteur, was Vice-President 1893-5.

MR. COOLIDGE attained his seventy-fifth birthday on August 28, and was the recipient of many good wishes. The Bernese Historical Association, of which he is an hon. member, the Central Committee and the Section Berne of the S.A.C., were foremost in their congratulations and sent flowers as well.

His general health, unfortunately, causes his many friends and disciples anxiety.

AN ATTEMPT ON THE MATTERHORN IN 1865.—In 'A.J.' xxxii. 97-98 there is a reference by Dr. Güssfeldt to this attempt. M. Paul Montandon is good enough to send us the translation of a note from 'Die Alpenrosen' for 1876, published in Berne, reading:

In a recent lecture held at the Berlin Section of the Deutschen Alpenvereins, Dr. P. Güssfeldt reported as follows:

. . . Two months after the first ascent of the Matterhorn (July 14, 1865) I came to Zermatt with the firm purpose of ascending the peak. I addressed myself to the guide Taugwalder; but he was still too much shaken by the mishap at which he had escaped death only by mere chance, and it required long negotiations and ample promises to induce him and his son to try once more this dreaded enterprise. The party resolved to attack the peak from its Italian side and crossed, for this purpose, the Matterjoch. At Breuil they engaged an Italian porter and went on. From the beginning the greatest difficulties were met with, and after 4 hours' climbing the porter declared that he would not go one step farther. The party had no other choice than to leave him behind sitting on a small rock, after handing him some bread and wine. Then climbing began again. The difficulties—steep snowfields, ice-coated rocks, crumbling stones—increased with every step, and finally, being only about 1500 ft. under the summit, they stood at the foot of a quite perpendicular rock-wall. There was no question but that their expedition must here come to an end. . . .

On their way down they picked up the porter, lost their way on the glacier, and, at last, reached Breuil during the night. The advanced season and the absolute refusal of the guides rendered another trial impossible. Only in the year 1868 could Dr. Güssfeldt try once more. On an afternoon of August he reached the hut on the Zermatt side with the guides Knubel and Lochmatter, and on the following day (August 9) at 10 o'clock the summit. The same day saw them back at Zermatt.

Dr. Güssfeldt was undoubtedly one of the boldest and most determined climbers of his time. It is certainly remarkable to find the two Taugwalders prefer to attempt the Italian side about which they knew nothing.

ELBROUZ.—The generally well-informed *Journal de Genève* publishes the following perfectly incorrect telegram :

' *L'Elbrouz vaincu.*

' Moscou 23 août 1925.

' Un groupe de dix-neuf alpinistes a pu accomplir la difficile ascension de l'Elbrouz, le pic le plus élevé de la chaîne du Caucase. La cime a été atteinte après onze jours de marches épuisantes à cause des violentes tempêtes de neige, dont une a duré six jours.

' L'ascension de l'Elbrouz était tentée depuis un siècle, mais jusqu'à présent personne n'avait dépassé 5000 m. C'est à dire qu'on n'avait pas même atteint la crête de la haute chaîne de 5200 m. en moyenne qui relie comme un mur de glace les cimes principales dont la plus haute est de 5642 m.'

It is well known that the ascent of the E. peak (18,347 ft.) was made in 1868 by Messrs. Freshfield, Moore, and Tucker, and that of the W. peak (18,470 ft.) in 1874 by Messrs. Grove, Gardiner, and Walker as recorded at the time in the JOURNAL.

They are fully described in Mr. Freshfield's 'Caucasus and Bashan,' 1869, and Mr. Grove's 'Frosty Caucasus,' 1875. They have been more recently recorded in Mr. Woolley's 'List of Caucasian Ascents' ('A.J.' xxvi. 96). Subsequent ascents have been fairly frequent. Neither summit presents any difficulty to active mountaineers, nor was the gap between them formerly defended by an ice-wall such as the Russian party describe.

The Hon. Membership of the Alpine Club has been offered to :

S.A.R. IL PRINCIPE LUIGI AMEDEO DI SAVOIA, DUCA DEGLI ABRUZZI, in high appreciation of his great expeditions to Ruwenzori, the Karakoram Himalayas, Alaska and other parts of the world (Ordinary Member, 1894-1925).

H.E. The Swiss Minister to Great Britain, MONSIEUR C. R. PARAVICINI.

SIGNOR CAV. VITTORIO SELLA, in high appreciation of his great work in connection with the expeditions of H.R.H. the Duke of Abruzzi and of Mr. Freshfield, and of his services to mountaineering (Ordinary Member, 1888-1925).

At the Assembly of the Delegates of the Club Alpin Suisse, held at Interlaken in September, the distinction of Hon. Membership of the C.A.S. was conferred on MR. FRESHFIELD and CAPTAIN FARRAR. The latter had been an ordinary member for thirty-one years.

GENERAL BRUCE, MR. YELD, and MR. G. WINTHROP YOUNG have had the distinction conferred on them of Membres d'Honneur of the C.A.F.

WE much regret to learn that the only son of ADOLPHE REY, the leading guide of Courmayeur, was killed whilst scrambling near Bardonnèche, where he was doing his military service. He was buried next his grandfather, Emile Rey, in the churchyard at Courmayeur. Adolphe will need no assurance of the warm sympathy of the many English friends of himself and his family.

WE much regret to learn that the only son of GOTTFRIED BOHREN, guide-chef of Grindelwald, was killed in a motor accident. He had driven a party over to Visp. He left there alone late, crossed the Grimsel, and passed Meyringen next morning at 5 A.M. The car was found, upside down with him pinned underneath, in the water of the Lake of Brienz at a point soon after the road attains the N. shore. It is presumed that over-fatigue caused momentary slumber as motor-drivers know does happen. The young man was previously a guide, and with his father had made various great expeditions, generally with Mr. Allston Burr.

I AM grieved to learn that FRITZ BOSS, the very fine young porter who was my companion on the Ebnefluh in 1924 ('A.J.' xxxvi. 402), died of pneumonia in June. He had been busy getting in his hay in wet weather and got repeatedly wet. I saw him at work in difficult circumstances that would have tried the *moral* of an ordinary man, whereas he never turned a hair and came down last over an ice-cliff ending in a big jump of quite 20 ft., all the while in a tempest of hail. One cannot spare men cast in such a mould. J. P. F.

THE death at eighty-two is announced of STEPHEN KIRCHLER of Sand in Taufers, in his day the greatest of the Zillerthal guides. His descent of the Stillupp face of the Löffler with Dr. Diener was one of his noteworthy exploits, and many of the new ascents in his group were led by him. He was later gardien at the Chemnitzer hut.

THE death at seventy-seven is announced of the guide DANIEL INNTHALER of Nasswald on the Raxalpe, well known as a brilliant rock-climber. His most famous ascent was the N. face of Planspitze in the Gesäuse. He was the teacher of Konrad Kain, now resident in British Columbia, who comes also from Nasswald.

M. PAUL MONTANDON speaks very highly of the Hotel Belalp, kept by the brother and two sisters Klingele. 'It has kept all the charm of old times . . . there were a good many Englishmen and English ladies there and the hotel had a good season.'

SEPP INNERKOFER OF SEXTEN.—The death of this famous Dolomite guide, of whom a portrait appears in 'A.J.' xxxv. opp. 262, was announced in 'A.J.' xxxi. 127. Details are now given by Oberstleutnant F. Kupetz who commanded the battery which

put up the barrage to cover the attack in which Sepp was killed. Some details of Sepp's activities are to be found in the Obituary Notice of Sir Edward Davidson. In his Dolomites he had only one possible rival, Toni Dimai. None of us who have climbed with him will forget his grace of movement on difficult rocks or his frank and honest ways.

Sepp was 50 when the war with Italy broke out, but joined up with his sons Gottfried (aged 22) and Sepp (aged 18), and was stationed on the Sexten Plateau front where, of course, he knew every stone. Many tales are told of his gallant behaviour. In the early days the Paternkofel, next to the Drei Zinnen, had been used as an observation post by the Austrians, but early in June 1915 an Italian patrol occupied, and built an entrenchment of stones on, the summit. The post was too valuable to surrender, and Sepp who, by this time, had been advanced to *Ober-Jäger*, volunteered to dislodge the Italian garrison whom he put at six or eight men. He proposed to ascend by the N.N.W. arête (of which he had made the first ascent in 1896) with five other guides and his son Gottfried. The climb ends in a nearly vertical chimney finishing a few feet below the summit, so it was hoped to surprise the Italian post. The attack was arranged for the night of July 3-4, but in view of the risk young Gottfried was forbidden to go. The attack was to be covered by a barrage from a battery on the Dreizinnen plateau and Sepp carried a flag to signal the battery when to lift. The party duly left at 2 A.M., and everything went according to plan. At 9 A.M. Sepp, followed by another guide, appeared just under the summit plateau. The barrage promptly stopped. Sepp, followed by the other men, was seen to dash forward and to throw three or four hand grenades. He was met by ten or twelve Italians from behind their stone wall. Suddenly the attackers threw themselves to the ground while the defenders retired behind their wall. It appeared that an Austrian machine gun on the Innicher Riedl had opened fire. Immediately it stopped three or four Italians dashed out once more, including a gigantic Alpino. Sepp sprang to his feet but was instantly shot by the latter, threw up his hands, and fell backwards over the edge, his body lodging in the Opelkamin some 25 ft. down. The other guides instantly retired, descending the rocks at their utmost speed, all but one escaping unhurt although pelted with rocks by the Italians who had put up so staunch a defence.

Sepp's body was recovered by the Italians and buried, it is stated with military honours, on the summit, the offer of his companions to rescue it in the night being deemed too risky.

The other guides reported that Sepp threw four bombs of which only the third exploded, and that he was shot dead through the head.

On August 17, 1918, when the summit was reoccupied the two sons and a patrol in command of an officer made the ascent and found the grave marked with a cross bearing Sepp's name. The

body had been buried wrapped in an Italian patrol tent, and was quite recognisable. He was reinterred in the family grave at SEXTEN. His youngest son manages the family Gasthof on the FISCHLEINBODEN, and is one of the most sought after guides of the district.—From *Mitteilungen D. und Ö. A. V.*, July 15, 1925.

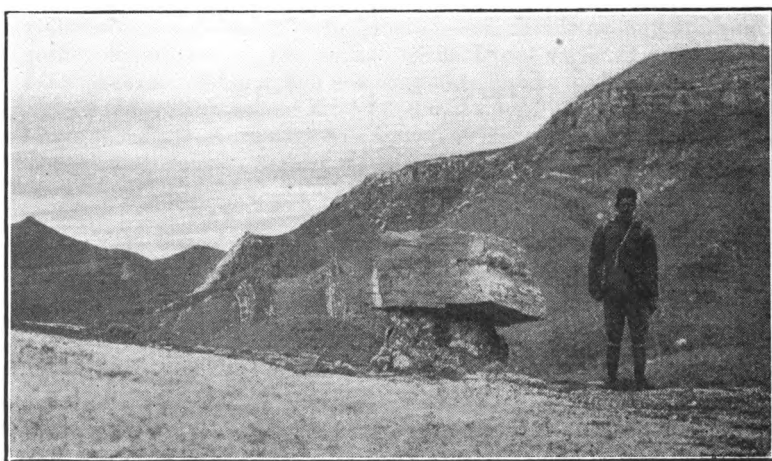
**THE LATE MAJOR LINDSELL.**—Mr. Charles Morger, member of Committee S.A.C. section, St. Gall, writes :

‘It was on one of the rare fine days of 1922 that I met on the way to the Hüfi Hut Major Lindsell with two guides—one his favourite, Biner of Zermatt. I was amazed that the party made only one stop on their way. So we reached the hut in 2½ hours, which may be considered as the minimum.

‘At sunset I had the chance to enter into conversation with Major Lindsell. We stood before the hut, and he seemed to be thoroughly acquainted with all the surrounding peaks and their routes. He told me that in a few weeks he would complete his 65th year, and that before then he would finish his trips in the higher Alps by climbing the Tödi *via* the difficult west route. “I am not of your opinion,” I replied, “as I had the occasion to watch your going up to the hut, and venture to say that the Tödi will not be the keystone of your alpine career.” Major Lindsell smiled, saying “Well, you may be right.” . . .

‘Now, on reading the article of E.L.S. in the ALPINE JOURNAL, I am pleased to learn that I was right, and with deepest regret I take note that our Alps have lost one more of their excellent admirers.’

**GYPSUM ‘GLACIER’ AND TABLE, SOUTHERN PERSIA.**—This photograph may interest those familiar only with the similar





phenomenon on glaciers of ice ; it may, however, be quite unique. In this instance the glacier is of gypsum, squeezed out from the highly gypseous rocks of the region, and its surface dissolving under the action of the tropical rains ; a block of hard limestone, stranded on it, has protected the surface on which it rests, and in process of time become raised above the general level. The action is paralleled by that of the formation of 'earth pillars' to be seen in many regions in moraines and old boulder clays, though in the latter case it is one of mechanical corrosion of the small material not protected by the cap rock, and not of solution as in the phenomenon illustrated.

N. E. O.

GEOLOGICAL NOTE ON N.-E. RIDGE OF AIGUILLE VERTE.—The steepness and slabby character of the ridge, particularly in its lower part, seems to be due to the gneiss of which it is composed having been subjected to an excessive amount of lateral pressure or squeezing, which has caused it to develop a very pronounced vertical jointing, and given the long stretches of unbroken slab.

N. E. O.

N. ARÊTE OF NORDEND.—This was first *descended* by the late Walter Flender with Heinrich Burgener and Ferdinand Furrer in 1899, then by Herren E. Christa, Pfann, and Dr. F. Pflaum in 1901, and by Dr. G. Leuchs and A. Schulze in 1902. The descent was repeated by Herren A. Matschunas and W. Welzenbach, two of the young and capable Munich Akademikers, on August 15, 1925.<sup>1</sup> After *climbing down* the four great pitches they *reclimbed* each without artificial aid and accordingly claim to have made the *first ascent*. While no doubt the performance shows them to be very competent climbers, the *first ascent* of the arête was made some years ago by Capt. Ryan with the guides Josef and Franz Lochmatter, as mentioned in Dr. Dübi's *Alpes Valaisannes*, vol. iii. 117. Franz Lochmatter told me that gaining the arête to start with was the main difficulty, as the slabs were very smooth and overhung.

Further particulars will be obtained on Franz's return from the Karakoram.

J. P. F.

Mt. BLANC by the AIG.-BLANCHE and the PEUTERET ARÊTE.—This great expedition was repeated during the season by two Munich Akademikers Dr. W. Allwein and Herr W. Welzenbach. They bivouacked on the Brenva glacier ; again on the Col de Peuteret, and reached the Vallot hut late at night, where they were held up two days by bad weather.

A NEW stone hut is now completed on the rocks at the foot of the S.E. ridge of REQUIN and will serve for the Requin, Midi and Plan.

<sup>1</sup> See *Der Bergsteiger*, September 18, 1925. (An interesting, well-run weekly paper published in Vienna.)—J. P. F.

THE new Chalet-hotel on the COL D'ISERAN, over which a high-road is being built, was opened in August last. The celebration was attended by the President, Commandant Regaud and Baron Gabet, past President C.A.F., and by Signor Cav. Bobba of the C.A.I., and MM. de Cessole, Faist and Joublot of the C.A.F.

A NEW hut below the COL DU CARRO has also been opened by the Section Lyonnaise C.A.F., which includes many brilliant mountaineers.

A NEW Aletsch Hut has been opened at an altitude of 2745 m. on the Thorberg.

THE KAISERGEBIGE, a limestone range in N. Tirol, has long been known as the theatre of very desperate climbs, and there are probably more men killed there each summer than in all other *climbing* expeditions in the Eastern Alps put together, excluding the Raxalpe. The super-climbs were hitherto the W. face of the TOTENKIRCHL and the E. face of the FLEISCHBANK, described in this Journal. On July 28, however, Herr Roland Rossi of Innsbruck and a Munich friend succeeded in climbing the yet more desperate S.E. face of the latter. Their previous attempts were frustrated by weather, and meantime a member of a Munich party led by the well-known Toni Leiss, which also attempted it, met with a fatal accident.

Herr Leiss himself, one of the best of the Akad. Alpenverein Munich, has now been killed on the Gehrenspitze in the Tannheimergebirge, W. of the Lech valley, on the Austro-Bavarian border. Details fail so far. There is little question but that these young Munich climbers are forcing the pace. There is a dangerous spirit of emulation which tends to carry them over the limits of reasonable risk. Some of the best of them have already paid the penalty. The tendency to treat them as heroes is thoroughly vicious. No doubt the forcing of a route up some desperate and doubtful face puts to the test the leader's nerve, sangfroid, strength, endurance and skill, but there is a limit, and a fatal accident only reveals the fact that the man tried himself too high. Of their courage there is no question, and it is doubly regrettable to see such young lives thrown away, on the threshold of their usefulness in life, on an object which, however, suited to training one's faculties, is, after all, not worth the ultimate sacrifice.

THE NEW FRENCH GOVERNMENT MAP 1 : 50,000.—The following sheets have been published : Tignes, Petit St. Bernard (Ruitor), Lanslebourg (Charbonel, Bessanese and Ciamarella). Obtainable from Barrère, rue du Bac, Paris.

MONTE VISO.—This magnificent viewpoint is now within easy reach of Turin. A train leaves Turin at 5.45 A.M. for Bargé and an auto connects with Crissolo, arriving about 10 A.M. The route up

to the Lago Grande di Viso is in Dr. Coolidge's Ball, p. 62: 'Follow the telephone poles.' There is now a small inn, Albergo Quintino Sella, on the Balze di Cesare, as well as the Quintino Sella Club hut (Ball, p. 61)  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours further on, which has blankets and straw, but no wood. There is generally a guide at the Inn. The Viso can be climbed next day and the Visolotto the day after. It is better if climbing the Visolotto to leave rucksacks about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours from the Inn and to descend to the mule path to Piano del Re. An auto leaves Crissolo early and Turin is reached about 10 A.M.

H. E. N.

TURLO PASS.—Italian soldiers are improving the path on both sides. The descent in the Val Quarazza is on the right (E.) side of the valley. Ball, p. 530, and *Les Alpes Valaisannes*, iii. 149, describe the pathless route to the left.

POLLUX.—The S. ridge can be climbed without any difficulty. Just before the two gendarmes visible from both sides, turn over to the W. and climb a moderately difficult chimney with two chock stones. Then up a steep rock wall with good holds to the easy snow ridge which leads to the top. This is not described in the *Walliser Alpen*, though it is well scratched. It makes a welcome variation in the continuous snow work of the traverse of Pollux and Castor from the Théodule to the Sella Hut. The chimney was clear enough of ice on the third day after a spell of bad weather.

H. E. N.

MONT POURRI.—There are now three small hotels at Nancroit, one mile above Peisey (P.L.M. auto from Landry). The C.A.F. are erecting a hut next year about three hours on. It is marked in the *new edition* of Gaillard's *Alpes de Savoie*, vol. i., Part I., p. 136.

ASCENT OF ÖRAEFA JÖKULL—ICELAND (about 7000 ft.). The first ascent was made by Mr. F. W. W. Howell, drowned later in crossing a river in Iceland, on August 17, 1891 (cf. *Geographical Journal*, 1892, 841-50). One of his guides, Jón Plásson, is still living at Svinafell. It has now been ascended about eight times. An ascent was made on August 16, 1925, by Mr. Ruthven Whitewright Stuart with two guides. They started from the Sandfell Parsonage at 11.35 A.M., and reached the top at 7.57 P.M. The glacier was much crevassed and the steep ice of the final peak required step-cutting. The approach to the group is troublesome as the rivers are very full in summer, and a passage for the ponies has to be made on the ice.

Fog is also very prevalent. Mr. Stuart writes that one risks drowning before reaching the base of the mountain, and that the ice-fall of the Svinafell Jökull is the finest he has ever seen in the Alps or the Canadian Rockies. 'The two glaciers, one on each side of the broad rocky ridge by which one approaches the peak, are

very fine. . . . The eastern ridge leading up to the peak is very fine to look at, but impracticable.'

Mr. Stuart also ascended Hekla.

A SCOUTS' ALPINE CLUB, Club Alpin des Eclaireurs, has been formed—subscription 10 Swiss francs.

THE Cairngorm Club formally opened on August 1 a mountain indicator on the summit of Ben Macdhui in memory of its first President, the late Alexander Copland, to whose patience and care in the preparation of the panoramic view from the summit due tribute was borne by Mr. William Garden, President of the Club, and member of the Alpine Club. The unveiling was made by Mrs. Garden in a witty little speech, and among the 140 persons present were members of the Alpine, Climbers', and Rucksack Clubs, together with Mr. J. A. Parker, C.E., who was responsible for the erection of the indicator, Major Sir J. D. Ramsay, Bt., son of the late Sir James Ramsay, Bt., of Bamff, and other members of the Ramsay family.

## HIMALAYAN NOTES.

THE VISSER EXPEDITION BEYOND THE KARAKORUM—Mrs. Visser write as follows :

Shimshal,  
July 9, 1925.

DEAR CAPTAIN FARRAR,

From this quaintest of places I am writing to tell you how we are getting on.

We started from Srinagar on April 25th and crossed the Tragbal and Burzil passes to Gilgit, where we stopped three days to make further arrangements—then on to Hunza (visit to the Mir), and thence to our base-camp at Pasu, where we arrived on May 29th.

From here my husband and the guides made a reconnoitring expedition up the Pasu glacier to judge of the condition of the snow and also for topographical work.

They found there was still too much snow to venture to any great altitude yet, so we therefore decided to first explore the Khunjerab and Ghujerab valleys.

The chief difficulty here is the water ! It is no easy matter to get into the Khunjerab. The gorge is so narrow and at every turn the cliffs rise perpendicular to such enormous heights, that one is continually forced to wade through the streams so as to be able to advance at all. Sometimes even this mode of progress is impossible, and the way is barred. The Khunjerab is a veritable 'mouse-trap.'

In the Khunjerab, Brig.-Gen. Cockerill had been thirty years ago, but from there we crossed a snow-pass into the Ghujerab, thus entering into the totally 'unsurveyed' regions, where there was no map any more to indicate the way.

We followed the Ghujerab up to its source—then went up the glacier and crossed a steep snow-pass, the very steep and difficult descent through couloir into 'Maidur' valley. Here there was a 'summer settlement.' Great excitement amongst the people, who had never seen Europeans.

From this spot we crossed another pass into the Zardigarbin valley and continuing downwards through this valley, arrived in Shimshal two days ago.

We certainly were very lucky, as we had splendid weather all the time.

The surveyor, Afraz Gul, whom the Survey of India kindly placed at our disposal, has done excellent work and the map is progressing in a most satisfactory way. Besides the topographical work my husband has already made a fine collection of photographs, and has busied himself with meteorological observations.

I have collected butterflies and botanical specimens and have had most interesting 'finds.'

It certainly is the most wonderful country we have ever seen.

Such stupendous gorges and precipices surely exist nowhere else!

As, I suppose, you have already heard, Marcel Kurz did not join our party.

We now have with us: Baron van Harinxma thal Slooten, a Dutch friend, the two guides Franz Lochmatter and Johann Perren, and Afraz Gul 'Khan Sahib' the Indian surveyor.

All members of the expedition are in good health, and just now enjoying a few days rest here in Shimshal before beginning the second part of our work: the exploration of the Shimshal regions: the Malungatti glacier, N. of the Hispar.

In September we hope to go to the Batura, the great unexplored glacier that reaches the Hunza valley, three miles from Pasu.

My husband and I send you many greetings, and look forward to seeing you again in London, when we get back to 'civilisation,' to tell you 'all about it.'

Yours sincerely,

JENNY VISSER-HOOFT.

*The Times* of September 23 gives later news, reading:

'ROTTERDAM, Sept. 21.

'A message from Gilgit yesterday states that the Dutch Alpinists, Mr. and Mrs. Visser, have returned safely to Hunza, after a march of 590 miles through the unexplored and very difficult mountain regions of the Karakoram Range to the north of Kashmir.

'Mr. Visser telegraphs that he has discovered the sources of the Khunjerab, Ghujerab, and Shimshal rivers. He has also explored immense unsurveyed glaciers, one of them 37 miles in length, and mapped 2316 square miles of unknown country. All members of the party are well and the expedition is now continuing its explorations to the east.

'This is Mr. Visser's second journey to the unexplored country north of Mount Godwin Austen (28,250 ft.). This time the expedition, which is mainly scientific, approached the Karakorams through the Pamirs. Mrs. Visser is making a botanical collection. They were obliged to abandon their first attempt, in 1922, owing to insurmountable difficulties after six months in the mountains.'

## CANADIAN NOTES.

MT. RESPLENDENT by the N. arête—Reverting to the statement on pp. 53 and 60, Mr. W. A. D. Munday writes :

'In July 1920 my wife and myself climbed the mountain by this route after almost successfully penetrating the icefall of the glacier to the east of this arête—there is a notable dearth of names to distinguish physical features in parts of this district. The slope below the rocks was snow-covered ice from which the snow was avalanching seriously before we gained the rocks. Spring was very late that year ; we encountered snow patches on the trail below Berg Lake ; even Mt. Mumm possessed ice-slopes overlain by snow which the prevailing warm nights during our stay prevented hardening to a point of comfortable safety.'

The partial and complete ascents by this ridge will be therefore as follows :

July 1915.—A. J. Gilmour, W. E. D. Holway. Dr. Gilmour writes : 'Holway and myself went up the middle arête of Resplendent to the top of the rock pile on the snow arête that leads to the summit. Here, because of the clouds, we could not safely advance. We waited, but our hands and feet became cold and we followed our tracks down. We were naturally very much disappointed not to have pushed on, as the difficult part was behind us.'

July 1920.—Mr. and Mrs. W. A. D. Munday. First complete ascent.

July 1924.—J. M. Thorington and A. J. Ostheimer III, with C. Kain, A. Streich, and H. Kohler. The arête was followed closely throughout ; summit reached in wind and snow ; descent to western snow col and head of Robson glacier. About three hours were spent on the arête, it being necessary to cut a number of steps in the slope below the rocks ; summit reached in two hours more. Second complete ascent.

## REVIEWS.

*Storia della Spedizione Scientifica Italiana nel Himalaia Caracorum.* By Filippo de Filippi.

THIS handsome volume records the story of Sir Filippo de Filippi's expedition to the Eastern Karakoram and Chinese Turkestan during the years 1913-14. The scientific results of the expedition are to be published in two series, one of which, edited by Professor Dainelli, will consist of ten volumes. The first of these, dealing with the Glaciology of the upper Indus valley and the Vale of Kashmere, has already appeared. (See *Geog. Jour.*, March 1924.)

Much detailed information regarding the western portion of the Karakoram range has been accumulated in recent years since Sir Francis Younghusband traversed the Mustagh Pass and explored the sources of the Oprang river. Thus, in addition to the work of the Indian Trigonometrical Survey, we have the results brought back by Sir Martin Conway, the Duke of the Abruzzi, and the Workmans; but we had still to rely for our knowledge of the eastern region chiefly on the pioneer work of the early explorers—Strachey, Johnson, Shaw, Forsyth, and Gordon. Dr. Longstaff, in his paper read before the Royal Geographical Society in 1910, remarks 'of the mountain regions of High Asia which are politically accessible to the ordinary traveller, there is none concerning which detailed information is more scanty than the eastern section of the great Karakoram range.'

In 1909, however, Dr. Longstaff himself visited the Saltoro Pass and discovered the mighty Teram Kangri peak and added much to our knowledge of the Siachen glacier system and the district to the south-east of the Baltoro, and now, as a result of Dr. Filippi's expedition, we are in possession of detailed information regarding the most easterly portion of the range containing the Remu glacier and the watershed to the west of the Karakoram Pass. The expedition was carefully organised and thoroughly up to date. Its splendid scientific equipment was largely due to the liberality of the Italian Government, while subscriptions were contributed by the King of Italy and various private persons, including Sir A. Fitzgerald and Major E. A. Fitzgerald; Mr. R. W. Spranger also contributed very generously to the expenses of the expedition. Help was also forthcoming from various academies and scientific societies, including the Royal Society and the Royal Geographical Society, while the Indian Government contributed a subsidy of 15,000Rs. The expedition comprised eleven Europeans, of whom seven left Italy in 1913 and four others joined them at Leh in the spring of 1914. These included, besides the author and Professor Dainelli, Professor A. Alessio, Professor Abetti, and Professor Marinelli;

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Dr. Alessandri, director of the Monte Rosa Observatory; Marquis Nello Venturi Ginori; Cesare Antilli, director of the military photographic stations. Colonel Wood and Mr. Spranger of the Indian Trigonometrical Survey and two Indian surveyors joined the expedition in 1914. The personnel also included the well-known guide Giuseppe Petigax, of Courmayeur.

The winter of 1913-14 was spent by the majority of the party at Skardu, the capital of Baltistan, while Dainelli and Petigax made an expedition to the Baltoro glacier and the Saltoro valley.

After nearly four months spent at Skardu the expedition moved on *via* Karghil to Leh. Travelling in the Indus valley in the winter months was found in many respects to offer special facilities, owing to the frozen condition of the river, and Dainelli took advantage of this fact to explore the valley up to Da and to carry on his anthropometric studies of the natives. From Leh he conducted a further expedition in the upper Indus to the Rupshu plateau and Lake Moriri, and thence over the Saka La to the Pangong lake, returning by the Tankse and the Chang La to Leh.

From Leh the expedition travelled north over the Kardong La, descending to the Shyok valley and thence over the Sassar La to the Depsang plateau, where they established their base camp. Here the party again divided, Dainelli and Marinelli going east by the upper Chipchak to the head waters of the Karakash and Taldat, while Wood and Spranger, with the topographer Shib Lal, explored and mapped the district between the Remu glacier and the Karakoram pass, determining the true position of the eastern watershed of the range.

The remaining members, with Filippi, started for the main work of the expedition, namely the exploration of the Remu glacier system. This occupied from July 1 till August 18.

The Remu glacier marks the eastern extremity of the great furrow which extends almost uninterruptedly south of the Karakoram chain and almost parallel to it, and is occupied by the Hisper, Biafo, Siachen, Tarim Sher, and Remu glacier systems. This depression appears to be continued eastward in the valley of the Chipchak and the western branch of the Karakash. There are, however, no glacier systems east of the Remu, and the junction between the glaciated region and the ice-free region is astonishingly abrupt. The Remu glacier had not previously been explored in detail although its position was indicated on the Indian map, apparently from data collected by Johnson in 1864-65.

The fundamental error in this map was placing the basin, in which the Yarkand rises, to the south of the watershed, and the representation of a great curved chain of mountains to the north of the Karakorams containing the source of the Shyok, while the Remu system was represented as lying south-west of this river. One of the chief geographical results of Dr. Filippi's expedition was the discovery of the true source of the Yarkand in the northern branch of



the Remu and that of the Shyok in the terminal front of the main Remu glacier. This the author considers as probably the only case of a glacier which gives rise to two important rivers flowing in opposite directions from one of the largest watersheds in the world, between India and Central Asia; the Ivory glacier in Spitsbergen, however, appears to resemble it, though on an infinitely smaller scale, and the Forno glacier in the Engadine must once have flowed over the Maloja pass as well as along the Upper Inn valley, thus supplying feeders to both the Danube and the Po.

The author gives two maps for comparison, which illustrate very clearly the important alteration in the representation of the topography of the district resulting from this expedition.

The upper Yarkand had previously been traced by Hayward in the winter of 1868 for some distance above Kufulang. Wood and Spranger have now mapped it to its source in the northern branch of the Remu glacier and have also explored the three important tributary valleys entering from the west. The highest of these leads apparently over a pass to the head waters of the Oprang valley, which flows round the western margin of the Aghil chain to join the Yarkand.

The two lower tributary valleys are much larger and appear to drain the eastern side of the Aghil range. The third or lowest was described by Hayward and Forsythe and was probably the old route by which merchants from Yarkand traversed the Karakoram chain to Nubra in Ladak and Chorbut in Baltistan. This supposition appears to be borne out by the fact that Spranger found a cache containing tea, copies of the Koran, and letters dated about ten years previously. The difficulties of the route are evidently great and the present conditions appear to be against its use. It seems probable that more than one route was in use in former times over the chain, but the change in the condition of the glaciers has now rendered them impracticable.

The Remu glacier system was found to consist of a central trunk glacier about twenty-four miles long and one and a half miles wide near its termination and two miles wide at its névé in the west. It describes a large curve having a general N.W. and S.E. direction. It receives two tributaries, one to the north and one to the south, both flowing in a general west to east direction. The northern branch has a length of eleven miles and a width of one and a quarter miles. The southern branch, which joins the main stream at its foot, has a length of twelve and a half miles and a width of one and a half miles, the united streams terminating at 16,336 ft. above sea level. The lower portion of the trunk glacier is covered with seracs cut up into towers and pinnacles.

The main source of the Shyok river rises near the confluence of the northern tributary with the trunk glacier and flows along the left margin of the glacier between the ice and the eastern margin of the valley. At the head of the main glacier a saddle at a height

of about 19,850 ft. leads west over to the Tarim Sher, a branch of the Siachen glacier. This is dominated to the north by the peak 22,480 ft. of Peterkin's map. Filippi and his party found the upper basin of the glacier, below the pass, furrowed with difficult cracks and crevasses, and the Workmans record the same phenomena on the west side in the upper Tarim Sher. The trunk glacier is separated from the northern and southern tributaries by ranges of high peaks over 20,000 ft., but the highest peaks from 22,000 to 24,300 ft. lie round the head of the southern tributary and form the range dividing the Remu from the Siachen. The tributary glaciers from these peaks are, however, relatively small, and the alimentation of this great glacier system appears to be due largely to the snow which falls on the individual glaciers. The absence of moraine material is a characteristic feature of the Remu glacier in marked contrast to the other large glaciers of the Karakoram.

On August 13 the three parties were reunited at the base camp on the Depsang; here they heard of the outbreak of the war, and several members of the expedition returned immediately *via* Leh to Bombay. On August 20 the remainder started over the Karakoram pass for Yarkand and Kashgar, by the Riasham Dara and Basar Dara, but were obliged eventually to return to the Caravan route by Khargalik.

The volume is profusely illustrated with numerous beautiful photographs in the text and special panoramas by Magg. Cesare Antilli, including seven magnificent panoramic photographs of the Remu glacier system, the Depsang plateau, and the upper Shyok valley. Three maps also accompany the volume, one a general map of the area showing the itinerary, one of the Depsang Plateau and the upper basins of the Yarkand and the Shyok on the scale of 1 = 250,000, and a detailed map of the Remu glacier and the district east of it as far as the Karakoram pass on a scale of 1 = 100,000. These maps and photographs together give a very clear idea of the topography and scenery of the district.

Sir Filippo de Filippi and his companions are to be congratulated on the thoroughness and foresight with which the work of the expedition has been carried out, a thoroughness which we have been accustomed to in recent Italian expeditions, and we shall look forward with interest to the publication of the remaining volumes recording the detailed scientific results of the expedition which are promised.

E. J. G.

*Where Hannibal Passed.* By Arthur Rivers Bonus. With twelve Illustrations and a Map. Methuen & Co. 1925.

THE careful examination of the various views held by historians and geographers as to Hannibal's famous Crossing of the Alps contained in W. T. Arnold's 'Second Punic War' (1886) seemed for a time likely to close the discussion, at least in this country. But since in 1911 Professor Spenser Wilkinson started it afresh this

ancient controversy has raged with renewed, if intermittent, vigour. My own contribution to it, 'Hannibal Once More,' in 1914, was succeeded in 1924 by a booklet from Mr. Cecil Torr,<sup>1</sup> and here comes another essay from a new author who has succeeded in hunting out a fresh candidate for the distinction of having furnished a Road to Rome to the Carthaginian host.

Up to the middle of the last century the Great Passes, the Mont Genève, the Mont Cenis, and the Little St. Bernard, were the favourites with students and alpine travellers. But there seemed no reason why the game should stop before every pass below the snow-level in the Western Alps had had its claim, or lack of claim, fully investigated. Since 1900, however, a school of French and English writers has arisen who have, as far as they themselves are concerned, narrowed the field of controversy by their insistence on the acceptance in its most literal sense of a speech which Hannibal is reported by Polybius and Livy to have addressed to his troops, pointing out to them the view of Italy from the pass itself. These critics have consequently put aside the famous highways over which their predecessors had wrangled, and confined themselves to discussing passes with a view. It would seem that there are only three passes that possess this qualification. These are Colonel Colin's, M. Ferrand's and Professor Wilkinson's Col du Clapier, Mr. Cecil Torr's Col de la Traversette, and the pass now brought forward by Mr. Bonus, the Col de Malaure, an obscure gap in the range north of Monte Viso, dividing Dauphiné from Piedmont, the valley of the Guil from Val Pellice.

In the volume before us Mr. Bonus describes how, having made up his mind as to the district in which to look, he set out from Briançon in search of a pass with a view of Italy. He does not seem to have consulted Mr. Coolidge's edition of the 'Western Alps' (which mentions the Col de Malrif and Col de Malaure), or Signor Ferrari's 'Guida alle Alpi Cozie,' which notes the view of Italy from the latter pass, but in Muirhead's 'Blue Guide to the French Alps' he lit on a hint which helped him. The Col de Malaure was there stated to command a wide view of the Piedmontese plain. On a close inspection Mr. Bonus found to his delight that the pass not only offered this, in his opinion essential, qualification, but combined to his satisfaction all the features called for to fulfil the requirements of the classical narratives.

The fairest way to state Mr. Bonus's case may be first to set out the line of Hannibal's Alpine march, as he pictures it, reserving for subsequent discussion such difficulties in accepting his argument as may suggest themselves to a friendly critic.

Our author believes the Carthaginians crossed the Rhône, not at Roquemaure but at Tarascon, and leads them on up that river and

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<sup>1</sup> See *A.J.* xxxvi. 426; *Geographical Journal*, lxiv. 241, 328, and 500.

the Isère to Grenoble. I shall confine my comments here to the further portion of Hannibal's march, that which lay in the High Alps. At Grenoble, or more exactly at Vizille, he is made to leave the track towards Gap taken by Francis the First and his army on their way to Italy, and to plunge into the gorges that lead to the Col du Lautaret. The first fight is represented as taking place below Bourg d'Oisans. That town, or village, Mr. Bonus identifies as the πόλις where Hannibal found provisions for three days for his host and baggage train.

These three days bring Hannibal through more gorges and over the Col du Lautaret to the upper waters of the Durance in the neighbourhood of Briançon. Here he fails to learn anything of the Mont Genève, though its top is within a few miles. The Durance at this point refuses to correspond to Ammianus Marcellinus's, and *à fortiori* to Livy's description of its passage, so Mr. Bonus suggests that a decrease of snowfall in the alpine climate in the last two thousand years may account for its diminished volume.

Hannibal, trusting to local guides, is next represented as being led up the Val Cerveyrette, a glen which opens E. of Briançon. This brings him to the pass at its head, the Col de Malrif (9200 ft.), a gap not on the watershed but on a ridge giving access to the upper part of the Guil valley. Mr. Bonus places the combat at 'The White Rock' in a gorge below the pass. But failing to find a 'White Rock' at hand, he urges that the word λευκόπετρον 'must mean and be translated an open stony place,' and he furnishes a photograph of a bluff commanding the path to the Col de Malrif which he inclines to identify with it. He pictures Hannibal, while waiting on the pass for his rearguard, as taking note of the forward view and discovering that over a lower ridge some seven miles distant—the alpine watershed—it included a glimpse of the plain of Piedmont.

But in order to approach this final obstacle the Carthaginians have first to descend some 4000 ft. into the basin of Abriès. Next day the host accomplishes this and wanders on, till it camps at about 7000 ft., an hour below the far-sought pass, a gap in the alpine crest now known as the Col de Malaure (8400 ft.). Here, and not on the actual ridge, Hannibal rests his men for two days, but, apparently, neglects to take the ordinary military precaution of sending out scouts to see what the ground may be like on the other side.

At the start on the third morning, finding his soldiers in low spirits, he halts them in a hollow below the pass on the *western* slope, and harangues them in the terms reported by Polybius and Livy. For the view he had obtained from the Malrif enabled him to assure them that they were climbing the last steep and that henceforth their path would lie all downhill. Mr. Bonus believes himself to have identified the spot where this dramatic scene took place—a former lake-basin, 150 yards by 100 in extent, lying twenty minutes below the actual

pass and shut in by neighbouring heights. This proved to be a narrow ridge, the descent from which, on the Italian side, lay across steep beds of shale raked in places by the discharge from gullies, some of them patched with snow. Finding no room for a camp on the crest, and no track suitable for the baggage train and elephants on the other side, the army returned to its quarters on the western slope until one could be made.

There are obviously many grave difficulties and discrepancies to be got over before the Col de Malaure and its approaches, including the Col de Malrif, can be accepted as, in Mr. Bonus's words, corresponding exactly with the classical texts and presenting all the local details required by them. I can only deal here with a selection from among these difficulties.

The Col du Lautaret is defended on the W. by a series of gorges, and the Roman road that made it possible for armies was of a relatively late date. It is hardly credible that in Hannibal's time any πόλις capable of supplying food and forage for three days for an army of over 30,000 men and animals can have existed in the situation of Bourg d'Oisans. Is it likely that, arrived in the neighbourhood of Briançon, Hannibal would have heard nothing of the Mont Genève, only a few miles distant? Livy's account of the difficulties of the Passage of the Durance (and of the scenery surrounding it) can only be brought into accord with the character of the river and its bed in the Briançon district by assuming a change in the alpine climate in the last 2000 years. But the fact that the Great St. Bernard was in Roman times a frequented and important military pass is a proof that the alpine climate cannot have been seriously worse at that epoch than now: otherwise the snow-level would have been below the summit of that pass. Again, Λευκόπετρον means what it says; to translate it by 'an open stony place' is surely unwarrantable. Can a lake-basin without any view of Italy be said to correspond to a promontory with a panorama? Does a slope of screes exposed to stonefalls fit in with the vivid details of the perils encountered in the descent?

These seem to me to be considerations to be weighed both severally and in the bulk. But I would not rest the case against the Col de Malaure exclusively, or mainly, on them. Every player in this ancient game feels himself justified in interpreting and modifying the details of the classical narratives so as to make them fit the local facts of the route he favours. In this matter very few of us are in a position to throw stones. I would justify my scepticism as to Mr. Bonus's conclusion on broader and, I hold, stronger grounds.

What seems to me a determining argument in the inquiry 'Where Hannibal Passed' has been very commonly overlooked. Which is the more likely: that historians compiling, one sixty, one two hundred years after the event, an account of Hannibal's March should fail in accuracy of local detail, and yield to the temptation of enlivening their narratives by picturesque touches; or that a

great general bent on crossing the Alps should neglect the more fertile valleys and the lower and easier passes and lead his army through barren highlands and across ridges of over 8000 and 9000 feet?—and this in October!

It will, doubtless, be answered that Hannibal was without adequate information and was misled. But in the 48th Chapter of his third book Polybius has taken special pains to refute this contention. The Alpine March—he tells us—had been considered with the Gaulish chieftains at the conference held at the Crossing of the Rhône. Stragglers may have been misled, or have missed the track—as Livy suggests—but the main lines of the march were undoubtedly laid down on a preconceived plan.

Mr. Bonus in the course of his argument raises a number of more or less relevant points into which I cannot here follow him.

He regards Chapter 39 of Polybius's third Book as an interpolation. But the weight of authority is heavily against him.

To account for Strabo's statement that there is a large lake in a hollow of the Alps near the sources of the Duranc and the Dora Riparia, he discovers an old lake-bed, and invents a temporary lake in the Val Cerveyrette. This seems needless. In the time of Strabo the knowledge of the Alps was vague, and the distance between the river-sources and the lake on the Mont Cenis would not have been counted serious. It is only some twenty miles.

There is one more assertion made by Mr. Bonus I cannot pass without a protest. He writes:

'It is certain that on the twelfth morning of the Transalpine march when the Carthaginians went up to the pass from their two days' camp at the base of the ridge, there was no view at all. It had snowed heavily over-night and no one who knows what happens in the Alps at a height of 8000 or 9000 ft. when the weather breaks, will need to be told that the clouds were hanging thick on the pass and in the Val Pellice beyond and that it was impossible to see any distance.'

I have an acquaintance with the Alps extending over seventy years, and I have spent whole summers in them. My experience is that an autumn snowfall is as often as not a sign of a speedy improvement in the weather. It shows, as a rule, that the wind has gone north, and is frequently followed by a brilliantly clear morning.

Why does Mr. Bonus press on his readers this meteorological fallacy, which is in no way essential to his main argument? Why, after he has with much labour brought the Carthaginians to a pass commanding a glimpse of Italy, should he be at pains to blot out the vision from them by hypothetical mists?

Mr. Bonus's essay is not likely, I fear, to close the old controversy: it will smoulder on until M. Ferrand realizes his ambition and succeeds in digging up Hannibal's two days' camp? But Mr. Bonus earns our thanks for having added the Col de Malaure to the scanty list of passes with a view. And, if he would consent to bring

Hannibal round to Mont Dauphin by the Col Bayard and Gap, and fix the battle of 'The White Rock' in the lower Queyras defile, I might feel that the Vars-Argentière route had found not only a plausible but a formidable rival.

I would venture a further suggestion. Since Mr. Bonus has persuaded himself that the view of Italy which inspired Hannibal's eloquence was not obtained from the pass over the main chain, why should not he adopt the neighbouring and lower Col de la Croix (7576 ft.) as an alternative route? The 'Alpine Guide' (Coolidge's edition) says of it: 'This pass is one of the easiest and most frequented in the entire chain of the Alps.' Its top is described as 'a pasture plateau,' while on the Italian side at the head of the Val Pellice we read of 'a mere ravine' and 'an impassable gorge' some 2000 ft. below the top. These surely are qualifications worth considering in looking for Hannibal's Pass!

Mr. Bonus's volume contains some useful illustrations; but a meagre and inadequate diagram does duty for a map.

DOUGLAS W. FRESHFIELD.

Note by Mr. A. R. Bonus, the author, in answer to Mr. Freshfield's review, submitted to him by Mr. Freshfield's suggestion.

If the necessary limitations of the space courteously conceded to me compel me to be brief to the verge of curtness, I must not on that account be regarded as unwilling or unprepared to argue this matter at length and in detail, given an opportunity. One general remark—where the record is not reconcilable with facts, we must needs reject it; where it is reconcilable, as in the matter of the view, to reject it savours of the arbitrary.

'Here (Briançon) he fails to learn anything of the Mont Genève.' He was making for it ('Where Hannibal Passed,' p. 13; Livy V. 34) and was deliberately misled ('W.H.P.' pp. 14, 36).

As to meaning of *λευκόπετρον*, see 'W.H.P.' p. 52.

'Neglects the ordinary military precaution, etc.' Hannibal had no reason to expect an enemy on the Italian side of the pass, but rather the contrary—see, for instance, the matter of the Boii (Livy XXI. 29 and 25). As to the ground, I understand that the E. side of the Col du Lautaret is easy, as is the E. side of the Malrif, so he may well have assumed that the E. side of the Malaure would be easy too. Further, after being badly cut up on the eighth day, his force may have been rather out of hand.

'The Roman road that made it (Col du Lautaret) possible for armies, etc.' For what can be done by troops, both as regards altitudes and distances, in roadless and mountainous country, see Col. Henry Spalding, 'Suvoroff' (Chapman and Hall, 1890). See also Livy's account of the great Gaulish invasion of Italy (V. 34).

'It is hardly credible, etc.' This must be a matter of opinion; the troops were on short rations (Polybius III. 60).

'It is likely, etc.' See above.

'Livy's account of the passage of the Durance, etc.' Mr. Freshfield has misunderstood me; I place the crossing, described by Livy, immediately after departure from the Rhone Crossing camp. (Livy XXI. 31) first mentions the Durance, it is true, *after* alluding to the tribes whose countries H. traversed; but this is consistent enough with an earlier crossing. If I write that I have motored from Midhurst across Hampshire, Dorset, and Devon, meeting with no difficulty until reaching Winchester, I do not thereby imply that Winchester is in Cornwall.

For the Durance crossing at Briançon, see 'W.H.P.' p. 41. As to diminution of river-flow owing to disappearance of glaciers, see a recent paper by Sir Aurel Stein on desiccation of Tibetan oases.

As to translation of *λευκόπετρον*, see above.

'Can a lake-basin, etc.' For full explanation, see 'W.H.P.' pp. 47, 55.

'Does a slope of screes, etc.' The first part of the descent is not a slope of screes, but something much worse, probably the worst place the Carthaginians had yet found. They were not accustomed to mountains, or to snow.

'What seems to me, etc.' With all respect, I have never even suggested that Hannibal contemplated crossing ridges 8000 or 9000 ft. high, or taking fifteen days on his trans-Alpine march. He intended to take five and a half days (see 'W.H.P.' p. 13), and to travel by a route described in Ball's Alpine Guide, 'The Western Alps,' Mr. Coolidge's ed. 1898, p. 108, as 'the most direct route . . . by the comparatively low pass.'

'The weight of authority is heavily against him.' But I have on my side W. J. Law, 'Alps of Hannibal,' and the expert opinion cited by him.

'To account for Strabo's statement.' With submission, no, but to account for disagreements, even in Livy's day, regarding H.'s route. I do not think there can be any doubt of the existence, at one time, of a lake in the 'great marshy plain' ('Western Alps,' ed. 1898, p. 84), in the upper Cerveyrette Valley. Whether it was Strabo's lake does not affect my argument.

I am perfectly willing to accept Mr. Freshfield's assurance that there may have been a clear view of Italy from the Malaure on the twelfth day of the march. This also in no way affects my argument, and I should be happy to explain this and other matters did space permit, but I fear it does not.

*Alpinisme Hivernal.* Par Marcel Kurz. Payot, Paris. 25 fr.

It is sometimes asserted that when people review books they read the first chapter and the last, and skip the rest. This book has obviously not been written with this in mind; nor has the present reviewer attempted to work upon this principle. One casual glance was sufficient to make him read the middle portion first.



The first and shortest of the three parts into which the book may well be divided consists of a detailed account of the growth of winter mountaineering in the Alps. The first chapter is confined to the period when the utility of ski was not realised; and the second to the more recent period when ski had been brought into use. Both chapters are pertinent to the subject; but inasmuch as they consist largely of names and dates connected with winter first ascents they make rather dry reading. Such detailed information is of considerable importance from an historical point of view, but could have been given more briefly, and more clearly, in tabular form.

The last 183 pages are chiefly devoted to accounts of the author's own winter expeditions. They come in natural sequence after his description of the methods which he employs; and demonstrate that they have been put to practical test. If the British reader finds that the author has devoted too much space to descriptions of his feelings and of the scenery, he should recollect that this is merely due to national temperament, and that we are accustomed to express ourselves in a more prosaic manner. This section, which occupies the last half of the book, is of a more popular character than the first half, with the technicalities of which it stands out in strong contrast. It helps the book to satisfy a different class of reader, and thereby to increase its circulation. The best books often have but a limited demand; and for that very reason they run the risk of dying a natural death; or a more violent one in the form of a publisher's remainder. In the present writer's candid opinion, the first and last sections of the book, together with twenty full-page illustrations, well reproduced from excellent negatives, go to make up the two least interesting thirds of the whole; and the author may take it as a compliment if one says that they could also have been written by others not possessed of Marcel Kurz' special qualifications.

The middle third of the book, however, stands upon an entirely different footing. It is a veritable gold mine. It is an authoritative account of the technique of winter mountaineering. It is brief, and yet clear; and, best of all, it is convincing, not only because it has been written by one who thoroughly understands his subject, but also because it is logical. It will be found both interesting and instructive to all who wander about the hills, whether they do so in summer or in winter. It conveys the impression that the author is primarily a summer mountaineer, in the sense that he would seem to have learnt summer climbing first. The result is that knowledge of summer principles is taken for granted; and this greatly simplifies the explanation of the winter problem. To assume that the reader has summer experience appears perfectly correct, for it is only in summer that one can see the nature of the ground upon which the winter snow will obtain its foundation; and therefore it is only upon summer experience that sound principles of winter mountaineering

can be founded. The author also assumes that the reader is conversant with the principles of ski-ing ; in fact that he can not only climb hills in summer, but can also use a pair of ski efficiently. With these premises he undertakes the still difficult task of explaining how hills may be safely climbed in winter. He succeeds in doing so most effectively ; and it is interesting to notice, as one reads on, how it becomes more and more evident that the same broad principles which have now for many years been applied to summer climbing also hold good for winter ; while, at the same time, the technique of winter mountaineering cannot be separated from that of ski-ing. It is only in tactical details that the summer principles have to be varied ; and it is only in detail that one has to diverge from the ordinary technique of ski-ing, when once the summer snow line has been passed.

Although, as has already been mentioned, the principles laid down by Kurz appear to be logical, it may well be asked ' Are they sound ? ' Members of the Alpine Club will not ask ' Who is Kurz ? ' They know of him, and they know of his father, and they know of his father's book. But others may ask the question. The present writer, before he knew of this book, had the following conversation with one who is probably the most experienced British winter mountaineer :—' Do you really understand winter snow ? '—' No '—' Is there anyone who does ? '—' Anyway Marcel Kurz does.' So Kurz presumably knows what he is talking about ; although other experts may perhaps, after the manner of experts, not agree with him entirely. Be this as it may, Kurz is first in the field with a comprehensive explanation of the general principles of winter mountaineering ; and until someone else succeeds in proving that he knows better, and puts his knowledge into print, the middle section of the present book must be regarded as the standard work.

The utility of this part of the book is not limited to those who penetrate above the summer snow line in winter. Mountaineering starts when the first danger to be avoided is encountered, and so in winter it starts soon above the tree line, and in spring may even start below it ; and therefore, while the character of an ascent in winter does change as the summer snow line is passed, the author does not make any attempt to limit himself to considerations which only apply above that level. This makes an extensive increase in the number of British readers who will be interested, and makes it all the more desirable that an English edition should be brought out. Many cannot or will not be bothered to read a book in a foreign language ; and for many more what is read in a foreign book is less easily understood or remembered afterwards ; and the standard of winter expeditions undertaken by British travellers should be much improved by the help of an English version of the present book.

It is not only in the information it contains that the value of this part of the book lies. It affords some indirect lessons which some

would do well to learn. The ordinary technique of ski-ing is accepted without dispute; but the spirit in which ski-ing is sometimes practised, as an end in itself, as opposed to a convenient means of wandering about the hills, is completely rejected. Kurz assumes that when God made the hills He intended them to be climbed, and not to be used as glorified toboggan runs; and that they were made to be climbed safely, and, as winter days are short, quickly in consequence. He therefore attaches as much importance to the correct manner in which to go uphill, as to the correct way in which to run down. As it takes more time to climb a hill than it does to come down again, it follows that more time can be saved by increasing one's speed uphill, than by coming down more quickly. But Kurz goes further than this. He says that when coming down to the summer snow line the main difficulty is to go slowly enough. It is perfectly delightful to the present writer, clumsy on ski, to read this, and distort the intended meaning to suit his own purposes. Again, as hills were made to be climbed, a climb does not end when further progress on ski becomes impracticable or unpleasant. It only ends when the summit is reached; and the whole spirit in which Kurz writes indicates that he considers that ski should be discarded when proper, and further progress made on foot. The result is that while most of what he writes refers to ski-ing, he is not writing a book on ski-ing, but one on winter mountaineering; and what he says goes far to indicate that the winter game may pose as a humble rival, both in enjoyment and interest, to the summer one, if it is tackled in the same spirit as the latter.

Lastly, there is an indirect lesson for a small but not negligible group of members of the Alpine Club. Some seem to hold that the club is not concerned with ski-ing. If they will only read this book they can scarcely fail to see that modern winter mountaineering is so irretrievably mixed up with ski-ing, that to persist in their present attitude must ultimately lead them to the logical conclusion that the former is also outside the scope of the Club's activities. Kurz mentions the fact that the Swiss Alpine Club fell into the same trap in the early days of Alpine ski-ing, but have since realized and corrected their error. May the Alpine Club do likewise.

The sincere thanks of both summer and winter travellers in the Alps are due to Marcel Kurz for his most interesting and instructive book; and we members of the Alpine Club in particular will greatly appreciate the fact that one of our own colleagues has done so much to further the most recent development in mountaineering.

*The Mountains of Snowdonia.* Edited by Herbert R. C. Carr and George H. Lister. John Lane, The Bodley Head Limited. 25s. 405 pp.

THERE are two possible methods of compiling a volume such as this, which aims at describing the history, science, literature, and sport centring round a particular region. It is possible for one man

to 'get up' the various subjects, and to produce a book which under such circumstances should not suffer from overlapping and should benefit in coherence as being the production of a single hand. On the other hand, such a volume will almost certainly lack the freshness and vitality that first-hand knowledge alone can give; it is bound to be of the guide-book type, and to give that impression of flatness which always marks the work of those who write, not from fullness of knowledge, but from information assiduously collected for the purpose. The second method, which promises greater results, is to obtain contributions upon each topic from someone who has mastered it. The dangers of this method are obvious: overlapping, lack of coherence, want of proportion, and tiresome changes of style and treatment.

The editors of this volume have faced, and for the most part very successfully overcome, these difficulties. There is no question but that the contributors are all very well qualified for their respective tasks. The editors may be congratulated on getting so good a team together. But editorial duties and responsibilities do not end there. There is the task of arrangement, of filling the gaps, of selecting illustrations, and of finishing off the volume with useful summaries of information; each of these duties has been admirably fulfilled.

The first section opens with a contribution by Professor J. E. Lloyd on 'The Mountains in Legend and History.' Professor Lloyd has succeeded in giving no small amount of information, while avoiding a rigid chronological statement. Then follow chapters by Mr. E. W. Steeple on 'The Nomenclature of the Snowdonian Hills,' by Mr. Lister on 'The Coming of the Mountaineer,' by Mr. Carr on 'The History of Pen-y-Gwryd,' and by Mr. R. D. Richards on 'The Industrial Activities of Snowdonia.' It was a happy thought on the part of the editors to have included the last subject. It is somewhat of a novelty to include a study of industrial activities in such a volume as this. Most editors of similar volumes rigidly exclude descriptions of economic activities unless they are 'picturesque.' Surely in fact intelligent visitors do take as much, if not more, interest in the way that the inhabitants of their chosen holiday district get a living as in the geology which no self-respecting editor ever neglects. Our editors have apparently been a little nervous; they tell us that they have cut down Mr. Richards's contribution for lack of space. We wish that it had been longer, and, in particular, that he had told us more of that industry upon the scene of which Welsh mountaineering takes place—namely farming.

Dr. Greenley's chapter on 'The Geology of Snowdonia' opens the second section. It is seldom that the very difficult task of explaining complicated mountain structure, so that a layman can easily grasp it, is so admirably performed. Professor Orton has been more discreet than Professor Farmer. The former, writing on 'Bird Life,' has kept his secrets to himself, and those of us who have seen

'oologists' at work getting material for their egg cabinets can be thankful that he has done so. It is to be hoped that all the specimens of *Dryas octopetala*, the location of which Professor Farmer so exactly explains, will not find their way within a year or so into the collections of botanical enthusiasts. This section closes with chapters by Mr. Lockwood and Professor Orton on 'The Weather of Snowdonia' and by Mr. Lister on 'Cartography and Maps.'

The next section is devoted to literature, and there are two chapters, one by Mr. L. J. Roberts on 'Snowdon in Welsh Poetry,' and the other by Dr. E. A. Baker on 'Snowdonia in English Literature.' The last section is devoted to sport. Mr. Carr writes on 'Mountaineering,' and Mr. C. F. Holland on 'Modern Climbing in the Ogwen District.' Mr. Carr's contribution is in fact devoted to descriptions of mountain walking, and very excellent descriptions they are. He has a few notes on rock climbing, while Mr. Holland has a cheerful chapter wholly devoted to the achievements and activities of the modern expert. We miss in the text, though there is some compensation in the Appendix, a description and comparison of the different climbing localities of the region. This would have been really useful; the climbing localities are scattered, and many climbers, rather than risk a day in going to a new cliff of which they have only heard vague rumours, keep to the same old haunts round Pen-y-Gwryd and Ogwen. It is a matter for regret that the editors, with their unique knowledge of the whole district, have not given us such a survey. Also included in this section we have Mr. G. W. Young's 'Impression of Pen-y-Pass,' Mr. Priestley Smith's 'Camping in the Hills,' and Mr. Lockwood's 'Notes on Angling.'

The Appendices contain abundant information. Mr. Parry Williams attempts to instruct us in the pronunciation of Welsh names. But who can hope to succeed in this task? 'The sound of the Welsh LL is somewhat similar to that of the English letter L when aspirated. A better result can be obtained by placing the tongue to pronounce L, closing the passage on one side of the mouth, and blowing between the tongue and the upper teeth on the other.' Well-meant advice, no doubt, but it has the effect of making us think that the pronunciation of Welsh is beyond our capacities. 'Perfect pronunciation,' it is added, 'can be obtained only under the tuition of a native.' Unfortunately, however, even imperfect pronunciation may prove to be too much for us.

The editors have compiled a series of tables, gathering together much information as to heights, passes, lakes, rivers, and climbing localities. By an ingenious system of reference, all this information can be referred to five sketch maps of the principal mountain groups. These sketch maps are excellent; clear and simple in design they render it easily possible to pick up any crag or tarn by a reference back, by means of numbers and colours, to the tables mentioned above. This piece of work is clear enough proof that the making of this book has been a labour of love and not a mere

mechanical task. Evidence is everywhere to be found of the care which has been expended—in the illustrations to take only one instance. Those who love these mountains owe a debt of gratitude to the editors. The book is one of the best contributions to British mountain literature that has appeared for many a long day.

The Lake District is a centre for hill-walking and crag-climbing; Snowdonia is a centre for mountaineering. In Snowdonia the mountaineer can learn many of the elements of his craft. Snowdonia cannot compare with the Lake District in beauty of scenery. Among mountain groups throughout the world the English Lake District stands very high, taking all aspects into consideration. The complete absence of dull patches, the ever-varying charm of the scenery render it almost unique among mountain regions. In one aspect only is Snowdonia clearly superior, and that is in respect of mountain form. There is nothing in the Lakes to compare with Tryfan and with Snowdon itself. Thus from the point of view of the mountaineer Snowdonia takes a prominent place, and mountaineers will on that account be glad that such competent editors and experienced mountaineers should have chosen Snowdonia as their subject.

A. M. C.-S.

*The Canadian Alpine Journal*, vol. xiv (1924).

THE present volume of this journal is, as usual, full of varied and interesting matter. In the way of climbing, pure and simple, on ground which is otherwise fairly well known, there are short accounts of an ascent of Neptuak (in the Valley of the Ten Peaks), and of the second ascent of Mount Sir Donald by the W. face, a lively narrative of the first ascent of Mount Robson by a lady, and a detailed description of the third ascent of Cathedral Crags—a thrilling climb, which taxed severely the resources of the brothers Edward and Walter Feuz. Mr. Wates tells the story of his plucky attempts on Mount Geikie in 1922, and Mr. Val Fynn that of the successful assault in 1924, and of the conquest, relatively easy, of the neighbouring Mount Barbican. Mr. Wates took part in these expeditions also, as he well deserved to do.

The other mountaineering papers deal with more protracted trips. Dr. Monroe Thorington left Lake Louise on June 27, 1923, for an attack on the peaks of the Columbia Icefield, which he carried through with devastating success.<sup>1</sup> The outstanding feats: first ascents of the North Twin (the third in height of the peaks of the Canadian Rockies) and Mount Saskatchewan, and the second ascent of Mount Columbia, were accomplished in five days, enormous distances being covered on all three expeditions. Professor Hickson, starting nearly a month later, with the same principal object in view, was foiled in it by bad weather, but managed to achieve first ascents of Mount

<sup>1</sup> He has given a very full account of this trip in *A.J.* xxxv. 178–198.

Spring Rice (Lyell-Forbes group) and Mount Rhondda (Yoho-Waputik group), went up Mount Hector 'in order to complete his ascents of the 11,000 ft. peaks in the Lake Louise district,' and finished the season with the climb on Cathedral Crags, already referred to. Almost contemporaneously Mr. De Villiers Schwab was carrying to a triumphant conclusion his second expedition<sup>1</sup> to Mount Clemenceau, the last remaining 12,000 footer, and next in height to the North Twin. No other climbs were made, and the expedition from Jasper, out and back, lasted a month, but the prize was well worth it.

The revival of interest in the Columbia Icefield, neglected for so many years after the pioneer expeditions of 1898 and 1902, is noteworthy. Perhaps also the trip made by a large party of Appalachians right through from Field to Jasper (and thence onwards to Mount Robson), here described by Mr. Waterman, is likewise a sign of the times; and the two retrospective papers: 'Rockies a quarter of a century ago,' and the veteran Tom Wilson's all too brief 'Memories of Golden Days,' are as opportune as they are delightful.

Two more articles remain to be mentioned, equally remote in character from the preceding and from each other. One deals with nothing less than the original diary of the late Dr. W. B. Cheadle, hitherto regarded as joint author with Viscount Milton of the well-known work 'The North-West Passage by Land.' The diary seems to establish that Dr. Cheadle practically *wrote the whole book*, and throws a flood of new light on the whole of the absorbing story. The article is of extraordinary interest from many points of view, and sets one guessing how some other famous travel-books would fare if submitted to a similar test. The other article, entitled 'Controlling Mosquito Pests in Mountain Resorts,' is quite equally remarkable, and describes the methods of control recently initiated in Banff and its vicinity with admirable lucidity and literary skill. And this is how the glorious result is summed up: 'Banff is the first district in the National Parks of America where mosquito control has been attempted; and . . . it is one of the most difficult of the mosquito problems to cope with' (anyone who knows Banff will readily credit this). 'The results of the last three years' work have proved that the mosquito pest can be effectively dealt with here at very small cost.'

*Les Alpes de Savoie.* Vol. VI.: Le Massif du Mont Blanc. Par Emile Gaillard. Chambéry: M. Dardel. Price 25 francs.

THE previous volumes of this invaluable series have been reviewed in the JOURNAL as they appeared. M. le Commandant Gaillard now arrives at that group which, go where you will, never fails to call you back to its inimitable attractions.

The present volume covers the groups Trélatête Bionnassay-Gôûter, M. Blanc proper, Brouillard-Peuteret, Maudit, Tour Ronde.

<sup>1</sup> For the first see *A.J.* xxxv. 44-49.

A second volume to cover the remainder is in hand. The book contains a series of skeleton maps, scale about 1:180,000, and several route-marked sketches, including one of the 'Way' to the Aig. Noire hut—quite useful.

The arrangement of the book is, of course, necessarily based on the Conway-Coolidge 'Climbers' Guides' and M. Louis Kurz's valuable 'Guide du M. Blanc,' of which it might be said to be a revised edition. The infinite care which the Commandant bestows on all his work is much in evidence in the present book, which is indispensable to the climber.

The volume is smaller than the earlier volumes of the series, and consequently lighter and more convenient for the pocket.

If one may venture on a few criticisms, it seems that the skeleton maps, very useful in the lesser known districts covered by the Commandant's earlier volumes, are scarcely needed in the Mont Blanc group, of which several fairly good maps exist. Coming to details, one might remark that, in some cases, the times given are taken from notes of previous ascents without allowing sufficient latitude for variation of conditions. For example (p. 74), it is stated that the E. arête of the Aiguille de Bionnassay can be done in half an hour with good snow conditions, but may demand anything up to two hours. The present writer, led by one of the fastest professional step-cutters in the Alps, took two and a half hours ('A.J.' xxxiii. 426).

In the description of the ascent of Mont Blanc by the Brouillard and Fresnay glaciers (p. 112) it is stated that the descent from the Col Eccles to the upper basin of the Fresnay glacier is the most difficult part of the climb. This is by no means the case, and we are at a loss to explain the transition from 'plus scabreuse' in Kurz (p. 220) to 'plus difficile' (p. 112). This couloir is certainly somewhat dangerous in the lower part, but it could not possibly be described as difficult.

We are glad to note that the nomenclature Pic Eccles and Col Eccles has been adopted (pp. 134 and 135).

We are tempted to believe that the second ascent of Mont Blanc by the S. face (pp. 110 and 112) followed, above the Col Eccles, approximately the line of the first ascent. In any case there does not seem room for the wide divergence shown on the sketch (p. 110).

We welcome this volume which was much needed by climbers, the latest edition of Kurz (1914) being out of print. We congratulate M. le Commandant Gaillard on his further industrious and efficient contribution to Alpine literature.

E. G. O.

*Entre Zermatt et Zinal.* Par W. A. B. Coolidge.

THIS is another of those learned and exhaustive monographs for which the author is famed wherever Alpine literature penetrates. He recounts in detail the history of the three 'cols historiques,' viz. Col Durand, Triftjoch, and Biesjoch.



He proceeds to show that the first was first crossed from the Val d'Anniviers, and was probably a limb in a through path to the Val Tournanche in existence probably when glaciers were far less active.

The Triftjoch has always been peculiarly attractive and Mr. Coolidge himself published years ago in 'A.J.' xvii. Ball's notes. How the mules of tradition crossed this Col I do not know!

The Biesjoch seems to be first mentioned by J. D. Forbes, and is even to-day seldom crossed, as neither the rocks of approach nor the icefall succeeding them are too convenient.

*Die ersten 50 Jahre, Sekt. Blümlisalp, S.A.C.*

THIS beautifully got up book is the pious offering of members to their unit. It gives the life history of this very energetic section of which one of our honorary members, M. Paul Montandon, is, after many years of devoted membership, now the Ehren-Präsident. The section is the owner of the present fine Blümlisalp Hut, the fourth on the same site, and of the useful hut in the Baltschieder Valley, whence the E. arête of Bietschhorn can be ascended and several fine rock climbs, including the difficult Jägihorn, made. The record of the section in this respect, as in others, is a fine one and is a notable example of what limited funds under capable and devoted management can produce for the advantage of climbers of all nations. J. P. F.

*Bibliografia Alpinistica—Storica e Scientifica del Gruppo del Monte Rosa* (from the Théodule to the Monte Moro), 1527-1924. By Dr. Alberto Durio. Novara. Istituto Agostini.

THIS brochure of 84 pages is a marvel of industry. The author has searched through numberless Italian publications besides the Journals of the Italian, English, French, Swiss, Austrian, and German Alpine Clubs, and has set us all out in alphabetical order with our literary contributions ranged below. Topographical maps are conveniently registered by themselves. At the end is a classified index. The student of Alpine history is under the greatest obligation to the author for his indefatigable researches.

*Monte Cervino.* By Giovanni Bobba. Published by the University Section of the C.A.I. Monza.

FEW men can be so well qualified to write of the Cervin as the author, who makes his summer home at its foot. He sums up admirably the difficulty and duration of the expedition, fills a chapter with the geology, structure, and glaciology, and then gives a detailed account of practically all the routes made up the great mountain. As a complete and cheap guide-book (L. 3) it is all that could be desired.

*Bibliographie Alpine, 1920-23.* Par H. Ferrand. Le Pic de Belledonne et son premier Guide.

Of all Alpine writers of to-day surely our Hon. Member, M. Henri Ferrand, is the most industrious. The present book analyses several of the principal Alpine publications, year by year and group by group, thus affording a very convenient summary. Needless to say the ALPINE JOURNAL is treated with much appreciation by the distinguished historian of the Alps.

The Pic de Belledonne, the great outlier of the Dauphiné, of which Commandant E. Gaillard issued a complete guide-book last year ('Les Alpes du Dauphiné,' Part I.), is the climbing ground for the Grenoblois and Lyonnais, and offers scrambling of every degree. Our people in their haste for greater things have paid it slight attention since Richard Pendlebury, with his two men from far-away Unser Frau, made a new route some fifty years ago. M. Ferrand's brochure is a tribute to a worthy old chap, whose 'guiding' at times amounted to following his employer!

*The Mountain Club of South Africa, 1924.* Published by the Cape Town Section. 2s. 6d.

THIS is a well-written account of the work of the very active and enthusiastic mountaineers who dwell at the foot of Table Mountain, up whose ridges and faces<sup>1</sup> and gullies, they have made over 200 routes—some of them of quite appalling difficulty. In 1921 they 'discovered' a new group, 'The Cedar Mountains,' and their surplus energies are now turned to them. There is an admirable article by my friend, Mr. K. Cameron, A.C., with a sketch map, which together give one a good idea of the country. Mr. A. L. Hall, no doubt a son of the famous fruit farmer, writes an interesting paper on the Barberton Mountain Land, familiar to many from the old mining days of the 'eighties. Mrs. Ross<sup>2</sup> returns once more to Mt. Kenya, which has never been reclinbed since the first ascent by Sir H. J. Mackinder with Courmayeur guides in 1899, notwithstanding the repeated attempts made by Dr. Arthur and other Nairobi enthusiasts. The peak is still defiant, but the party had a delightfully strenuous fortnight round about it. The volume is well illustrated and shows what very real mountains exist down in old South Africa, whose call is never failing to him who has once lived beneath its stars. Dr. Hewat, the President, is indefatigable in keeping the Club together, with the loyal support of Mr. Barnard the Hon. Secretary, Mr. White the Hon. Treasurer, and a very representative and influential committee. The editor, Dr. Houghton, deserves great credit for his Journal, if he will allow another editor to say so. The book is the record of a *very live lot*. I miss the name of the veteran 'T. J.,' but I remember he was climbing Schreckhorns and Eigers and suchlike

<sup>1</sup> The pictures, p. 85, show the kind of face!

<sup>2</sup> Cf. *A.J.* xxxiv. 329, for her previous attempt.

that year, carrying the heaviest pack he could possibly make up, lest he got out of practice ! J. P. F.

*Guide Vallot : Massif du Mont Blanc description générale.* Vol. I. Paris : Fischbacher. About fr. 22.50, post free.

WE have already reviewed the admirable 'Les Aiguilles de Chamonix' (p. 205), which is the first of four volumes on the high mountains of the Chain. The second, on the Verte group, by M. Henry de Ségogne, who has done last season and this the two greatest routes up that mountain, is promised shortly.

The present volume is of a scientific and historical nature. Section I. deals with the pre-history right up to modern times. The other sections treat of the geography, geology, formation and movement of glaciers, vegetation, and climatology. The Massif in literature and science has a monograph all to itself, while there is a further monograph on the cartography, nomenclature, and altitudes. There are a mass of illustrations and four maps.

Few people know how much scientific enthusiasm and almost unlimited expense the Vallot family have devoted to the Group. Henry and Joseph Vallot are now dead, but their work is continued by M. Charles Vallot with undiminished devotion, and the present exhaustive monograph bears every trace of a labour of love.

Every mountaineer must be deeply grateful to M. Vallot and the devotedly enthusiastic group of young and eminently competent mountaineers whom he has gathered about him. J. P. F.

*Der Hochtourist in den Ostalpen.* 5th edit. Vol. I.: The N. Alps from the Lake of Constance to the Isar. Edited by Hanns Barth. Price, post free, 10 marks.

THIS is the long-expected revision of the famous Purtscheller-Hess Climbers' Guide, and in the very capable hands of the new editor loses nothing of its admirably accurate completeness. The present volume contains six marked sketches—far too few—and a series of skeleton maps, and covers a country comparatively unknown to English travellers.

The other volumes, to follow at intervals, are :

Vol. II. Karwendel, Kaisergebirge, Watzmann district.

Vol. III. Dachstein, Ennsthal, etc.

Vol. IV. Silvretta, Oetzthal, Stubai, etc.

Vol. V. Hohe Tauern, etc.

Vol. VI. Ortler, Presanella, Brenta, etc.

Vol. VII. Dolomites.

Vol. VIII. Julian and Carnic Alps.

There are also short chapters on the geology, plant, and animal life of the country. The new edition is much handier, both in form and weight.

The books are indispensable to every climber in the Eastern Alps. J. P. F.

*Alpinismus in Bildern.* By Alfred Steinitzer. 2nd edition. Piper, Munich. Price, 30 marks.

THIS is a new edition of a most remarkable collection of mountain pictures of every kind, from the earliest times up to the present. The first edition, 1913, was reviewed by Dr. C. Wilson in 'A.J.' xxviii. 115 *seq.*, who wrote: 'It is a beautiful book of illustrations which every lover of mountaineering should possess.' The new edition is considerably enlarged and chapters brought up to date, while the course of the war in the mountains is treated in a very complete and instructive manner.

The book can be inspected in the A.C. Library.

*Der Ruf der Berge*, the Alpine Papers of Edmund von Fellenberg (in German). Edited by Dr. Ernst Jenny, with 32 full-page illustrations. Published by Eugen Rentsch, Zurich. 10s. post free.

In the early 'sixties v. Fellenberg was the contemporary of C. E. Mathews, H. B. George, Sir George Young, Hornby, Philpott, and other of those lean, active Englishmen who, thanks in the first place to their own energy and endurance, and scarce less to the staunchness and fast developing skill of their Oberland guides, of whom Chr. Almer and Melchior Anderegg were the chief, did so much to open up the great peaks of the Oberland.

Von Fellenberg was not only their contemporary, but their equal in enthusiasm and determination, and, but for the severe handicap of fast increasing weight, would have had even a finer sheaf of ascents to show than he actually has.

He was a voluminous writer, and it is a happy idea of Dr. Jenny to collect his Alpine papers and to elucidate them with a magnificent series of up-to-date photographs.

Von Fellenberg differed from our people in one way. They pitted themselves for the most part against the great peaks. He did that also, but, with the advantage of proximity, he found delight in the wild solitudes of valleys like Bietsch, Baltschieder, Gredetsch, to-day even little known.

His principal ascents among the higher peaks comprised Aletschhorn (second ascent), Schreckhorn (second ascent), Lauterbrunnen Breithorn (first ascent), Jungfrau from the N., Bietschhorn (first ascent by W. arête), Mönch (first ascent N. face). He was the first to visit many other less important summits and to cross hitherto unknown passes.

He has a happy way of describing his adventures, never forgetting to bring forward the good points of his guides.

He seems to have resented the intrusion of the English climbers in his Swiss mountains, and even to have viewed with disfavour the great Oberländer guide, Christian Almer, who was so often their chosen leader as to earn the name of *Engländerführer*.

To him, in fact, was due much of their success.

We, of course, have had to suffer similar intrusion into almost every sport that seemed originally purely English. We have met

our competitors to the best of our ability, and have never failed to learn from defeat fresh means to victory. And so I think has been the effect of the English intrusion. It developed the passion of mountaineering at a much greater rate, so that to-day the Swiss amateur is second to no other nation, and the Swiss guide of the front rank stands, with very few exceptions, much ahead of the guides of every other country. This intrusion also to some extent originated, and has continued to build up, the Swiss hotel industry, which is unrivalled. You can be practically certain of obtaining in every Swiss hotel value for your money and fair and hospitable treatment.

So it was all for the best !

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### Winter Expeditions

Aux Editeurs de l'Alpine Journal,  
Alpine Club,  
Londres.

MESSIEURS,—Comme l'A.J. de novembre contiendra une recension sur mon ALPINISME HIVERNAL, je me permets de vous communiquer encore quelques notes inédites qui m'ont été obligeamment fournies, trop tard malheureusement.

En janvier ou février 1902, le *Schreckhorn* fut traversé par Mlle. Hélène Kuntze, en montant par l'Andersongrat.

Le 15 mars 1903, Mr. G. Hasler avec Chr. Jossi fit la 1ère ascension hivernale de l'*Aig. Verte* et le 6-7 janvier 1904, la 1ère ascension hivernale du *Gspaltenhorn*.

Dans mes *Addenda*, j'ai insisté sur l'expédition du Dr. David dans l'Oberland, en janvier 1902. Il fut, en effet, le premier à graver à l'aide de skis le Gr. Fiescherhorn, le Mönch et la Jungfrau. Comme je l'ai appris plus tard, ces courses avaient été faites en raquettes par Mr. Hasler quelques jours auparavant, et il est certain que sur la partie supérieure de ces montagnes, le Dr. David aura grandement bénéficié des traces encore fraîches de ses prédécesseurs.

Voici quelles furent les courses de Mr. Hasler en janvier 1902 :

He ascended Eiger with Dr. David on Jan. 12-13, 1902. On 16th he and Jossi went up Schwarzhorn (2930 m.). His porters, Peter Bernet and Rudolf Burgener, during the interval, made two journeys to Bergli hut with provisions. On January 17 Mr. Hasler and Jossi went there themselves and on 18th ascended Jungfrau, 19th Mönch, 20th traversed Gross Fiescherhorn, ascended Kl. Fiescherhorn (first winter ascent) and descended by Fiescherjoch to Ober-Eismeer, 21st descended to Grindelwald, seeing Dr. David's party on Kalli ascending to Bergli.

La 1ère ascension hivernale du Kl. Fiescherhorn (ou Ochsenhorn) que j'attribuais à Steiner et Trümpler en 1908 (p. 62) revient donc à Mr. Hasler.

Je profite de l'occasion pour prier tous ceux qui pourraient me fournir d'autres renseignements, de bien vouloir le faire, en vue d'une prochaine traduction de mon livre—et je regrette une fois de plus la modestie des alpinistes que ne publient pas leurs nouvelles courses.

Neuchâtel, le 4 novembre, 1925.

Veuillez agréer, etc.,  
MARCEL KURZ, A.C.

---

Mr. Hasler has done a lot of winter climbing, details of which we only learn when an unfortunate author, necessarily in ignorance, ascribes a first ascent to the man who has troubled to notify it. Mr. Hasler's ascents, in nearly every case made with Old Jossi, one of the most indomitable mountaineers of his time, were originally done on snow-shoes and repeated later on ski. He is understood to be of the opinion that there is little to choose between the two methods, indeed that on difficult climbs much is to be said for snow-shoes.—EDITORS.

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## PROCEEDINGS OF THE ALPINE CLUB.

A GENERAL MEETING of the Club was held in the Hall, 23 Savile Row, London, W. 1, on Tuesday, May 5, 1925, at 8.30 P.M., Mr. John J. Withers, C.B.E., *Vice-President*, in the Chair.

The regulations with regard to the Annual Winter Dinner were submitted and unanimously approved.

The CHAIRMAN said that members would be delighted to learn that His Majesty the King's Medals of the Royal Geographical Society—namely, the Founder's Medal and the Patron's Medal—had been awarded to Brig.-Gen. the Hon. C. G. Bruce, C.B., M.V.O., and Mr. A. F. R. Wollaston respectively. He was sure that members would desire that the Honorary Secretary should convey to the President and to Mr. A. F. R. Wollaston their united congratulations on the honour conferred upon them.

The attention of members was drawn to the Fund now being raised for the erection of a Memorial to the late Edward Whymper at Zermatt, and they were informed that the Honorary Secretary would be pleased to receive their subscriptions towards the cost of this Memorial.

The CHAIRMAN announced that Mr. N. E. Odell had presented to the Club the originals of the last two messages he had received from the late G. L. Mallory on Mt. Everest in 1924. These had been framed, and would be hung in the Reading Room.

Professor J. NORMAN COLLIE proposed that a cordial vote of thanks be accorded the Honorary Secretary, Mr. Sydney Spencer, for his work in collecting and arranging the Exhibition of Alpine Paintings. This was seconded by Mr. W. M. Roberts, and carried with acclamation.

Dr. N. S. FINZI then read a paper entitled 'Some Climbs in the Bregaglia and the Dolomites,' which was illustrated with lantern slides. The Chairman, Mr. John J. Withers, Lt.-Col. E. L. Strutt, and Dr. Claude Wilson took part in the discussion which followed, and finally Dr. Finzi was accorded a very cordial vote of thanks for his most interesting paper and the fine slides he had shown.

## ADDENDA AND CORRIGENDA.

P. 21, line 6, *for* '25,000' *read* '25,500.'

P. 21, line 15, *after* 'back' *insert* 'at 28,000 ft.'

P. 57, Plate, *for* 'Bush' *read* 'Buck.'

P. 60. The correct name is Miss Helen I. Buck, an enterprising member of the American Alpine Club.

P. 87, line 22, Mt. Sir Donald. Mr. Fynn's ascent was the second, see his own note 'A.J.' xxxvi. 413.

P. 88, Par. 2. Mt. Edith Cavell. The party is understood to have abandoned the E. arête at several points. The difficult portion of the arête was ascended later in the season by Professor Hickson with Conrad Kain.

**INDEX TO VOLS. XVI. TO XXXVII. OF  
'THE ALPINE JOURNAL.'**

AN Index to Vols. I. to XV. was issued in 1892 when Mr. Wallroth was librarian.

The want of a single Index to the subsequent volumes is no doubt felt—but it is a question of expense, and it is felt that it will have to be paid for by the people who want it.

An elaborate index to Vols. XVI. to XXXVII. has now been prepared and typewritten by Mr. Mackintosh and can be consulted in the Club Library.

**The cost of printing 500 copies is estimated to be \$200 to \$220.**

**At the present time about 140 members have notified their willingness to take a copy at 10s.**

**It is hoped that other members and readers will send in their names to the Assistant Secretary, 23 Savile Row, W. 1, *as early as possible*, so that there is justification for the work to be put in hand.**



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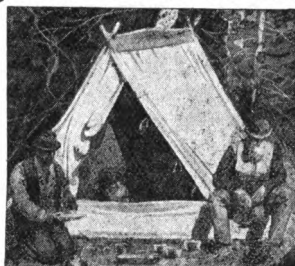
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*Copy of Letter from the Mount Everest Committee, Royal Geographical Society, Kensington Gore, S.W. 7.  
Dated 15th November 1924.*

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Gentlemen,—It is with great pleasure that I write you this testimonial for the articles with which you supplied the Mount Everest Expedition of 1924, as these were almost without exception quite excellent.

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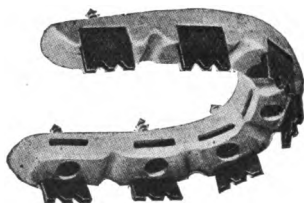
The remaining camp equipment, sleeping-bags, mattresses and rucksacks, were almost equally successful; the collapsible Mess Tables deserve special mention; not one was even damaged after four months' hard wear, and we sold them at a good price on the return of the Expedition.

Yours faithfully,  
(Signed) C. G. BRUCE, Brig.-Genl., Leader of the Mount Everest Expedition, 1924.

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—*The Royal Geographical Society 'Notes on Outfit.'*—

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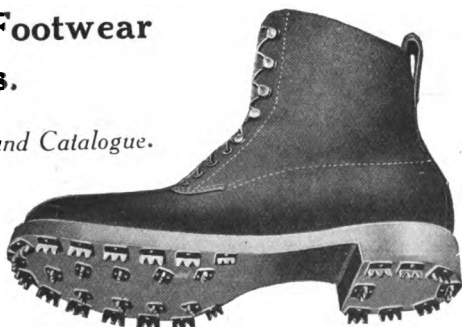
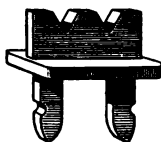
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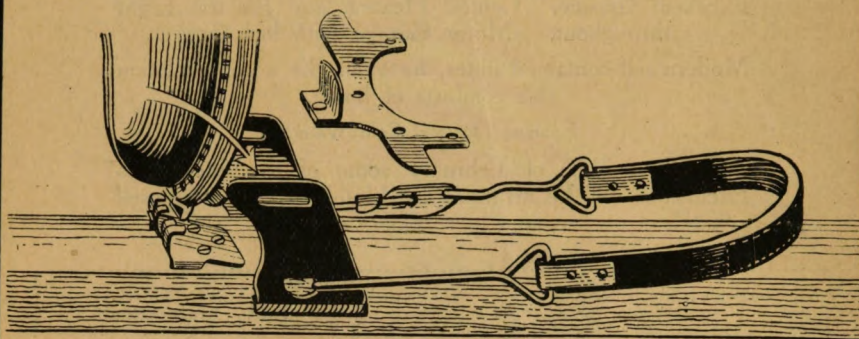
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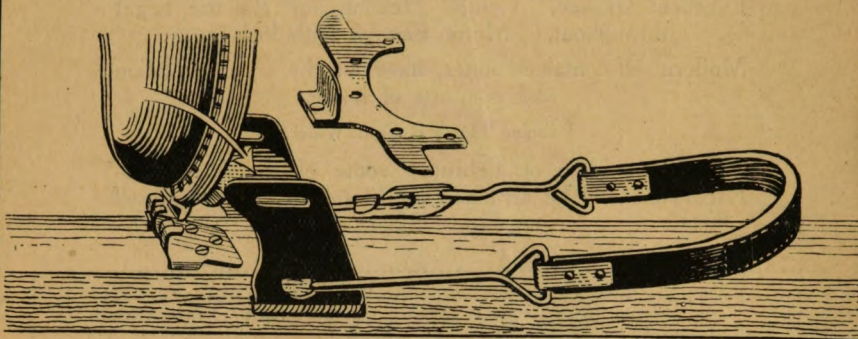
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# THE LAST WORD IN SKI BINDINGS.

THE "A.S." (PATENT).



The "A.S." Ski Binding permits of rapid attachment to the foot and ensures absolute lateral rigidity together with an ideal vertical liberty of the foot.

It is the only existing Binding which, thanks to the automatic disengagement of the foot at the precise moment when a fall becomes dangerous—prevents sprains, broken legs, or more serious accidents.

## BRITISH-MADE SKI.

Approved Norwegian Pattern, made from Hickory or selected English Ash.

Fitted with the "A.S."  
Huitfeldt, Hoyer-Ellefsen,  
or Torgersen pattern  
Bindings.

GLOVES,  
SOCKS,  
STICKS,  
WAX, etc.



Obtainable through Stores and Dealers.

*Prices and Particulars on application.*

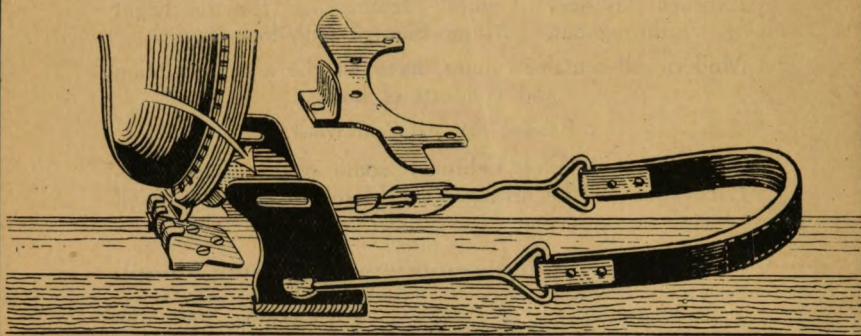
**F. H. AYRES, LTD.,**

Manufacturers of all Indoor and Outdoor Games and Sports,  
111, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C.1.



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